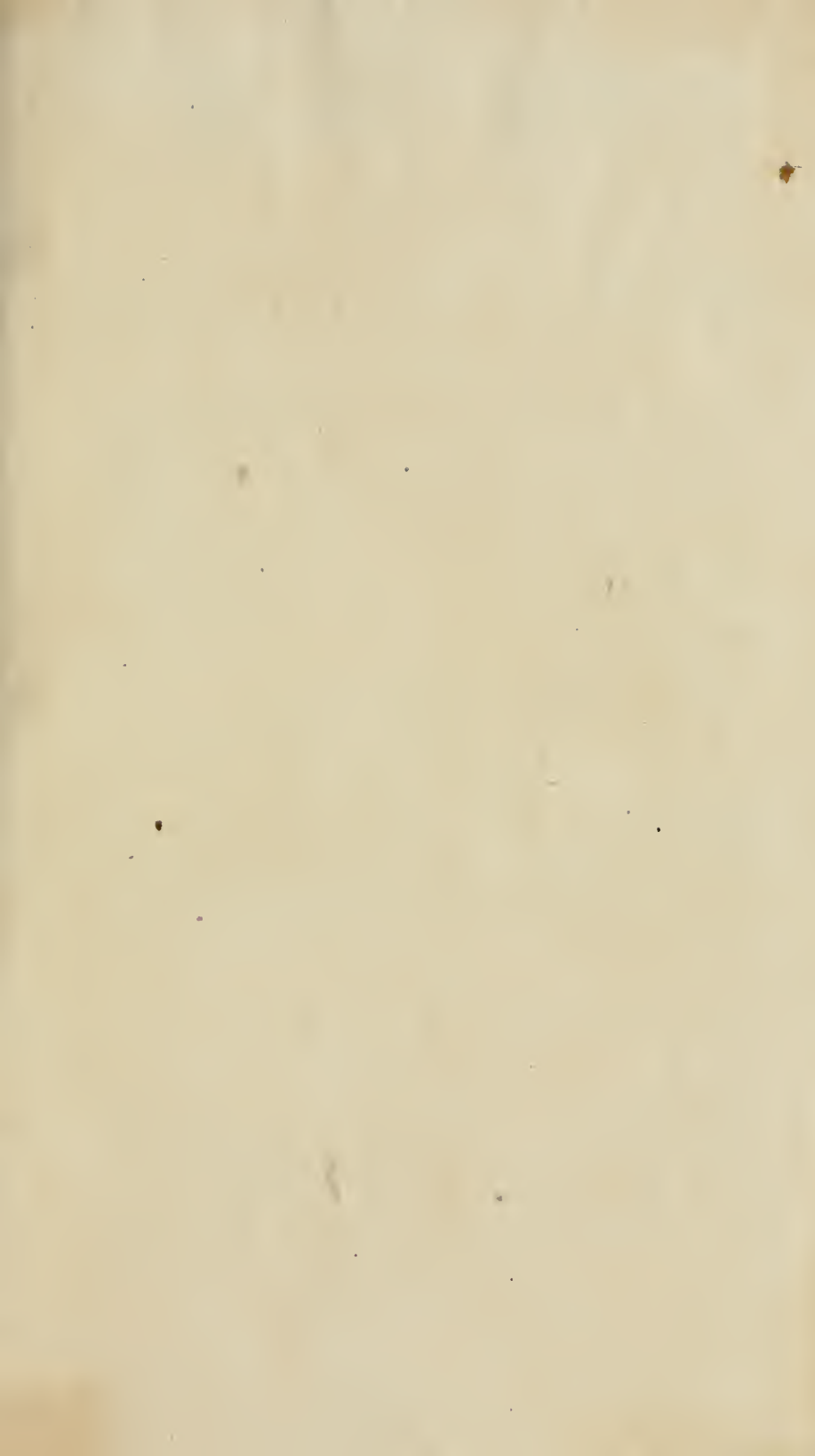


R. Matheson.









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THE

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OCT. 1824, TO APRIL, 1825.

vol. 16

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Monthly Magazines have opened a way for every kind of inquiry and information. The intelligence and discussion contained in them are very extensive and various; and they have been the means of diffusing a general habit of reading through the nation, which, in a certain degree hath enlarged the public understanding. HERE, too, are preserved a multitude of useful hints, observations, and facts, which otherwise might never have appeared.—*Dr. Kippis.*

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# SPRIT

OF THE

## ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

NO. 1.]

BOSTON, OCT. 1, 1824.

[VOL. 2. N.S.]

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

(Lon. Mag.)

#### THE LAST DAY OF SUMMER.

SUMMER, Summer, come again !  
Dost thou dread a little rain ?  
Canst thou perish in a cloud ?  
Are the winds so fresh and loud,  
Weaving mirth above thy pain?—  
Lo ! a gloomy sorrow flies  
O'er the forehead of the skies,  
And o'er ocean dark and deep,  
Where the wild sea-natures sleep,—  
Those great children of the billows,  
Tumbling on their restless pillows !

Summer, Summer, art thou gone ?  
Is the Autumn pale alone,  
With her crown of faithless leaves,—  
Like a widow queen, who grieves  
O'er her bands of courtiers fled,  
And her love and music dead ?  
Heed it never, Summer fair !  
Thou no longer needest care  
For the birth or death of flowers,  
Nor lament the sullen hours ;  
Nor the heedless buds that perish  
Howsoever thou dost cherish ;  
Nor the rose who *will* decay,  
Though thou fondly sighest, " Stay !"  
Kissing her perfumed lips,  
While the broad Apollo dips  
In the waves his burning hair.—  
Mourn not, therefore, Summer fair !

If the jealous rose who died  
Could have been thy deathless bride,

Or the lady lily pale  
Had not been so false and frail,—  
If the trees their gold had never  
Flung into the brawling river,  
That its hoarse tongue might not say  
When they with the winds did play,  
Thou might'st then have had sad reason  
To complain, sweet Summer season !  
But they fled—the leaves, the flowers ;  
And the illuminated hours  
First survived and then decay'd,  
And in shrouding mists are laid !

Yet they all shall come again,  
Summer sweet, and thou shalt reign  
Like a God beneath the sky ;  
And the thousand worlds that lie  
In their bluest homes shall shine,  
When thou drinkest thy red wine ;  
And the soft west winds shall come,  
Bearing all their courtier treasures,  
When at evening thou dost roam,  
Taking thy immortal pleasures  
With some bud or lily young,  
Which the sky shall then have flung  
On a green bank or a dell  
Of sun-coloured asphodel.  
—Then shalt thou once more resume  
Odour, strength, and all thy bloom  
Of beauty, and regain thy powers  
Over the time-enchanted hours !—

B. C.

#### TIME.

SLOW roll—swift fleet—the years. How heavily  
The hours, leaden-paced, drag on the day's dull chain  
From grey morn till the glowing western main  
Receive the weary sun-god from the sky ;  
—And yet the seasons vanish. Infancy,  
Childhood, and youth are melted, as the stain  
Of breath, that dimming the bright air, again  
Fades in the resolution of a sigh.  
—Now manhood *stays* :—nay *goes* !—Nor wiser Hope  
Leads justlier measured toils to issues meet :  
Tasks of ripe strength,—births of the thoughtful head.  
Now the tried spirit eyes the well-chosen scope  
Toward which she onward strains untiring feet :  
—And see !—that glance of lightning: *Life*—has fled.

(Lond. Lit. Gaz.)

## MEMOIRS, ANECDOTES, FACTS, AND OPINIONS,

COLLECTED AND PRESERVED BY LETITIA-MATILDA HAWKINS.

WE are of the number of those who like the everlasting gossip of story-telling in books, because when tired we can lay them down ; and this is more than can be done with a proser in the *viva voce* way. Yet fond as we are of these *anas*, we must hint to Miss Hawkins that she has in half a dozen of instances put our patience to the test.

Yet with sins of this kind upon their heads, there is much entertainment in these volumes. The recollections are indeed sometimes of persons who might have passed into oblivion without a record, and without any consequent regret ; but many are of another description ; and even the less interesting tend to elucidate and strengthen the general collection. Of Dr. Johnson there is much, and that not very favourable ; and, in *truth*, it is one of the evils of the *truth*, which the author assures us guides her pen, that it does frequently hurt the memory of persons, who, if wronged, (we are sure not intentionally) may have none to rescue them from the posthumous representation.

We throw out these reflections, trite enough they are, not so much as aimed at the volumes under review, but as a caution ; and shall proceed to make our extracts where the honey has no touch of the sting. In taking this course, our notice will be almost a cento of anecdotes, jests, &c. ; but so much the better !—this is the age for literature of that sort !

“ Sir Hans Sloane was the first English physician made a baronet. The rank was conferred on him by George the First, on his accession. - -

“ Experience shows that the preference of *trifling* to *important* excellence is common ; but what will be said to a lady of some pretensions in society, and who has resided at Rome, who in a comparison of painting with sculpture declared the latter

was more agreeable to her, because ‘ it took a better polish.’

“ In noticing the aptitude of the ignorant to seize on the minor parts of excellence, I must record the astuteness of a sailor, who, gazing on a ship, the name and head of which were the Queen, muttered that it was the king’s concubine, and not the queen, for she had no wedding ring on her finger.”

It is said, that a milliner of Bath, caricaturing sensibility, “ was detaining Quin, while buying a pair of gloves, with expressions of her ardent desire to see him make love. Quin, who seems to have been the Dr. Johnson of the stage, if we may judge from the character of his replies, answered, ‘ Madam, I never *make* love ; I always buy it *ready made*.’

“ But he once met with his match when visiting Lord Holmes, in that abode of rural wit, the Isle of Wight. Quin had lost his dog ; meeting a poor man, he told him of his loss, concluding with, ‘ I hope you are honest here.’ ‘ Yes,’ replied the man, ‘ I believe so ; but there is a stranger down at my Lord’s, and mayhap he may know of your dog.’ ”

Be it remembered that we do not vouch for the originality or novelty of these and the following specimens ; all we can say is, that while detecting some in Mathews-at-Home phraseology “ not *genuine*,” we have taken those the most genuine, as far as our recollection serves. But to break the Joe Miller form of our Review a little, we turn to the great Lexicographer, with whom Miss H. and her family were, as is well known, very intimate. She writes—

“ I might have remarked in a fitter place, on the disposition which Johnson has sometimes shown, even in print, to make neat compliments ; and very neat they often are, exhibit-

ing a mind free from all jealous seizure on importance, and most candidly turning the light from himself to another. His Scotch tour abounds with these gems of equity; and he prefaces the *Life of Young* with one of his best specimens. In his colloquial intercourse they were studied, and therefore lost their effect: his head dipped lower; the semicircle in which it revolved was of greater extent; and his roar was deeper in its tone when he meant to be civil. His movement in reading, which he did with great rapidity, was humorously described after his death, by a lady, who said that his head 'swung seconds.'

"The usual initial sentences of his conversation led some to imagine that to resemble him was as easy as to mimic him, and that if they began with 'Why, Sir,' or 'I know no reason,' or 'If any man chooses to think,' or 'If you mean to say,' they must of course 'talk Johnson.' That his style might be imitated is true, and that its strong features made it easier to lay hold on it than on a milder style, no one will dispute. - - -

"He was adverse to departing from the common opinions and customs of the world, as conceiving them to have been founded in experience. - - He doubted whether there ever was a man who was not gratified by being told that he was liked by the women. - - -

"I cannot, even at the distance of more than twenty-five years, read my father's narrative of this man's (Humphry Heely, distantly allied to Dr. J. by marriage) deplorable situation, without the painful feeling of sorrow for his hardships, and something little less than indignation at the barbarous apathy of Johnson, whose former assistance, however capriciously afforded, must have excited hope that he should not be forgotten at his death. The terms in which he sometimes used to relieve him deserve comment. When Heely endeavoured to explain his wretched state of poverty, Johnson would not always hear him: he replied harshly, 'You are poor, that's enough.' This avowal of indiscriminate feeling for all who could plead

want, was not very consoling to such a mind as that of his pensioner, who was, as well as himself, a man of a very meditative cast. It put him undeservedly below that worthless being whom he smothered with ostentatious munificence, and eventually ruined by it.

"All this indifference to the comfort of those whom he was to leave behind, convinces me, who can be actuated by no prejudice, that Johnson's charities were bribes to his mental and corporal disease; and that, beyond the lulling of his own desponding irritations, by the consciousness of fulfilling a duty, they had no purpose."

This is a hard construction, God knows; it may be a just one. We are glad, however, to turn from it to our *jeux d'esprit* again, even though the first is a sad fudge. Green tea is the subject, and, we are gravely told "one instance of what it *can* do was afforded by the late Dr. Shaw, of the Museum, who, solely for the sake of experiment, practised drinking it till he had lost the use of one arm. This I heard from himself, and he concluded the recital very gravely, by saying, 'And then, Madam, when I had carried the experiment thus far, I discontinued it, and recovered the use of my arm.'

The following are more amusing. Count Senac (an eminent refugee) is the author of a "fact, that Augustus King of Poland, father of Count Saxe, could tear two packs of cards," (we presume, at one effort.) The next stories are from Mr. Langton:

"When the Irish King at Arms waited on the then Bishop of Killaloe to summon him to parliament, which was a ceremony requiring the formality of the heraldic attire, the bishop's servant, not knowing what to make of his appearance, and not clearly comprehending the title with which his memory was charged, introduced him, saying, "My Lord, here is the King of Trumps. - - -

"When Goldsmith expressed an inclination to visit Aleppo, for the purpose of importing some of the mechanical inventions in use there, Dr.



Johnson said, 'Goldsmith will go, and he will bring back a frame for grinding knives, which he will think a convenience peculiar to Aleppo.' After he had published his 'Animated Nature,' Johnson said, 'You are not to infer from this compilation, Goldsmith's knowledge on the subject; if he knows that a cow has horns, it is as much as he does know.' - - -

"Goldsmith happened once to stop at an inn on the road, in a parlour of which was a very good portrait, which he coveted, believing it a Vandyke; he therefore called in the mistress of the house, asked her if she set any value on that old-fashioned picture, and finding that she was wholly a stranger to its worth, he told her it bore a very great resemblance to *his* *avnt* Salisbury, and that if she would sell it cheap, he would buy it. A bargain was struck, a price infinitely below the value was paid. Goldsmith took the picture away with him, and had the satisfaction to find, that by this scandalous trick he had indeed procured a genuine and very saleable painting of Vandyke's. - - -

"Soon after Goldsmith had contracted with the booksellers for his *History of England*, for which he was to be paid five hundred guineas, he went to Cadell, and told him he was in the utmost distress for money, and in imminent danger of being arrested by his butcher or baker. Cadell immediately called a meeting of the proprietors, and prevailed on them to advance him the whole, or a considerable part of the sum which by the original agreement he was not entitled to till a twelvemonth after the publication of the work. On a day which Mr. Cadell had named for giving this needy author an answer, Goldsmith came, and received the money, under pretence of instantly satisfying his creditors. Cadell, to discover the truth of his pretext, watched whither he went, and after following him to Hyde-Park Corner, saw him get into a post-chaise, in which a woman of the town was waiting for him, and with whom, it afterwards appeared, he went to Bath to dissipate what he had thus fraudulently obtained. - - -

"Have I told of my father's being invited by Goldsmith to look at a book, in which was some information that might be useful to him, and instead of lending it to him, tearing out the leaves? - - -

"The late King himself told Mr. Langton this anecdote.—While North, afterwards Bishop of Winchester, was at Eton, he was one day caught in his room, making quince-marmalade, for which, as against all rule, the then master punished him, by obliging him to make Greek verses, including the recipe for the marmalade. 'No bad thought,' added his Majesty, 'but I did not think — had so much humour; for you know he is a stupid fellow.'"

"Whether I owe the following to Mr. Langton himself, or received it through the medium of one of the family, I do not recollect, but it is Mr. Langton's story.—A man was observed every Saturday, duly, and nearly at the same hour, to pass along a street in London, carrying an old paper hat-box under his arm. An inhabitant of the street, determined to find out what the box contained, came upon him abruptly, and contrived to run against the box, so as to make it discover its contents. Coals dropt out, and he said to the carrier of them, 'Heyday! do you fetch coals in a hat-box?' 'Yes,' said the man, 'I like to have them fresh and fresh.'"

"This I presume was not intended as wit and humour, it was the apology of genteel poverty: but it was impossible to deny the praise of humour to a reply I heard given, a short time since, in a country town, to a little pert girl, who for the sake of calling out the oddity of an eccentric man, took pains to make him hear her, while he was employed amongst bottles in a wine-vault. Her natural home was a baker's shop just by. The weather being very warm, she called out, 'Isn't it very hot Mr. — down there?' 'Not half so hot as in your oven, Miss Roll-y Poll-y,' he replied.

"Specimens of local wit or peculiarity I must postpone.



"I confess myself indebted to one of the family for this admirable axiom of Mr. Langton, which he impressed on the minds of his children. 'The next best thing to knowing, is to be sensible that you do *not* know.'

"To Dr. Johnson himself I owe the following anecdotes respecting Mr. Langton's father, who, though I believe to be as little wanting in intellect as in morals, exhibited on some occasions curious instances of that inability to comprehend common things, which seems rare only because observation is not accurate. Of his goodness it is a proof, that he never left his chamber in a morning, without adding to his devotions the repetition of that excellent summary of the duties of a Christian, which is contained in our Church Catechism. Of the defect I allude to, these facts are proofs. He had bestowed considerable pains on enlarging a piece of water on his estate, and was showing to some friends what he had achieved, when it was remarked to him, that the bank which confined the water, was in one place so low as not to be a security against its overflowing. He admitted that *to the eye* it might appear dangerous; but he said he had provided for such an accident, by having had the ground in that spot dug deeper to allow for it.

"The other anecdote respected a legacy of 1000*l.*, equally divided between himself and a person to whom he was indebted 100*l.* He consented that this debt should be deducted from his moiety; but when the deduction was made, and he saw the person to whom he was indebted, with 200*l.* more than he had, he could not admit it just, that when the other legatee was to have only 100*l.* from him, he should yet be 200*l.* the richer. And when an attempt was made to demonstrate it by figures, he could acquiesce no farther than to say it might be true *on paper*, but it could not be so in practice. - - -

"I ought to have found a better place for an anecdote, which I had from the late Countess of Waldegrave. Mr. Langton told her, of Burke, that in conversation he uttered this sentiment, 'How extraordinary it is, that I, and Lord Chatham, and Lord Holland, should each have a son so superior to ourselves!'"

The sister of Sir W. Jones is drawn as a singular character:

"Miss Jones was of no very slightly appearance; and her negligence of dress could hardly be carried lower; she was said to have pursued a track of learning similar to that which distinguished her brother, but this I have no means of ascertaining; and she was one of a small number of persons, whose conversation seems to have been made purposely trifling, as if to veil their own superiority. There are some still living, who, even now, when society is so much more on an intellectual equality than formerly, practise this. It is a very bad plan of being agreeable, and really often calls in question the veracity of those who have endeavoured to give a favourable impression of others. Miss Jones would walk through London, and four miles out of it, with a Greek folio under her arm; but I remember hearing her, on the mention of the Merchant of Venice in a house of little literature, ask if there was not a pretty song in it about Jessica; and in a morning visit I have known her affect the French style of light conversation, till she was more wearying than any prosing repeater of circumstantialities.

"She had some paradoxes in her opinions, and was not withheld from argument even by the knowledge that she was arguing absurdly."

These quotations from the first volume, precisely in the author's own words, will show the character of her work, which is whimsical, personal, and curious;—occasionally objectionable, and generally pleasant.

(Blackwood's Edin. Magazine.)

## LORD BYRON.

**I**N the early part of last year, I spent a few days at Genoa, and after since visiting almost every corner of Italy, the recollections which I have brought back with me, seem to dwell more delightfully upon the "Superb City," than even upon Rome itself, with its venerable antiquities, or upon Naples, and its unrivalled amenity of situation.

Perhaps this may arise from its having been the place where I first saw manners, scenery, buildings, and decorations, which were strictly Italian, and above all, where the Mediterranean first rolled its waters at my feet; that sea which has borne on its classic waves the flags of nations, whose names are associated with all that is great and inspiring. A recollection of a different nature has also added to the interest which I imagine I shall never cease to take in Genoa. It was here that I had an introduction to the extraordinary man, who at this moment forms the topic of conversation in every circle, and whose recent death will now be sincerely regretted, as having happened at the early age of 37, when he was exerting himself in the glorious cause of Greece, and when he was really turning his great talents to a noble and useful purpose. The first and only time that I ever had an opportunity of conversing with Lord Byron, was at Genoa; and however one may differ in opinion, with such restless spirits as himself who figure in the world, and occupy an unusual portion of its regards, rather from the abuse and perversion of their powers of mind, than from a right application of them; yet it would argue a curious taste, to be indifferent to the accident which throws us in their way. For my own part, I shall value as one of the most interesting in my life, the short interval which I passed with the greatest poet of his age, and I have been turning to my diary, to refer to every particular of an interview, which

I carefully noted down on the day in which it took place, while every impression was yet fresh upon my mind.

Lord Byron is not a man of to-day. He belongs as much to the future, as to the present, and it is no common event in one's life to have it to say, I have had an opportunity of judging for myself of a person whom some bless, and hundreds curse; who is the subject of exaggerated calumny to some, and of extravagant praise to others.

The circumstances which led to this interview, the place where it was held, the crisis at which it occurred, and the topics on which we discoursed, were not a little out of the ordinary way.

Lord Byron had been residing some weeks at or near Genoa, when I arrived in that city; many English families were there at the same time, and the eccentric bard was the subject of general conversation. From some of my countrymen I learnt that his lordship was to be seen every night at the opera; from others, that he frequently rode through the streets on horseback, with a party of his friends, armed with swords by their sides, and pistols at their holsters; and from all, that he avoided an Englishman with contempt and detestation. Such were the reports, but it never fell to my lot to converse with anybody who could speak from personal observation, to the truth of either of these accounts; and I afterwards discovered that they were totally incorrect.

One morning that the arrival of the Courier was looked for with more than usual impatience, for it was at that juncture when the decision of England and the continental powers, with regard to Spain, was daily expected to reach Genoa, I was sitting in the reading-room, in the Strada Novissima, waiting for the delivery of the foreign journals. A person entered whose face I immedi-

ately recognized. It was one of Lord Byron's most intimate friends, who, it was said, felt and expressed the same antipathy against every British traveller, with his lordship. In former days I was intimately acquainted with this gentleman, but many years had elapsed since we met; I therefore judged that he had forgotten me, or if not, that he would have no inclination to renew an acquaintance with one who was guilty of being born in England, and unable to estimate the worth of those who have the reputation of wishing to subvert most of her institutions. I was reluctant to accost him, fearful of a repulse, but, after a moment's gaze in my face, he pronounced my name, seized my hand with all the hearty feeling of uninterrupted friendship, and signified, in terms which I could not mistake, his delight at this unexpected meeting.

I soon found that the strong barrier of opinion which lay between us, acted as no obstacle to an unreserved communication, and that my early friend, who had shown me many a kindness when a boy, had lost none of that warm-heartedness and good-humour for which he was so distinguished before he became a reformer in politics, and a visionary in religion. We remained together for about an hour; a thousand questions about old times and old companions were asked and answered, and I flattered myself, that he had derived more satisfaction from thus following the natural current of his feelings, than from floundering in these troubled waters, on which he had so unhappily embarked, with the discontented and the sceptical. The reply to one question which I ventured to put to him, under the mistaken idea that the reports to which I before alluded, were true, assured me that the path he had marked out for himself, was attended by any thing but happiness, and was not exactly voluntary.

Are you so much estranged from England, that you have left no regrets behind you?

"Do you suppose," was his answer, "that I can be torn up by the

roots without bleeding?" He immediately added, that great as might be his errors, his punishment was equal to them, for that they had caused a general alienation of friends, a necessity to exile himself from his country, and a sacrifice of his natural tastes and amusements.

The next day, my friend called upon me at my hotel, and inquired if I had any wish to be introduced to Lord Byron. I signified my surprise at having the option offered to me, as I had been informed that Lord Byron carefully avoided his countrymen. "The inquisitive and the impertinent," said he, "but not others; and I am sure you will have no reason to regret the interview."

A day was appointed, that Lord Byron might be apprized of the intended introduction, and when it came, Mr. — and I set out from Genoa together, and walked to Albaro, where the noble poet was then residing.

The walk was such as an enthusiast would envy. My eye ranged over a thousand objects equally new and interesting to an Englishman, and my imagination was fully occupied in dwelling either upon the past glories and catastrophes of Genoa, or upon the singular character of the extraordinary man whom I was going to visit. Our path lay near the spot where the inquisition stood; the whole of the once formidable building was not quite removed, and we turned aside to look into some of the chambers and dungeons, into which my companion would have had a good chance of being consigned, had he been found in this city some few years back. After walking over ruins and rubbish, which had been steeped in the tears and blood of many an unhappy victim, we passed the ducal palace, the residence of the governor or viceroy of Genoa, to which, on the evening before, I had been invited, and where I witnessed a scene, the very reverse of what the Inquisition had presented to my imagination. All the Patrician pride and beauty of Genoa had been assembled there, to enjoy the pleasures of dancing and



music, and few are the places in Italy, where nobility is more noble, or beauty more brilliant. "I am more proud of being simply a Patrician, than a marquis," said the Marchese di Negro to me; and well he might be, for he was descended from a long line of heroes, who held a distinguished rank in the annals of the Republic, long before the monarchs of Spain, or France, or Sardinia, had an opportunity of conferring titles upon Ligurian subjects. We descended the hill that leads down to the eastern gate, crossed the ramparts, and the torrents of Besagno, which had lately carried away the stone bridge that was built over it, and mounted the acclivity upon which Albaro stands. Many a time did I turn back to gaze upon the magnificent city that I had left behind, as it extended itself gloriously over rock and glen, from the mountains to the shore, and literally stretched its boughs to the sea, and its branches to the river. It lay under my eye with its bright suburbs, and its decorated villas, graceful and becoming even in their gaudiness, for the very variety of colouring. The fronts of the houses are painted all manner of colours. The yellow and the red, and the blue, which in most places would look whimsical and fantastical, do absolutely harmonize with the brown mountains, and the slate roofs, and the azure sea, and form a picture which it is delicious to dwell upon. How the lordly towers, the stately edifices, the marble palaces, and the costly temples of the princely merchants, carried me back to the years that are gone, and reminded me of the little nation of traders, who thundered defiance against the strong places of some of the mightiest sovereigns of their times! How I thought of names—of the Dorias, and the Durazzi, and the Brignoli, which used to make the Mahomets and Solymans of the east, and the Charles's and the Philips of the west, tremble upon their thrones! A nation of shopkeepers! So Buonaparte styled us in derision. But when we reflect upon what the Venetians and Genoese have been, and what the English are, ei-

ther in their palaces or in their wooden walls, we need not be ashamed of the designation. Alexander himself, the proud Autocrat of the Russias, the ambitious Czar, who thinks to reap where the sickle fell from Napoleon's hands, even he could not conceal his feelings of admiration struggling with envy, when he experienced a reception from the merchants of London, such as kings would be proud to be able to give in their banquetting halls.

The nearer we approached to the residence of Lord Byron, the more busy became my anticipations. How shall I be received by him? Shall I be made to shrink under the superiority of talent? Shall I smart under the lash of his sarcasms? Shall I be annoyed by sceptical insinuations, or shocked by broad and undisguised attacks upon what I have been in the habit of regarding with respect and reverence? In short, my fancy was wound up to the highest pitch, in conjecturing how he would converse, how he would look, and whether I should derive more pleasure or pain from the interview.

The approach to that part of Albaro where the noble Poet dwelt, is by a narrow lane, and on a steep ascent. The palace is entered by lofty iron gates that conduct into a courtyard, planted with venerable yew trees, cut into grotesque shapes. After announcing our arrival at the portal, we were received by a man of almost gigantic stature, who wore a beard hanging down his breast to a formidable length. This, as I was given to understand, was the eccentric Bard's favourite valet, and the same who had stabbed the soldier in the fray at Pisa, for which Lord Byron and the friends of his party were obliged to leave the Tuscan States—an exploit, not the first in its way, by which he had distinguished his fidelity to his master. An Italian Count, with whom he lived before he entered Lord Byron's service, had experienced similar proofs of his devotedness. From what I have since heard, I am inclined to believe the fellow has at length fallen a sacrifice to that

sort of violence, to which he had so little scruple in having recourse himself. He was shot by a Suliote captain; and it was that circumstance that occasioned the epileptic fits, which are said to have seized Lord Byron not many weeks before his death, and to have weakened his constitution.

By this Goliath of valets we were ushered through a spacious hall, accommodated with a billiard-table, and hung round with portraits, into his Lordship's receiving room, which was fitted up in a complete style of English comfort. It was carpeted and curtained; a blazing log crackled in the grate, a hearth-rug spread its soft and ample surface before it, a small reading-table, and lounging-chair, stood near the fire-place; and not far from them, an immense oval table groaned under the weight of newly published quartos and octavos, among other books, which lay arranged in nice order upon it.

In a few seconds after we entered, Lord Byron made his appearance from a room which opened into this; he walked slowly up to the fire-place, and received me with that unreserved air, and good-humoured smile, which made me feel at ease at once, notwithstanding all my prognostications to the contrary. The first impression made upon me was this—that the person who stood before me, bore the least possible resemblance to any bust, portrait, or profile, that I had ever seen, professing to be his likeness; nor have I since examined any which I could consider a perfect resemblance. The portrait in possession of Mr. Murray, from which most of the prints seem to be taken, does not strike me as one in which the features of the original are to be recognized at first sight, which perhaps may be owing to the affected position, and studied air and manner, which Lord B. assumed when he sat for it. Neither is the marble bust by Bartolini a performance, with whose assistance I should pronounce the lines and lineaments of the Bard could be distinguished at a glance.

It struck me that Lord Byron's countenance was handsome and intellectual, but without being so remarkably such as to attract attention, if it were not previously known whom he was. His lips were full and of a good colour; the lower one inclined to a division in the centre: and this, with what are called gap-teeth, (in a very slight degree,) gave a peculiar expression to his mouth. I never observed the play of features, or the characteristics of physiognomy, more narrowly than I did Lord Byron's, during the whole period of a very animated conversation, which lasted nearly two hours, and I could not but feel all my Lavaterian principles staggered, by discovering so few indications of violent temper, or of strong tastes and distastes. I could scarcely discern any of the traits for which I searched, and should decide either that he had a powerful command over the muscles of his face, and the expression of his eye, or that there was less of that fiery temperament than what has been ascribed to him. In short, I never saw a countenance more composed and still, and, I might even add, more sweet and prepossessing, than Lord Byron's appeared upon this occasion.

His hair was beginning to lose the glossiness, of which, it is said, he was once so proud, and several grey strangers presented themselves, in spite of his anxiety to have them removed. His figure too, without being at all corpulent or rotund, was acquiring more fulness than he liked; so much so, that he was abstemiously refusing wine and meat, and living almost entirely upon vegetables.

The reserve of a first introduction was banished in a moment, by Mr. —'s starting a subject, which at once rendered Lord Byron as fluent of words as I could have wished to find him: He mentioned the manifesto of the Spanish Cortes, in answer to the declaration of the Holy Alliance, and an animated conversation followed between the two, which, as I was anxious to hear Lord Byron's sentiments, I was in no hurry to interrupt.



Among other things, Lord Byron observed upon the manifesto, that he was particularly pleased with the dry Cervantez humour that it contained. "It reminds me," said he, "of the answer of Leonidas to Xerxes, when the Persian demanded his arms—'Come and take them.'" He evidently calculated more upon Spanish resistance and courage, than the event justified; and he proceeded to describe, with a great deal of spirit and correctness, the nature of the country which the enemy would have to encounter before they could strike a decisive blow.—"Spain," he added, "is not a plain, across which the Russians and Austrians can march at their pleasure, as if they had nothing to do but to draw a mathematical straight line from one given point to another."

There were several other pretty conceits, as we should call them, in the noble poet's discourse; but when he attempted to enlarge upon any subject, he was evidently at a loss for a good train of reasoning. He did not seem to be able to follow the thread, even of an argument of his own, when he was both opponent and respondent, and was putting a case in his own way.

From the cause of the Spaniards, the conversation directed itself to that of the Greeks, and the state paper of the Holy Alliance upon this subject also was brought upon the carpet. Lord Byron and Mr. — both ridiculed the idea that was broached in that notable specimen of imperial reasoning, of the *insurrectionary movements* in the east, (as it was pleased to style the noblest struggle for liberty, that an oppressed people ever made,) being connected with the attempts at revolution in Western Europe, and of a correspondence existing between the reformers of different countries. "If such a formidable concert as this existed, I suppose," said Lord Byron, smiling, and addressing Mr. —, "that two such notorious Radicals as ourselves, ought to be affronted for not being permitted to take some share in it."

Cobbett's name was introduced, and

the aristocratic poet's observation was too striking to be forgotten—"I should not like to see Cobbett presiding at a revolutionary green table, and to be examined by him; for, if he were to put ten questions to me, and I should answer nine satisfactorily, but were to fail in the tenth—for that tenth, he would send me to the lantern."

Lord Byron then turned to me, and asked, "Are you not afraid of calling upon such an excommunicated heretic as myself? If you are an ambitious man, you will never get on in the church after this."

I replied, that he was totally mistaken, if he fancied that there was any such jealous or illiberal spirit at home, and he instantly interrupted me, by saying, "Yes, yes, you are right—there is a good deal of liberal sentiment among churchmen in England, and that is why I prefer the Established Church of England to any other in the world. I have been intimate, in my time, with several clergymen, and never considered that our difference of opinion was a bar to our intimacy. They say I am no Christian, but I am a Christian." I afterwards asked Mr. — what his Lordship meant by an assertion so much in contradiction with his writings, and was told that he often threw out random declarations of that kind without any meaning.

Lord Byron took an opportunity of complaining, that some of his poems had been treated unfairly, and assailed with a degree of virulence they did not deserve. They are not intended, he remarked, to be theological works, but merely works of imagination, and as such, ought not to be examined according to the severe rules of polemical criticism.

I mentioned a late production of a Harrow man, in which Cain had been noticed. "I hope," said Lord B., "he did not abuse me personally, for that would be too bad, as we were school-fellows, and very good friends."

Upon my informing him that the strictures were only fair and candid observations, upon what the author considered his Lordship's mis-statements, he rejoined, "It is nothing

more than fair and just to examine my writings argumentatively, but nobody has any business to enter the lists with a dagger for my throat, when the rules of the combat allow him to play with tilts only."

Lord Byron and Mr. ——— scrupulously avoided touching upon any subject in a manner that was likely to be irksome to me, but once or twice, when their peculiar opinions were betrayed in the course of conversation, I did not choose to lose the opportunity of declaring my own sentiments upon the same subjects, as explicitly as the nature of the conversation would admit. Among other things, I suggested the danger there must be of offending Omniscient Wisdom, by arraigning what we could not always understand, and expressed my belief that the Supreme Being expects humility from us, in the same manner as we exact deference from our inferiors in attainments or condition. Lord Byron and Mr. ——— thought otherwise, and the former expressed himself in the celebrated lines of Milton—

———"Will God incense his ire

For such a petty trespass, and not praise  
Rather your dauntless virtue, whom the pain  
Of death denounced, whatever thing death be,  
Deterred not from achieving what might lead  
To happier life."—B. IX. 692—697.

*Paradise Lost.*

I ventured to reply that his Lordship's sentiments were not unlike those expressed in the Virgilian line—

"Flectere si nequeo Superos, Acheronta movebo."

During the whole interview, my eyes were fixed very earnestly upon the countenance of the extraordinary man before me. I was desirous of examining every line in his face, and of judging from the movements of his lips, eyes, and brow, what might be passing within his bosom. Perhaps he was not unaware of this, and determined to keep a more steady command over them. A slight colour occasionally crossed his cheeks; and once, in particular, when I inadvertently mentioned the name of a lady, who was formerly said to take a deep interest in his Lordship, and related an anecdote told me of her by a mu-

tual friend—"I have often been very foolish," said her ladyship, "but never wicked." At hearing this, a blush stole over the noble bard's face, and he observed, "I believe her."

Once, and once only, he betrayed a slight degree of vanity. He was speaking of a narrow escape that he had lately had in riding through a torrent. His mare lost her footing, and there was some danger of her being unable to recover herself. "Not, however," said he, "that I should have been in any personal hazard, for it would not be easy to drown me." He alluded to his swimming, in which he certainly surpassed most men.

Once also he seemed to think he had spoken incautiously, and took pains to correct himself. He was alluding to an invitation to dinner that had been given to him by an English gentleman in Genoa. "I did not go, for I did not wish to make any new—I did not feel that I could depart from a rule I had made, not to dine in Genoa."

This reminds me of an anecdote related to me by the Countess D——, the lady of a late governor of Genoa, who was anxious to be introduced to Lord Byron. A note was written to that effect, and the answer explained in as polite language as the subject would permit, that he had never complied with such a wish as that which the Countess did him the honour to entertain, without having occasion afterwards to regret it. In spite of this ungallant refusal of a personal introduction, notes frequently passed between the parties, with presents of books, &c., but they never met.

When I took my leave of Lord Byron, he surprised me by saying, "I hope we shall meet again, and perhaps it will soon be in England." For though he seemed to have none of that prejudice against his native country that has been laid to his charge, yet there was a want of ingenuousness in throwing out an intimation of what was not likely to take place. Upon the whole, instead of avoiding any mention of England, he evidently took an interest in what was

going on at home, and was glad, when the conversation led to the mention of persons and topics of the day, by which he could obtain any information, without directly asking for it.

Such was my interview with one of the most celebrated characters of the present age, in which, as is generally the case, most of my anticipations were disappointed. There was nothing eccentric in his manner—nothing

beyond the level of ordinary clever men in his remarks or style of conversation, and certainly not anything to justify the strange things that have been said of him by many, who, like the French rhapsodist, would describe him as half angel and half devil.

Toi, dont le monde encore ignore le vrai nom,  
Esprit mystérieux, mortel, ange, ou démon,  
Qui que tu sois, Byron, bon ou fatal génie ;  
La nuit est ton séjour, l'horreur est ton domain.

#### COTEMPORARY AUTHORS.—MR. SOUTHEY.

(Extracted from Blackwood's Magazine.)

THE worthy Laureate is one of those men of distinguished talents and industry, who have not attained to the praise or the influence of intellectual greatness, only because they have been so unfortunate as to come too late into the world. Had Southey flourished forty or fifty years ago, and written half as well as he has written in our time, he might have ranked *nem. con.* with the first of modern critics, of modern historians, perhaps even of modern poets. The warmth of his feelings and the flow of his style would have enabled him to throw all the prosers of that day into the shade—His extensive erudition would have won him the veneration of an age in which erudition was venerable—His imaginative power would have lifted him like an eagle over the versifiers who then amused the public with their feeble echoes of the wit, the sense, and the numbers of Pope. He could not have been the Man of the Age ; but, taking all his manifold excellences and qualifications into account, he must have been most assuredly *Somebody*, and a great deal more than somebody.

How different is his actual case ! As a poet, as an author of imaginative works in general, how small is the space he covers, how little is he talked or thought of ! The Established Church of Poetry will hear of nobody but Scott, Byron, Campbell : and the Lake Methodists themselves will scarcely permit him to be called a burning and shining light in the same day with their Wordsworth—even their Coleridge.

In point of fact, he himself is now the only man who ever alludes to Southey's poems. We can suppose youngish readers start when they come upon some note of his in the Quarterly, or in his new books of history, referring to "*the Madoc*," or "*the Joan*," as to something universally known and familiar. As to criticism and politics of the day, he is but one of the Quarterly reviewers, and scarcely one of the most influential of them. He puts forth essays half antiquarianism, half prosing, with now and then a dash of a sweet enough sort of literary mysticism in them—and more frequently a display of pompous self-complacent simplicity, enough to call a smile into the most iron physiognomy that ever grinned. But these lucubrations produce no effect upon the spirit of the time. A man would as soon take his opinions from his grandmother as from the Doctor. The whole thing looks as if it were made on purpose to be read to some antediluvian village club—The fat parson—the solemn leech—the gaping schoolmaster, and three or four simpering Tabbies. There is nothing in common to him and the people of this world. We love him—we respect him, we admire his diligence, his acquisitions, his excellent manner of keeping his note-books—If he were in orders, and one had an avowson to dispose of, one could not but think of him. But good, honest, worthy man, only to hear him telling us his opinion of Napoleon Buonaparte !—and then the quotations from Coleridge, Wordsworth, Lamb, Lan-



dor, Withers, old Fuller, and all the rest of his favourites—and the little wise-looking maxims, every one of them as old as the back of Skiddaw—and the delicate little gleams of pathos—and the little family stories and allusions—and all the little parentheses of exultation—well, we really wonder after all, that the Laureate is not more popular.

The first time Mr. Southey attempted regular historical composition he succeeded admirably. His *Life of Nelson* is truly a master-piece;—a brief—animated—glowing—straight-forward—manly English work, in two volumes duodecimo. That book will be read three hundred years hence by every boy that is nursed on English ground.—All his bulky historical works are, comparatively speaking, failures. His *History of Brazil* is the most unreadable production of our time. Two or three elegant quartos about a single Portuguese colony! Every little colonel, captain, bishop, friar, discussed at as much length as if they were so many Cromwells or Loyolas—and why?—just for this one simple reason, that Dr. Southey is an excellent Portuguese scholar, and has an excellent Portuguese library. The whole affair breathes of one sentiment, and but one.—Behold, O British Public! what a fine thing it is to understand this tongue—fall down and worship me! I am a member the Lisbon Academy, and yet I was born in Bristol, and am now living at Keswick.

This inordinate vanity is an admirable condiment in a small work, and when the subject is really possessed of a strong interest. It makes one read with more earnestness of attention and sympathy. But carried to this height, and exhibited in such a book as this, it is utter nonsense. It is carrying the

joke a great deal too far.—People do at last, however good-natured, get weary of seeing a respectable man *walking* his hobby-horse.

Melancholy to say, the *History of the Peninsular War*, in spite of an intensely interesting theme, and copious materials of real value, is little better than another *Caucasus of lumber*, after all. If the campaigns of Buonaparte were written in the same style, they would make a book in thirty or forty quarto volumes, of 700 pages. He is overlaying the thing completely—he is smothering the Duke of Wellington. The underwood has increased, is increasing, and ought without delay to be smashed. Do we want to hear the legendary history of every Catholic saint, who happens to have been buried or worshipped near the scene of some of General Hill's skirmishes? What, in the devil's name, have we to do with all these old twelfth century miracles and visions, in the midst of a history of Arthur Duke of Wellington, and his British army? Does the Doctor mean to write his Grace's Indian campaigns in the same style, and to make the pin whereon to hang all the wreck and rubbish of his commonplace book for Kehama, as he has here done with the odds and ends that he could not get stuffed into the notes on Roderick and My Cid? Southey should have lived in the days of 2600 page folios, triple columns, and double indexes—He would then have been set to a *corpus* of something at once, and been happy for life. Never surely was such a mistake as for him to make his appearance in an age of restlessly vigorous thought, disdainful originality of opinion, intolerance for long-windedness, and scorn of mountains in labour—Glamara and Penmanmaur among the rest.

#### GERMAN EPIGRAMS.

##### OBEDIENCE.

Into the fire a struggling drunkard fell:  
 "Help! help!" the servants cry. His Jezebel,  
 Foaming with rage, commands them to be still:  
 "Your master, sluts, may lie where'er he will!"

Three things give every charm to life,  
 And every grief controul—  
 A mellow wine, a smiling wife,  
 And an untainted soul.

## THE IMPROVISATRICE, AND OTHER POEMS.

(Lond. Lit. Gaz.)

IN our Review of this exquisite production last week, the beauties we had marked out for quotation so far overstepped our limits, that we were reluctantly compelled to abridge our extracts even after they were printed. Thus the following *Moorish Romance* got excluded; and we are sure that every reader of taste and admirer of genius will thank us for now restoring the omission.

SOFTLY through the pomegranate groves  
Came the gentle song of the doves;  
Shone the fruit in the evening light,  
Like Indian rubies, blood-red and bright;  
Shook the date-trees each tufted head,  
As the passing wind their green nuts shed;  
And, like dark columns amid the sky  
The giant palms ascended on high;  
And the mosque's gilded minaret  
Glistened and glanced as the daylight set.  
Over the town a crimson haze  
Gathered and hung of the evening's rays;  
And far beyond, like molten gold,  
The burning sands of the desert rolled.  
Far to the left, the sky and sea  
Mingled their gay immensity;  
And with the flapping sail and idle prow  
The vessels threw their shades below.  
Far down the beach, where a cypress grove  
Casts its shade round a little cove,  
Darkling and green, with just a space  
For the stars to shine on the water's face,  
A small bark lay, waiting for night  
And its breeze to waft and hide its flight.  
Sweet is the burthen, and lovely the freight,  
For which those furled-up sails await,  
To a garden, fair as those  
Where the glory of the rose  
Blushes, charmed from the decay  
That wastes other blooms away;  
Gardens of the fairy tale  
Told, till the wood-fire grows pale,  
By the Arab tribes, when night,  
With its dim and lovely light,  
And its silence, suiteth well  
With the magic tales they tell.  
Through that cypress avenue,  
Such a garden meets the view,  
Filled with flowers—flowers that seem  
Lighted up by the sunbeam;  
Fruits of gold and gems, and leaves  
Green as Hope before it grieves  
O'er the false and broken-hearted,  
All with which its youth has parted,  
Never to return again,  
Save in memories of pain!

There is a white rose in yon bower,  
But holds it yet a fairer flower:

And music from that cage is breathing,  
Round which a jasmine braid is wreathing,  
A low song from a lonely dove,  
A song such exiles sing and love,  
Breathing of fresh fields, summer skies—  
Now to be breathed of but in sighs!  
But fairer smile and sweeter sigh  
Are near when LEILA'S step is nigh!  
With eyes dark as the midnight time,  
Yet lighted like a summer clime  
With sun-rays from within; yet now  
Lingers a cloud upon that brow,—  
Though never lovelier brow was given  
To Hourî of an Eastern heaven!  
Her eye is dwelling on that bower,  
As every leaf and every flower  
Were being numbered in her heart;  
There are no looks like those which dwell  
On long remembered things, which soon  
Must take our first and last farewell!

Day fades apace; another day,  
That maiden will be far away,  
A wanderer o'er the dark-blue sea,  
And bound for lovely Italy,  
Her mother's land! Hence, on her breast  
The cross beneath a Moorish vest;  
And hence those sweetest sounds, that seem  
Like music murmuring in a dream,  
When in our sleeping ear is ringing  
The song the nightingale is singing;  
When by that white and funeral stone,  
Half hidden by the cypress gloom,  
The hymn the mother taught her child  
Is sung each evening at her tomb.  
But quick the twilight time has past,  
Like one of those sweet calms that last  
A moment and no more, to cheer  
The turmoil of our pathway here.

The bark is waiting in the bay,  
Night darkens round:—LEILA, away!  
Far, ere to-morrow, o'er the tide,  
Or wait and be—ABDALLA'S bride!

She touched her lute—never again  
Her ear will listen to its strain!  
She took her cage, first kissed the breast—  
Then freed the white dove prisoned there:  
It paused one moment on her hand,  
Then spread its glad wings to the air.  
She drank the breath, as it were health,  
That sighed from every scented blossom;  
And taking from each one a leaf,  
Wid them, like spells, upon her bosom.  
Then sought the secret path again  
She once before had traced, when lay  
A Christian in her father's chain;  
And gave him gold, and taught the way  
To fly. She thought upon the night,  
When, like an angel of the light,  
She stood before the prisoner's sight,  
And led him to the cypress grove,  
And showed the bark and hidden cove;



And bade the wandering captive flee,  
In words he knew from infancy !  
And then she thought how for her love  
He had braved slavery and death,  
That he might only breathe the air  
Made sweet and sacred by her breath.  
She reached the grove of cypresses,—  
Another step is by her side :  
Another moment, and the bark  
Bears the fair Moor across the tide !

'Twas beautiful, by the pale moonlight,  
To mark her eyes,—now dark, now bright,  
As now they met, now shrank away, [day.  
From the gaze that watched and worshipped their  
They stood on the deck, and the midnight gale  
Just waved the maiden's silver veil—  
Just lifted a curl, as if to show  
The cheek of rose that was burning below :  
And never spread a sky of blue  
More clear for the stars to wander through !  
And never could their mirror be  
A calmer or a lovelier sea !  
For every wave was a diamond gleam :  
And that light vessel well might seem  
A fairy ship, and that graceful pair  
Young Genii, whose home was of light and air !

Another evening came, but dark ;  
The storm clouds hovered round the bark  
Of misery :—they just could see  
The distant shore of Italy,  
As the dim moon through vapours shone—  
A few short rays, her light was gone.  
O'er head a sullen scream was heard,  
As sought the land the white sea-bird,  
Her pale wings like a meteor streaming,  
Upon the waves a light is gleaming—  
Ill-omened brightness, sent by Death,  
To light the night-black depths beneath.  
The vessel rolled amid the surge ;  
The winds howled round it, like a dirge  
Sung by some savage race. Then came  
The rush of thunder and of flame :  
It showed two forms upon the deck,—  
One clasped around the other's neck,  
As there she could not dream of fear—  
In her lover's arms could danger be near ?  
He stood and watched her with the eye  
Of fixed and silent agony.  
The waves swept on ; he felt her heart  
Beat close and closer yet to his !  
They burst upon the ship !—the sea  
Has closed upon their dream of bliss !

Surely theirs is a pleasant sleep,  
Beneath that ancient cedar tree,  
Whose solitary stem has stood  
For years alone beside the sea !  
The last of a most noble race,  
That once had there their dwelling-place,  
Long past away ! Beneath its shade,  
A soft green couch the turf had made :—  
And glad the morning sun is shining  
On those beneath the boughs reclining.  
Nearer the fisher drew. He saw  
The dark hair of the Moorish maid,  
Like a veil, floating o'er the breast,  
Where tenderly her head was laid ;

And yet her lover's arm was placed  
Clasping around the graceful waist !  
But then he marked the youth's black curls  
Were dripping wet with foam and blood ;  
And that the maiden's tresses dark  
Were heavy with the briny flood !

Woe for the wind !—woe for the wave !  
They sleep the slumber of the grave !  
They buried them beneath that tree !  
It long had been a sacred spot.  
Soon it was planted round with flowers  
By many who had not forgot ;  
Or yet lived in those dreams of truth,  
The Eden birds of early youth,  
That make the loveliness of love ;  
And called the place "THE MAIDEN'S COVE,"  
That she who perished in the sea  
Might thus be kept in memory.

The Improvisatrice, a poem of about fifteen or sixteen hundred lines, is followed by a number of miscellaneous pieces, which display the great versatility of the author. Two or three only are of a playful kind ; for descriptive power, pathos, and imagination, are unquestionably her chief characteristics. And though Love has always been, as the mighty northern minstrel has finely expressed it,—

- - - The noblest theme  
That ever waked the poet's dream ;

our fair bard has, in several of these minor pieces, shown that nearly an equal degree of tenderness, fancy, and feeling, can be thrown into subjects of a different order. St. George's Hospital, the Deserter, the Covenanters, Gladesmuir, The Soldier's Funeral, The Female Convict, Crescentius, Home, The Soldier's Grave, and others, are forcible and admirable examples : While Rosalie, The Bayadere, The Minstrel of Portugal, The Guerilla Chief, the Legend of the Rhine, &c. are more or less connected with the master passion of the human soul, and with tales founded on its influence. The Bayadere is an Oriental Romance ; and we do not detract from Lalla Rookh, when we say it is the only composition in the English language which may bear a close comparison with that popular poem. Rosalie is, on the contrary, a domestic story of hapless affection, and full of the most touching passages. We will cite a few brief instances which are the easiest detached. It opens with this bold yet sweet exordium :

'Tis a wild tale—and sad, too, as the sigh  
 That young lips breathe when Love's first dream-  
 ings fly ;  
 When blights and cankerworms, and chilling showers,  
 Come withering, o'er the warm heart's passion-  
 flowers.  
 Love ! gentlest spirit ! I do tell of thee,—  
 Of all thy thousand hopes, thy many fears,  
 Thy morning blushes, and thy evening tears ;  
 What thou hast ever been, and still will be,—  
 Life's best, but most betraying witchery !

To this succeeds a landscape, on  
 which Claude might look with de-  
 light—

It is a night of summer,—and the sea  
 Sleeps, like a child, in mute tranquillity.  
 Soft o'er the deep-blue wave the moonlight breaks ;  
 Gleaming, from out the white clouds of its zone,  
 Like Beauty's changeful smile, when that it seeks  
 Some face it loves yet fears to dwell upon.  
 The waves are motionless, save where the oar,  
 Light as Love's anger, and as quickly gone,  
 Has broken in upon their azure sleep.  
 Odours are on the air :—the gale has been  
 Wandering in groves where the rich roses weep.—  
 Where orange, citron, and the soft lime-flowers  
 Shed forth their fragrance to night's dewy hours.  
 Afar the distant city meets the gaze,  
 Where tower and turret in the pale light shine,  
 Seen like the monuments of other days—  
 Monuments Time half shadows, half displays.

This is the very soul of poesy. How  
 many charming similies in a few short  
 lines ! The sleeping sea like a child ;  
 the breaking moonlight like Beauty's  
 changeful smile ; the oar light and tran-  
 sient as Love's anger ; and all the oth-  
 er delicious images which are raised  
 within so small a compass of song, meet  
 with not many parallels even among  
 our greatest masters of the lyre. Nor  
 is the portrait of the lovers introduced  
 into this Neapolitan scene less beautiful :

There was a bark a little way apart  
 From all the rest, and there two lovers leant :—  
 One with a blushing cheek, and beating heart,  
 And bashful glance, upon the sea-wave bent ;  
 She might not meet the gaze the other sent  
 Upon her beauty ;—but the half-breathed sighs,  
 The deepening colour, timid smiling eyes,  
 Told that she listened Love's sweet flatteries.  
 Then they were silent :—words are little aid  
 To Love, whose deepest vows are ever made  
 By the heart's beat alone. Oh, silence is  
 Love's own peculiar eloquence of bliss !—

Music passes and awakes in the  
 breast of Rosalie the memory of her  
 distant home and widowed mother,  
 whose age she had left

— - - to weep

When that the tempter flattered her and wiled  
 Her steps away.

Yet her infatuation is all-powerful.  
 Still she

— - - pledged the magic cup—

The maddening cup of pleasure and of love !  
 There was for her one only dream on earth !  
 There was for her one only star above !—

The scene, however, changes under  
 the heart-subduing spell of the poet,  
 and Rosalie, deserted, is seen on her  
 repentant pilgrimage to and arrival at  
 her natal Cot—

How very desolate that breast must be,  
 Whose only joyance is in memory !  
 And what must woman suffer, thus betrayed ?—  
 Her heart's most warm and precious feelings made  
 But things wherewith to wound : that heart—so  
 So soft—laid open to the vulture's beak ! [weak,  
 Its sweet revealings given up to scorn  
 It burns to bear, and yet that must be borne !  
 And, sorer still, that bitterer emotion,  
 To know the shrine which had our soul's devotion  
 Is that of a false deity ?—to look  
 Upon the eyes we worshipped, and brook  
 Their cold reply ! Yet, these are all for her !—  
 The rude world's outcast, and love's wanderer !  
 Alas ! that love, which is so sweet a thing,  
 Should ever cause guilt, grief, or suffering !  
 Yet she upon whose face the sunbeams fall—  
 That dark-eyed girl—had felt their bitterest thrall !

— - - The very air

Seemed as it brought reproach ! there was no eye  
 To look delighted, welcome none was there !  
 She felt as feels an outcast wandering by  
 Where every door is closed ! - - -

— - - She strayed

Through a small grove of cypresses, whose shade  
 Hung o'er a burying-ground, where the low stone  
 And the gray cross recorded those now gone !  
 There was a grave just closed. Not one seemed  
 To pay the tribute of one long—last tear ! [near,  
 How very desolate must that one be,  
 Whose more than grave has not a memory !

Then ROSALIE thought on her mother's age,—  
 Just such her end would be with her away :  
 No child the last cold death-pang to assuage—  
 No child by her neglected tomb to pray !  
 She asked—and like a hope from Heaven it came !—  
 To hear them answer with a stranger's name.

She reached her mother's cottage ; by that gate  
 She thought how her once lover wont to wait  
 To tell her bonied tales !—and then she thought  
 On all the utter ruin he had wrought !  
 The moon shone brightly, as it used to do  
 Ere youth, and hope, and love, had been untrue ;  
 But it shone o'er the desolate ! The flowers  
 Were dead ; the faded jessamine, unbound,  
 Trailed, like a heavy weed, upon the ground ;  
 And fell the moonlight vainly over trees,  
 Which had not even one rose,—although the breeze,  
 Almost as if in mockery, had brought  
 Sweet tones it from the nightingale had caught !

She entered in the cottage. None were there!  
The hearth was dark,—the walls looked cold and  
All—all spoke poverty and suffering! {bare!  
All—all was changed; and but one only thing  
Kept its old place! ROSALIE'S mandolin  
Hung on the wall, where it had ever been.  
There was one other room,—and ROSALIE  
Sought for her mother there. A heavy flame  
Gleamed from a dying lamp; a cold air came  
Damp from the broken casement. There one lay,  
Like marble seen but by the moonlight ray!  
And ROSALIE drew near. One withered hand  
Was stretched, as it would reach a wretched stand  
Where some cold water stood! And by the bed  
She knelt—and gazed—and saw her mother—dead!

Were there any thing like art in the effusions of L. E. L., we should praise the contrasts of this affecting poem, and the dramatic art of its conclusion; but we praise her for nothing but pure nature and true genius. The gay and sombre scenery spring alike from the same untutored perceptions of what is appropriate; and the affecting turns in the conduct of the catastrophe are simply transcribed from the vivid feelings of the writer. But admire as we may, even our pleasant duties must have an end; and we come now to bid our youthful bard farewell, and wish the utmost prosperity to her bark's onward course. From the storms of criticism it can have nothing to fear; but the sea of literature is not altogether like a child in slumber; and now she has fairly un-

furled her sails, she must abide by the perils of the winds and waves.

From the minor pieces we have now space for only one short example; and we take a pretty and graceful one—

THE VIOLET.

Violets!—deep-blue Violets!  
April's loveliest coronets!  
There are no flowers grow in the vale,  
Kiss'd by the dew, woo'd by the gale,—  
None by the dew of the twilight wet,  
So sweet as the deep-blue Violet!  
I do remember how sweet a breath  
Came with the azure light of a wreath  
That hung round the wild harp's golden chords,  
Which rang to my dark-eyed lover's words.  
I have seen that dear harp rolled  
With gems of the East and bands of gold;  
But it never was sweeter than when set  
With the leaves of the deep-blue Violet!  
And when the grave shall open for me,—  
I care not how soon that time may be,—  
Never a rose shall grow on that tomb,  
It breathes too much of hope and of bloom!—  
But there be that flower's meek regret,  
The bending and deep-blue Violet!

With this we conclude, rejoicing that so far the public opinion has coincided with ours upon the genius of the author and the merits of this volume; for on the first day of its appearance nearly the whole of a large impression was rapidly disposed of, and other editions, we have not the slightest doubt, will follow in quick succession.

FOREST LEGENDS No. I.

(Lon. Mag.)

THE ARCHER OF ULVESCROFT.

**I**N the forest of Charnwode, at a considerable distance from any public road, deeply situated in a vale whose bosom is watered by a meandering stream, stands all that now remains of the once goodly priory of Ulvescroft!

In the time of the Edwards, the Henrys, and even Mary, this priory possessed no mean advantage in point of monastic grandeur. It was the abode of Eremites, of the order of St. Augustine, and was endowed with many privileges, amongst which an unbounded right of hunting or hawking over the adjoining wastes was none of the smallest.

The forest in which this edifice was erected, though still abounding in bold and beautiful yet somewhat barren scenery, at the period alluded to bore no want of vegetation; it was covered with foliage, so thick and verdant as to exhibit one ample grove of stately oaks, softened and variegated by the birch, the beech, and the clustering ash. The vicinity of Ulvescroft still preserves a large portion of this interesting foliage, partly, we will hope, from a respect to the ruined pile which graces its valley, and partly from the rocky surface, that bids defiance to all agricultural improvements. Whichever



motive may have actuated its owners, the dell in which the priory stands is of itself sufficiently picturesque to attract the notice of every lover of woodland scenery. Retired and solitary, it is enclosed on almost every side by high and rocky eminences, about whose sides the twisted and knotty oaks assume a thousand grotesque forms, according as their roots have found the means of penetrating their granite beds. A gentle brook waters this lovely spot—a brook so fair, so romantic in its course, that Leland in his writings has taken occasion to mention it. As it approaches the little town of Newtown Linford, it assumes a bolder surface; but here, it murmurs softly and peacefully over its rocky beds.

The ruins of Ulvescroft priory stand in solemn grandeur, betwixt this stream and the adjoining eminence, rather to the west. One tower and a considerable portion of one side of the building yet remain, and seem in tolerable preservation, at least as far as regards its pointed arched door-way and windows. The tower may even yet be ascended nearly to its summit, although some of its steps are in a precarious condition. Two stone niches which seem to have contained benches, are likewise perceptible within the interior of the building, probably belonging to the chancel. Although this ruin is neither so extensive in its dimensions, nor in such high preservation as many others, it exhibits so chaste and solemn an appearance, in the midst of its lonely situation, that it is impossible to look upon it without the mind reverting to what it must have been in former ages.

About the middle of the fifteenth century, the priory of Ulvescroft was in its glory; it was rich in lands and high in reputation, not only as regarded the piety and good conduct of its superior, but for the charity extended to the neighbouring poor. Prior Whatton was in truth a good and a pious man,—but he had one failing, if failing it might be termed, where an unbounded latitude was given; he loved the pleasures of the

chace, and he entered into them with an avidity hardly to be looked for even in those more connected with the world. Yet, although this might be termed a failing on the part of Whatton, it was not considered incompatible with his situation as Prior, such diversions being allowable in the heads of monastic institutions at that period; but Whatton followed his privilege to its extent.

The red deer of Charnwode were in high estimation, not only on account of their superior flavour, but for the superior sport they yielded in the field; and the Earls Ferrers and Leicester, as well as the Lord Hastings, at that time the possessor of Witwicke, looked with no small jealousy upon the encroachments made by the Superior on this their favourite breed. But Whatton cared little for the rebuffs of these noblemen; he held his right of chasing the deer by grants from his sovereign. It was immaterial to him who winced under these privileges, and he spared neither the red nor the fallow, when it suited him to indulge in the recreation. Indeed, so freely and so frequently did he hunt, that it became proverbial in the mouths of his enemies:

Seeke the deere in his lair,  
Friar Whatton is there.

In hunting, hawking, or netting, Prior Whatton was indeed an adept. Every corner of the forest rang at intervals with the notes of his bugle. The swift-footed animals started at the sound of it; they left their leafy beds, and shook the dew from their haunches, with the terror and the fleetness of those who fly for freedom! The very trice cock fluttered his plumage, and fled fearfully from the branch on which he was reposing, as its lengthened tones were echoed through the vallies.

Yet expert as the friar was at his favourite diversion, he could not always boast of success; there were seasons when the wary animal, despite of the most active exertions of his enemies, would keep long at bay, and finally baffle the skill of the pursuers.

It was on an occasion of this kind, after a lengthened chase, when the stag had made good his retreat and found a secure covering in the wiles of the forest, when both men and dogs were at fault, that Whatton, disgusted by the ill success of the morning's amusement and scarcely conscious of what he was about, turned his horse's head from the party who had accompanied him, and, striking suddenly into another part of the forest, motioned as though he would be alone. No one presumed to follow him; the Prior of Ulvescroft was too exalted in situation to admit of his orders being treated with neglect; and Whatton, with that listlessness which usually attends the disappointment of our wishes, rode for some time alone. But the defeat of his morning's exertions was not the only cause for chagrin that Whatton at that moment had in his heart;—he had recently received intelligence that the owner of Witwicke, whose ample possessions, and fair park, rendered him as formidable as any nobleman on that side the county, and with whom the inhabitants of the priory were at variance, had suddenly visited his castle with a numerous company of friends, and it was a circumstance of too much import not to dwell upon the mind of the Prior.

Their quarrel had its source, like many others, from a question concerning forest rights, and it had been pursued so long, and with so much acrimony on both sides, that a total estrangement had taken place between them; the monks not choosing to yield one inch of their prerogative, and the Lord Hastings, in the plenitude of his power, looking for, and exacting more than seemed consistent either with good nature or generosity.

Whatton had rode over several miles of hill and dale before he became really conscious that he had left his companions—so much had his mind been engrossed by internal reflection. A brace of tired dogs paced sluggishly at his horse's heels, the one a stag-hound, the other an old blood-hound; their coats were soiled, their tails down, their heavy eyes

were bent constantly upon the ground, and, though not endowed with the gift of speech, their motions seemed to indicate that they partook largely in the chagrin of their master. When Whatton paused, which at length he did, on the summit of a small knoll, it was to fix his eyes on the mansion of his enemy. The proud walls of Witwicke were indeed before him, they towered over the trees with which they were surrounded, and seemed to frown defiance upon the Prior. The pace of Whatton unconsciously quickened; he spurred the beast that bore him, and the towers of Witwicke were soon lost in the distance. It was not, however, the disposition of the Prior to urge either man or beast to extremity; his horse had undergone much fatigue that morning; he had rode hard; and, being pretty certain that he could not now be in much danger of encountering any one, whose presence might be unpleasant to him, he once more gave a slackened rein. As he patted the neck of the high spirited animal, and smoothed his sleek mane with the butt end of his whip, his attention was arrested by one of his quadruped companions, whose eyes at that moment met his, and there seemed so much of mute expression in them, that Whatton read, or fancied he read, the creature's meaning.

"Chantress," he said, "thou wert wont to do thy duty without failing, my old girl. But thou hast balked thy master this morning. We must have more mettle another time."

Accustomed to his voice, the hound fawned upon him, but while in the act of so doing, she turned round with a celerity that showed there was no want of animation, and that neither age nor fatigue had yet dulled her senses. With one ear thrown back upon her neck, and her nose to the ground, she gave the usual deep tongue when in pursuit of game, and in an instant was lost to the sight of her master. Surprised by the action of the dog, the Prior remained irresolute what course to pursue: the hound had fled in the direction of the



castle, and Whatton, vexed by the circumstance, felt strongly inclined to leave her to her fate. But affection for an old favourite made him hesitate; there was also another strong incitement towards his pursuing her,—the propensity of the blood-hound for tracking the human foot; and Whatton, though the towers of Witwicke were so closely at hand, had a heart too much alive to humanity, to risk the mischief so dangerous a propensity might occasion.—After a few seconds given to consideration, therefore, he turned short by the way the animal had taken, not however without some internal feelings of the unpleasant encounter which must necessarily take place, should the lordly owner of the domain present himself before him.

But he was not doomed to meet with him: On reaching the summit of a slight eminence that overlooked a romantic dell, he found Chantress indeed engaged, but with a youth of so slender an appearance, that the Prior trembled as he beheld them.

It truth it was a boy, a fair boy, of such few years, that it seemed as if one onset alone of the enraged animal were sufficient to destroy him: but he parried her attack so adroitly, twisting round and round, as the dog bore furiously towards him; at the same time, defending himself with so much skill, and attacking Chantress in his turn with a cross-bow he held in his hand with such violence, as to send her several paces from him howling with pain. But Chantress was no coward;—as she was usually foremost in the chace, so was she in fight. She returned to the attack again and again, with redoubled energy; and was as often as successfully repelled by the dexterous boy. It was after a severe struggle, in which Chantress had been thrown to a considerable distance, that her fate must have been inevitably decided, had not the Prior at that instant arrived and saved her.

“Hold, hold, brave youth, harm not the dog; spare her, I beseech you.” “Down, Chantress, down. Back, good lass, back with you.”

The youngster had found time to aim a bolt which would the next instant have been fixed in her heart, had not the voice of Whatton arrested his intention. Accustomed to the word of command, the animal slunk behind her master; and, having reduced her to obedience by the usual harsh tones of authority, the Prior turned his regards on her antagonist.

The boy was standing in a low dingle or bottom, beside a thicket of evergreens. His cap was off, and a profusion of light brown hair that fell around a forehead of the most dazzling whiteness, and flowed in natural ringlets to his shoulders, formed so strong a contrast to the dark shades of the holly which grew behind him, that Whatton thought he had scarcely ever beheld so beautiful a figure. Indeed, the whole appearance of this youth exhibited a whimsical and incongruous medley. The rich colour and fantastic style of his dress, so different from any thing worn by lads of his age, excepting those attached to the court, joined to his native grace, forcibly impressed the Prior. The cross-bow he held in his hand, though its bolt had been thus hastily arrested from its purpose, was still grasped in an attitude of defiance, and as he returned the gaze of Whatton, it was with so saucy and independent an air, that the latter could scarcely suppress a smile as he observed it.

The retreat of the dog, however, had the desired effect, the extended arm gradually sunk to its natural position, and, after a short interval, given as it should seem to the consideration of who and what was the rank of the person who addressed him, the youth replied:

“May I ask, Sir Friar, who it is, that so authoritatively woos me from the chastisement of an enemy?”

“One who leans to the side of mercy, good boy.”

“Indeed?” said the lad tartly, “it were an act of mercy truly, to spare the life of one who would take yours in return! I hold it no sin to kill your blood-hound, Sir Monk, since doubtless she left your side for

the purpose of attack. We have shown her better sport however."

"Your prowess I admire, it is beyond your years. Yet it is my duty to tell you," said Whatton, "that true generosity may show itself better by sparing a fallen foe."

"Cry you mercy, Sir, yonder creature exhibits no sign of foilment; an you were not here, she would as soon take me as a buck."

"Well, well, you have shown your ability, and it promises fair in ripper years."

"A small matter, a small matter, good priest; but you are right, we hope to live to do better things."

These words were accompanied by so strong a tone of superiority, joined with so contemptuous a toss of the head, and a countenance so indicative of scorn, that Whatton felt very much disposed to anger. But the haughty smile and curl of the upper lip was so mollified by the otherwise natural beauty of the face, that the anger of the Prior yielded to the contemplation of so rare a piece of Nature's workmanship. He seemed fascinated, and stood in fixed attention, silently viewing him. The boy took no notice of this astonishment, although it escaped not his observation, but continued,

"I am a stranger among these wilds, and know not exactly which way to wend my steps, I seek a contentious Prior, who they tell me dwells hereabouts; a man, I hear, who loves the chase so well, that he grudges every one else a partition of it. Perhaps you could guide me to him?"

"And what, if I could?" demanded Whatton, but little pleased to hear himself so spoken of.

"I have a vow against him," said the lad: "I have sworn to despoil him of one of his fattest bucks; and by the walls of St. Mary, where they say he resides, I will keep my promise."

"Why thou art the veriest little varlet mine eyes ever saw!" cried Whatton, rage now overcoming every other feeling. "But let me warn thee, stripping, and see thou take it in time; desist from thy purpose, or

it will cost thee dear, perhaps, for the walls of Saint Mary are strong, and dark within. Thou understandest me?"

The youth bowed expressively, whilst a smile of derision again sat upon his face.

"I dread neither priests nor walls: I care not, so I cure the Prior of Ulvescroft of his churlish propensities, for, like myself, I deem him worthy of *better* things."

There was a stress on the word "better," and a laughter in the eye, as he uttered the last sentence, which were provoking enough. He drew the silken mantle that had hitherto hung carelessly behind him across one shoulder, and, snatching up his bow, which during the course of parley he had suffered to fall to the ground, turning short upon his heel, of which he made so good a use, that he was very soon out of sight.

"Sayest thou so, young Swiftfoot? we shall see," said Whatton, pulling down the sleeves of his dress with the air of one who hardly knows how to vent his mortification. "But I believe thee capable of that, or aught else thou art bent upon. However, once more I say beware!"

The words of the Prior were spent in air, the youth was past hearing, and Whatton, after a moment's pause, again pursued his way homeward. He could not, however, easily divest his thoughts of what had occurred; the figure of the boy, in all his native grace and beauty, was constantly present to his imagination. Who or what he was he could not so readily determine; noble, his whole appearance bespoke him; and Whatton suspected him to be one of the followers of Witwicke's Lord, who, having heard of the feuds subsisting between that nobleman and himself, had in the sportiveness of boyhood thus insulted him. The mind of the Prior was rather disposed to generosity than otherwise, but he could not very readily forgive this seeming fresh affront,—since he doubted not but the Lord Hastings had a share in it. And this it was, more than the pertinacious loquacity of the boy, that really mortified and displeased him.

Two days were passed by the Prior, subsequent to his rencounter in the forest, in retirement at home, nor had he once wandered forth, as was usual with him to do, in search of amusement. The third day was the anniversary of Saint Mary, to whom the priory was dedicated, and it was ushered in by the inmates of Ulvescroft with the usual solemnity. As the duties of the occasion were numerous, they engrossed the whole attention of the Superior. His heart was tranquil, his brow was serene, and he thought only on the various religious ceremonies of the day. But a different scene awaited him.

It was nearly noon, and the Prior, somewhat wearied by his exertions, was crossing the outer court from the chapel, for the purpose of enjoying a short interval of repose in his private chamber, when his observation was attracted by a large party of menials, belonging to the establishment, in deep and confused altercation. Their eager looks and loud hurried tones betokened that something more than usual had happened. Whatton, vexed that any thing like tumult should interrupt the tranquillity of the festival, advanced hastily towards them.

"Whence this commotion, brethren? It suits not with the sacred duties we have been engaged in, and surely might have been spared this day."

The men looked at each other; they hesitated, for they were well acquainted with the rigidity of their Superior, as respected religious observances, and feared to incur his displeasure; but the case was urgent, and it was necessary he should be informed of it. At length one of them, older and somewhat more elevated in situation than the others, advanced towards him; he laid one hand reverently upon his breast, and with the other made the usual sign of the cross.

"Think not, holy Father, that our minds are evil in the midst of thankfulness! or that we would offer any disrespect at the foot of that shrine to which we all yield obedience: but—"

"Declare your meaning!" said Whatton, not without some apprehension of what was to be related.

"The forest! reverend Sir, our rights are trampled on, your power contemned, even the walls of the priory have not in this instance been respected, nor have they afforded safety to the animals that browse beneath them."

"The forest!" The Prior started, the words of the unknown rushed to his remembrance. "Hath any one dared?—But, no. Youth may vaunt itself, but it cannot accomplish much." He recollected the prowess he had already witnessed, and was half disposed to recall what he had uttered: he turned to the monk, "Well, Bernard, what mischief is this that hath happened?"

"Three goodly bucks already lie slaughtered beneath the very walls of the priory, and three more, for aught I know."

"Stop, stop," said the Prior, in a voice tremulous with agitation:—"Who hath done this deed?"

"We know not; it seemed almost the work of magic, so swiftly, so silently whizzed the arrows from amidst the copse. But the hand that drew them has hitherto eluded our search, no one was to be seen."

"A plague on that young imp," said Whatton, stamping his foot furiously on the ground; "none less daring than himself would so have defied me. Run, Bernard; William, run. Search well each covert, thicket, fern. See you leave no spot unsought; and, mark me, Sirs, find whom you will, bring them straight before me."

The Prior turned to his chamber as he spoke, but it was in no enviable frame of mind: for some time he paced to and fro, with the rapid uneven tread of one who is uncertain how to act; so angry did he feel at being made the sport of so young a stripling.

The brethren, in the mean time, had sped the best of their way into the intricacies of the forest, not a whit less anxious than their Superior to discover who was the perpetrator of



so daring an act. Two hours intervened before they returned, an interval passed by Whatton in painful suspense. Again and again he accused himself for not having called off his dog, and avoided altercation with the young and apparently maliciously disposed boy. The return of the brethren, however, who had at last been successful, drew his thoughts into another channel, and Whatton lost no time in hastening to confront the aggressor.

The conjectures of the Prior had not been wrong. The same fair boy stood before him with this only difference in his appearance, that the light fantastic habit, he had worn on their former rencounter, had been exchanged for a suit of simple green, skirted by a coat or jacket, that buttoned closely around him, and, descending nearly as low as the knee, hid his figure almost entirely from observance. His cap, too, that had previously glittered with the brilliant rays of the diamond and the ruby, and had been adorned with party-coloured plumes, now bore but one long sable feather, which, falling gracefully over the left temple, did but set off the clearness of a complexion for which nature and exercise had done much.

In sooth, if the Prior had thought the lad handsome at their first interview, spite of his indignation he could not now alter his opinion, so exquisitely beautiful did he appear. He seemed to take but little notice of the Superior as he approached him; his arms were pinioned, and his looks almost wholly bent upon the ground; but there lurked so deep an expression of archness in them, when they turned at intervals upon Whatton, that he knew not what to think.

He looked steadfastly at him, but the dark orbs of the lad avoided his gaze. He seemed to delight in side-long glances, and appeared capable of using them as much to the purpose as the bolts he had so wantonly let fly from his bow. Determined, however, to trace the motives which had led to such extraordinary conduct to their most latent source, Whatton

suppressed the kindly sensations, which, notwithstanding his endeavours, he felt arising towards him, and assuming an air at once stern, haughty, and forbidding, thus addressed him:

"So, boy, thou hast really and truly had audacity enough to put thy wicked threat into execution:—And what thinkest thou shall now be the reward of such wantonness?"

The culprit answered not, but tossing back the plume, that had hitherto partially shaded one side of his features, with that kind of instinctive motion of the head that expresses more than words, he greeted the Prior with the same incomprehensible smile he had before bestowed upon him.

"I understand you," said Whatton; "you bid defiance to my authority. But beware, silly urchin, your life, if we so will it, may be made answerable for the crime you have been guilty of this day."

"I deny not your authority, Prior; yet I would ask, and I believe you will not deny my right of doing so, how far such authority extends? or whether you take in the free born, as well as the hind—the noble as the peasant? When these questions are replied to, I, in my turn, may perhaps declare the punishment I look forward to."

"Thy tongue seems to keep pace with thy fingers, youth; but should I condescend to hold parley with thee, wilt thou promise to declare truly who, and what thou art, and whence thy wantonness hath arisen?"

"You will learn both, ere we part," said the boy significantly, "I promise that."

"Might I presume to interfere," said one of the brethren coming forward, and casting a look full of anger and inveteracy upon the fair-headed offender, "such conduct deserves no common punishment, since this stripling hath learnt his trade too perfectly and too early to hope for amendment from your worship's lenity."

"Enough, enough," said the Superior, addressing himself to the monk, and without noticing the ques-



tions of his prisoner. "Where is the weapon with which this mischief has been perpetrated?"

"Here, Father, here."

"Whatton took the youth's bow from the hands of the monk who tendered it—he examined it minutely; it was formed from the maple wood, and was of excellent workmanship, having the figure of a stag in the attitude of fleeing, with an arrow in front, beautifully carved in its centre. Underneath the animal was written in small silver letters

Isabel of Hastings.

The friar started. He passed his eye from the weapon to the face of its owner; the transition and the expression it conveyed had not passed unnoticed, and the rising colour upon her cheek proclaimed that his surmise was not ill founded. It was, indeed, the daughter of his proud neighbour—of his foe, that then stood before him! who in the gaiety and frolicsomeness of youth had played this trick upon him. And Whatton, uncertain what to say, or how to proceed, stood confusedly silent, gazing upon her. Isabel, certain that all must now be discovered, signified her wish to be alone with him, and the Prior immediately complied with her request. The brethren were ordered to withdraw, and, having unloosed the noose that fettered her arms, Whatton again retired to some distance from her.

For a short interval Isabel remained as silent as the Prior—she seemed indeed communing with herself; but, though her cheeks continued to retain their deep suffusion, her eye lost not a whit of its archness, as at length she said:

"Well, my Lord of Ulvescroft, are you satisfied that, whether in the light of friends or enemies, the owners of Witwicke are punctual to their promise?"

"Such punctuality was never doubted, noble damsel, yet methinks the fair Isabel might have found fitter employment than to have taken part in the feuds of her father. And surely my Lord of Hastings, had he wished to do another ill turn to those

who meddle not with him, might have found an abler hand than one so truly formed for gentleness."

"Say not so, good Father," said the lady, not ill pleased with the termination of the Prior's speech, "contemn not the abilities of Isabel in the cross-bow, nor in the field. It is the pride of Hastings to think his child excels in them. Nay, Prior, have not you yourself commended them?"

"True, lady, but—"

"Holy Father—use an adversary generously, and he were indeed a dastard, did he not follow the example. What motive, think you, guided my feet thither, or nerved my arm, so near your dwelling?"

The Prior bent his head; he was unwilling to declare to Isabel that he believed her actions under the sanction of a higher power: he was also above a subterfuge. Isabel was not slow in comprehension.

"I know what you would say. It was by my father's orders that I came so boldly to your gate?"

Whatton bowed an affirmative.

"Listen, good Father. The Lord of Witwicke is no man's enemy. He is not ignorant of your virtues, estranged as he is at this moment from you. He is above the base act of mean destruction. That I, his daughter, have drawn the bow, I admit; but not as you charge me with, through wantonness. I know my father's sentiments toward you; I know he seeks an opportunity to be reconciled; and I shall be deceived if I have not formed a correct estimate of your generosity. Father, the evil I have done you shall be repaired, amply repaired. But I beseech you to let all animosity cease betwixt the Lord Hastings and yourself."

As she pronounced the last words, she bent one knee to the ground, crossed her hands submissively upon her bosom, and looked earnestly at the Prior. She was no longer the fiery frolicsome youth whose eye spoke daringly, whose lips breathed contemptuously—she was the gentle, the interesting woman, kneeling before her spiritual adviser, imploring the blessing of peace and amity for a beloved parent!

It was impossible for so kindly a heart as Whatton possessed to withstand the appeal of Isabel, couched as it was in so extraordinary a manner; her grace, her beauty, her spirit, but above all, the energetic language of those eyes, that so recently had had sufficient influence to stir up the wrathful emotions of the heart, now pleading forcibly to the milder passions.

"Rise, noble girl!" he exclaimed, "The Prior of Ulvescroft must not be outdone in generosity—he needs no reminding of his duty! Rise, Isabel, and be it as you wish—it were impossible to withstand you. Should, therefore, the Lord of Witwicke really seek a reconciliation—"

Isabel rose joyously.

"I lie me homewards, Prior; in less than three hours I will undertake to greet my Lord Hastings and yourself as friends; and, mark me, Sir, five goodly bucks for one; that is Isabel's penance for the crime so wantonly committed this day—committed in the cause of duty."

She smiled gaily as she spoke.

"Thou art most extraordinarily gifted, daughter; yet one thing I would know, ere thy departure."

"Say on, Father."

"Was it necessary, in order to accomplish the reunion of hearts, that three unoffending animals should be the sacrifice?"

"All was necessary. When the wound is deep, deep must be the

cure. The Prior of Ulvescroft was a no common foe, and it needed all the art, all the stratagem of Isabel to convince him, aggrieved as he believed himself to be, that Witwicke's Lord still deserved his esteem."

"And his child," said the Prior—"Was anxious to show, that she also longed to share the friendship of Whatton!"

"And she has gained it," said the friar, placing his hand gently upon her head, and blessing her. "Go, get thee gone, fair daughter, and bring thy father as early as thou wilt, for Whatton longs to greet him."

Isabel stayed not for farther permission, but, again crossing her hands reverently upon her bosom, she bowed respectfully to the Prior, and set forward with a light heart and foot towards the mansion of her sire. True to her promise, three hours did not elapse, before the Lord of Hastings himself, attended by Isabel in her own proper habiliments, and a numerous retinue, rode up to the gates of Ulvescroft, for the purpose of ratifying those engagements of amity and good neighbourhood she had already so ably commenced. The Lord of Witwicke brought with him several costly presents for the Prior, amongst which, were the deer promised by his daughter; and, what was more valuable to Whatton, with her own hand, Isabel presented him with the bow that had been the cause of so much mischief.

## CHEMICAL ESSAYS.

(Sci. Mag.)

### CARBON—BORON.

OUR next subject is CARBON. The chief form in which it is obtained in any purity are, the diamond and charcoal. So wonderful are the dispensations of *Nature*,—taking nature (to quote our beautiful poet) as the name for an effect, whose cause is God,—that perhaps there is no body which we should have thought at first sight less like that beautiful gem the diamond, than the opaque black substance which we call charcoal. The

way in which they were both found to consist of carbon will soon be mentioned. The diamond it is well known is a crystal; and we may suppose that in the vast laboratory of nature, the regular arrangement of the particles of carbon form by the work of years the diamond.

Charcoal is a black, brittle, inodorous, insoluble substance; an excellent conductor of electricity, but a very bad one of heat. Charcoal may be procured by heating any kind of

wood red hot, for some time, in a closed vessel. By this method all the sap, oil, and other vegetable parts are consumed, and the basis of the wood, or the carbon, is left. Lamp black however is the purest form of charcoal; it is obtained chiefly from turpentine and resin, but all oils produce it more or less. Charcoal has several curious powers. Thus, it destroys the taste and smell of several vegetable and animal substances. On this depends its power of making turbid water not only clear but wholesome. A gentleman who had been long in India told me, that, while travelling there, he was kept from a severe indisposition by using charcoal in this way. He took a little in a powdered state, and let it remain all night in the water before he drank it. All the others who used no such precaution were the next day attacked with illness in consequence, while he was perfectly well.

Carbon unites with oxygen in two proportions, forming carbonic acid gas. Carbonic oxide contains no hydrogen, as may be shown by burning it in oxygen, when no water is produced.

If carbon be burned in pure oxygen, an acid gas called carbonic acid gas is the result. This gas has many distinguishing features, and it was by means of this product of carbon and oxygen that the chemical identity of charcoal and the diamond was first discovered. Diamonds were burned by a lens as early as 1694; in 1772 the *product* of this combustion was first examined; and in 1809 it was ascertained that when the diamond was burned in oxygen, pure carbonic acid was the result. This of course led to the conclusion that the diamond and charcoal must have the same chemical nature, though their particles are differently mechanically arranged. A very complete apparatus has been contrived for demonstrating this product of the burning of the diamond in oxygen, but as none of our readers will be very likely to try so expensive an experiment, we will not enter into the detail.

Carbonic acid is found combined with many natural products. All the

calcareous earths, such as lime and magnesia, when exposed to the atmosphere readily combine with it. They then become carbonates. Thus *chalk* is formed, which is a compound of carbonic acid and lime.

But it is not only in composition that carbonic acid is found in nature. It exists in a separate state, but being of much greater specific gravity than atmospheric air, is only found in *low* places. It forms the choak damp of miners, and is not unfrequently perceived in wells. It is quite unrespirable, producing instant death if an attempt be made to inhale it. It is found in vats where any liquors are fermenting, and is the cause why many people have been killed, while this process has been taking place in confined situations. That its specific gravity is much greater than that of atmospheric air may be readily shown: for if it be put into any vessel with a stop-cock, it may be poured out like water. To illustrate this, place a taper at the bottom of a large jug: though no passage of any thing is visible to the eye, the taper is immediately extinguished.\*

We will now proceed to examine the compounds formed by carbonic acid and other bodies. It forms a salt (Carbonate of Ammonia) when united with the volatile alkali called Ammonia. This salt is of considerable use in medicine.—Carbon unites in two proportions with chlorine, but neither of the compounds have yet been made of any use in the arts.—Carbon and hydrogen unite in equal quantities, forming carburetted hydrogen. This gas, when required pure for chemical purposes, is obtained by distilling over a lamp, one part of alcohol and four of sulphuric acid: it is highly inflammable. The gas now used as a substitute for oil, consists chiefly of this carburetted hydrogen mixed with some foreign ingredients. It is obtained from coal which is burnt in a closed vessel. All the gas, impure at first, is conveyed away by an iron pipe to a

\* Before we quit carbonic acid, we should state that a discovery is recently said to have been made, by which carbonic acid, when greatly condensed, can be procured in a liquid state.



reservoir of water, and the tar and some other ingredients are here deposited. It next passes through a reservoir of lime-water. This takes up the sulphurous acid gas which is apt in the first instance to be mixed with it. The gas after this immersion is sufficiently pure for use. A recent discovery has shown that a gas can be obtained from oil which is even more commodious than what is obtained from coal. The mode of obtaining it, as adopted by Messrs. Taylor, is as follows. Oil is suffered to fall in drops into a furnace wherein are fragments of brick and tile heated red hot. An iron pipe conveys away the gas from the furnace; in the furnace nearly pure carbon is deposited. The gas which is produced is very fine carburetted hydrogen. The great advantage of this latter plan arises from its economy.

The circumstance of these gases being used for lights pre-supposes that they are inflammable. On this account, in coal mines and other places where they are produced by nature, they are very dangerous, owing to their taking fire when the miner's candles are carried through it. It was, however, discovered that hydrogen could not pass in a state of flame through a very small pipe; on this principle, (which seems but imperfectly accounted for,\*) Sir Humphrey Davy constructed his justly celebrated safety-lamp. In this a cylinder of wire gauze is fixed over the light, each separation in which answers to the orifice of a small tube, and thus no conflagration is caused, though the whole covering of wire frequently becomes red hot.

Here let us pause for a moment, and consider the wonderful benefits experienced by society at large from the discoveries of chemistry. We need not allude to the more obvious improvements in medicine, which have resulted from a more extensive knowledge of this branch of science. The astonishing power of steam might never have been applied to common

mechanical purposes, had not the chemist in his experiments upon water discovered an easy and safe method of applying it. The discovery also of gas as a substitute for oil is one of which all equally partake. To enumerate, however, the individual instances of improvements, our limits render impossible, their ramifications are so widely extended. From the more potent drugs of the physician, to the lock of the sportsman,\* its influence is felt. The study of chemistry must then be considered as most valuable. When the alchemist, buried in his cell, sought in vain for the universal menstruum, or the elixir of life, the study was productive of but slight benefit to any; but now, when it extends its influence to every department of the arts, the prospect is far different. Nor should the study of this science be neglected from the supposition that it has reached its height; on the contrary, many are the phenomena unexplained, many the theories uninvestigated. But to return to our subject.

Carbon unites also with nitrogen, and forms a gas called cyanogen. It may be obtained from heating prussiate of mercury in a small glass tube, to a dull redness. It must be collected over mercury. It has a smell very much resembling bitter almonds. It burns with a beautiful blue flame. It unites in different proportions with water and alcohol. Cyanogen and chlorine combine and form an acid designated the chlorocyanic acid.

Cyanogen and hydrogen unite and form hydrocyanic or prussic acid. This also has a strong smell, much resembling that of bitter almonds. It is in a liquid form. It is highly poisonous. A single drop of this acid, when much concentrated, placed upon the tip of the tongue, produces instant death. If a quantity be rubbed upon the bare arm it is said to produce death. It volatilizes so rapidly as to freeze itself. This acid is used in medicine. It was called prussic

\* \* The explanation commonly offered is, that the wire when in such close contact with the gas, abstracts from it a sufficient portion of caloric to extinguish the flame.

\* A new method of making the locks of guns has been adopted. By this the use of flint and steel has been dropped, and a fulminating powder has been used in its stead. This has many advantages: rain does not prevent its discharge, and it goes off much quicker than in the old method.

acid upon the discovery that the beautiful colour so long known by the name of Prussian blue, was the result of the union of this acid and iron.

Carbon unites with iron, and forms carburet of iron or *steel*. How this effect is produced is not known; whether by insinuating itself into the pores of the metal, it makes it more compact; or by some other chemical means.

The last body mentioned in our list is BORON. The method generally used for obtaining it is the following. Two parts of the metal called potassium, and one of the boracic acid, are heated together in a copper tube.

The boracic acid, which consists of boron and oxygen, yields up its oxygen to the potassium, or potash, and the residue is boron. It is then in the shape of a brown, insipid, insoluble powder, which burns with much brilliancy if raised to a considerable heat. Boracic acid is generally obtained from the salt called borax. This is dissolved in hot water, and sulphuric acid is added: as the solution cools, white scaly crystals appear; these are the boracic acid. Little is known of the base or its compounds, and if we except borax, which is much employed as a flux, they have as yet been but little used.

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#### ACCOUNT OF THE CITY OF MEXICO, &c. BY WM. BULLOCK.

(*Lond. Lit. Gaz.*)

THE interest taken by Great Britain in the affairs of South America, and which, besides its own merit, has induced us to take so much notice of this volume, is demonstrated by the fact that the whole first edition, (1500) was subscribed for by the London booksellers on the first day of publication. Thus warranted in our course of review, we continue to extract the most useful information with regard to commerce, and the most striking passages connected with manners or description. Of the latter class the following is a new example:

"We arrived at Chollula after a pleasant ride over plains covered with corn-fields, interspersed with plantations of the *Agava Americana*. This city was, before the conquest, one of the most considerable belonging to the Mexicans. It was famed for its idols, its sanctity, and its idolatrous worship. The Teocalli or Temple is composed of alternate layers of clay and sun-burnt brick, forming an immense pyramid, divided into regular strata stages or platforms; but time, and the growth of the prickly pear, the tuna, or nopal, and other vegetables, have left but little of its original form visible, and it now resembles a natural hill; the high road from Puebla is cut through a part of it, which

serves to show its internal structure. Some writers have conjectured that it was used as a cemetery or burial-place; others, that it was intended as a place of defence, or for the performance of public worship. We ascended by a steep winding road, partly cut into steps, to a level area of 140 feet long, on which stands a pretty church, 90 feet in length, with two towers and a dome: from this exalted platform, the spectator enjoys a most lovely landscape. The city of Chollula, its great square, or market-place, crowded with Indians (resembling what it was in the time of Cortez,) with its numerous churches, gardens, &c. lay at our feet, and as the delighted eye ranged over the extensive plain, countless churches, haciendas, plantations of aloes, and corn-fields, met the view, which was bounded by the blue mountains, among which rose the gigantic Orizaba, and the majestic snow-crowned Popocatepalli. After enjoying this delightful scene as long as our time would conveniently permit, we visited the neat place of worship, built in the shape of a cross, and kept remarkably clean. Its silver and gilt ornaments were surrounded by a fine display of living flowers, (amongst which the carnations were the finest I had ever seen,) the

peace-offerings of the poor Indians, by whom the place was crowded, as mass was celebrating at the time. The fervent piety and decent behaviour of this little congregation would have formed a fine contrast with the gaily dressed bustling assemblages in some of the churches of France and Italy. Before the building were two noble cypress trees, of great size and antiquity: at the top of the steps of the entrance is a rich-sculptured cross, of stone, with the date 1666 inscribed on it, and near it a short hymn in Spanish, to the Virgin is engraved on a tablet.

"We descended with reluctance the side of this pyramid, whose base is more extensive than that of the great pyramid of Egypt. It is covered with trees of great variety, some of which I had not seen before, but they had evidently been planted there. On our descent to the plains we visited two detached masses, constructed, like the great pyramid, of unburnt brick and clay. The one to the north-east had been cut or taken away; its sides were broken, and so perpendicular as to prevent access to its summit, on which a cross had been erected. The other was easy of ascent, and appears to me to have been a fortified place, with a ditch and a wall on the top, forming an enclosure resembling the figure  $\infty$ , and about 100 feet in length: here I found among the loose earth many human bones; pieces of red earthenware; and fragments of obsidian—the knives, spears, and arrow-heads of the ancient Mexicans. An excavation of this pile would probably prove an object of high interest to the antiquary—I know of no engraving of it: the other detached piece has been engraved by Humboldt; whose figure of the great pyramid conveys no idea of its present state, nor is the church on its summit at all like the original."

The city of Mexico itself is not half so interesting as several of the other places visited by our author.

"The existing state of this city exhibits only a shadow of the grandeur it had once attained. The period of its greatest splendour, wealth and lux-

ury, may be placed within one century from its conquest by Cortez. The present internal decorations but ill accord with the magnificent houses and palaces on which thousands have been lavished, and prove at once the poverty of the present Mexicans and the wealth of their ancestors. The massive silver tables, staircases and chandeliers, &c. &c. have all disappeared. The profusion of jewels and the extravagant equipages are no longer to be seen in the streets, and the *ensemble* even of people of the highest rank, of the present day, reminds us in nothing of the authenticated descriptions of the inhabitants of the same place by writers 200 years ago."

Taking a cursory view of the chief objects of curiosity still remaining in the city of Mexico, our author observes—

"Of the myriads of pictures with which the churches, convents, cloisters, &c. &c. are crowded, I saw few worth the expense of removing. The churches and cathedrals may, amongst the great numbers with which they are encumbered, have some good, and I am inclined to think they have; but the quantity of light admitted into these superb temples is too little, even in the brightest day, to render it practicable to discover their merits: they are lost to the world in the sacred gloom that pervades the place. The public, too, are prevented from a near approach by clumsy railings; but, from what information I was enabled to obtain by peeping through, it appeared to me that some of the finest productions of the Italian and Spanish schools may be here buried in oblivion. I visited the homes of many of the nobility, but found little worthy of notice. The Count of Valenciana's drawing-room has a set of prints from Claude, which, with the exception of a few fine things in the palace of the Bishop of Puebla, are the only works worth mentioning connected with the old masters, that came under my inspection.

"In the many rambles I made through the city, I often examined the brokers' and furniture shops; as, amongst the countless number of



statues and pictures of saints and martyrs, I expected to have found something worth bringing home : but all my researches in this way only produced me two small pictures ; one on copper, (the Adoration of the Shepherds,) an early picture, or a copy, of Corregio ; the other a Holy Family, somewhat in the style of Carlo Maratti. - - -

"Of carvers in wood there are many, as every house has a statue of a saint or madonna painted and generally superbly dressed. The art of engraving on stone is unknown in Mexico ; but the Indians greatly excel in the modelling and working in wax. The specimens of different tribes with their costumes, with the habiliments of the gentry of the country, which I have brought over, will amply testify their merits in this department. They also model fruit and vegetables in a beautiful manner. A lady at Puebla de los Angeles executes, in a singular style, from pieces of old linen cloth, groups of comic figures, some of which I have also brought to England. Such was her skill, that, from having only seen me for a short time, on my first passing through the city, I was surprised to find, on my return, that she had executed a portrait of me in this style, which was immediately recognized by my friends."

There is but one theatre.

"The house is lighted from above by sconces, each holding a number of glass lamps ; and is more pleasing than might be expected. It is open every night, and twice on Sunday, on which day, and on holydays, the price is double ; but this establishment paid so ill, at the time of our visit, that its final close was announced from the stage while we were present—so that the capital of New Spain is now without any dramatic entertainment. - - -

"With very few exceptions, all present, of either sex, pursued their favourite habit of smoking ; the ladies, even in the boxes, with a fan in one hand and a cigar in the other, enveloped in a cloud of smoke that rendered it difficult to see from one side of the house to the other. - - -

"In the fine evenings, during the dry seasons, the environs of the city present a scene of bustle, gaiety, and pleasure, scarcely to be paralleled ; hundreds of canoes, of various sizes, mostly with awnings, crowded with native Indians, neatly dressed, and their heads crowned with the most gaudy flowers, are seen passing in every direction : each boat, with its musician seated on the stern, playing on the guitar, and some of the party singing or dancing, and often both united, presents such a picture of harmless mirth as I fear is rarely to be met with at the fairs and wakes of our country."

"Domestic water-fowl are almost unknown in this part of New Spain. I never saw a tame duck, and geese but twice, in the whole country. Turkeys, fowls, pigeons, hares, and rabbits, are in great plenty, and venison is occasionally met with at table. Fish is scarce and dear, the lakes producing but few species : the *pesca blanca*, or white fish, resembling in appearance and taste our smelts, is the best. Tortoises, frogs, and the axolate, a species of salamander, (an aquatic animal much resembling a water-newt or lizard,) are abundant in the market, and all good eating ; the latter have been the subject of dispute among naturalists since the discovery of America, and we are still in obscurity with respect to their doubtful history. They were so plentiful in the time of Cortez that his army principally subsisted on them, and I have seen them by thousands in the markets of Toluca ; yet they have never been discovered in a young state, nor has any sexual difference yet been noticed. I brought several home in spirits, which are now under the inspection of Sir Everard Home, from whom the public may shortly expect much information respecting this obscure species.

"The Indians also bring to market a considerable quantity of a small delicate fish, not more than two or three inches long, which they take in nets in the canals and ditches near the lakes. They are enclosed in the leaves or capsules which surround the

head of the Indian corn, and then roasted. In this state they are exposed for sale at a very reasonable rate: we thought them excellent, but they are seldom seen at the repasts of the rich. They have also a small crustaceous animal resembling our shrimp, but not so well tasted. The meat market is well supplied with beef, mutton, and pork, and in the spring kid is plentiful and cheap; veal is prohibited by law. The beef and mutton are by no means equal to what we have in the markets of Europe; but, though these meats are not of the best quality, they are by no means bad. Perhaps the fault is in a great measure owing to the butcher, and we are always partial to our own method of preparing animal food. Of vegetables and fruits there are few places that can boast such variety as Mexico, and none where the consumption is greater in proportion to the inhabitants. The great market is larger than Covent Garden, but yet

unequal to contain the quantity, daily exposed for sale: the ground is entirely covered with every European kind, and, as I have already stated, with many the very names of which we have scarcely heard. I was never tired of examining these fruits and vegetables. I have taken casts and drawings of all I could procure of the former during my residence: they are very numerous and extraordinary. - - -

"How few persons in Europe have any idea of the form or appearance, when in a state of life and vegetation, of the various kinds of bananas, plantains, pawpaws, custard-apples, sour sop, citrons, shaddock, ackee, sopotas, avocata, tunials, pitalli, ciayotte, chenini, genianil, granadilla, pomegranates, dates, annonas, mangoes, star-apples, melons, gourds, tomatas, &c. with which, and many others, this market abounds in succession at various seasons of the year. - - -

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

(Euro. Mag)

### THE STEP-MOTHER.

"———Injustaque noverca."—*Virgil.*

"**SALLY** tells me that you are not *my* mamma," said a pretty curled headed boy of about four years of age, laying great stress upon the pronoun, and bursting into tears, as he addressed a beautiful young woman, who had become the wife of a rich widower; "but," continued he, "I told her that you was my ma, and Nanny's too." "You did right," said the Countess, "I hope to prove myself a mother to you both; for, in marrying your father, I made a vow to have no separate interest or affections, to love what he loved, and to honour and obey his will," then kissing the child, and giving him an apple, she dismissed him, smiling out of the room, and she never looked so enchanting. "This is admirable, this is as it ought to be," said I to myself, "but she is only the wife of a few months, and I sincerely hope that she will continue as she has begun, and

that, when a second family occupies the same roof, she will conscientiously discharge her common duty to both, and make but one heart and feeling prevail with all the children alike." The scene which had just passed before my eyes filled my mind with deep reflection, and I could not help thinking how momentous a thing it is, to introduce a wife, who is not the parent of her husband's family, into it. What jealousy! what injustice! what strife does not occur from such a union! how many struggles to alienate prior affection, what poutings and strivings to do away with claims of a former date! A man and woman ought to think thrice, before they give a nominal mother to motherless children. Purity is compromised, delicacy is robbed of its celestial bloom, and justice wavers when the buxom widow spurns her lone pillow, to give her children to a father-in-



law, and herself a second lord. The commencement of such engagements is founded either in passion or in interest, each of which is at variance with the duty they have to perform towards unoffending children, often made enemies from ill treatment, and I am at a loss to account for the preference usually shown to a second family, by the parent of both; the contracting party who has but one family, more naturally leans to it, but the mutual parent sins against nature by such conduct, whilst the other party offends honour and humanity in a minor, although not less dangerous degree. *Injustaque noverca* applies too generally to the second wife of an uxorious widower, yet it depends on her alone to merit a better name, and it appears to my humble conception, that a woman cannot more effectually endear herself to her husband, than by considering his children and her own as a common stock in love, and by making their interest and happiness one common cause. The stickling for preferences, in any shape, is the beginning of evil, and will end in misery and injustice, the taunts about unequal birth, fortune, beauty, and (often ideal) merits, undermine domestic peace, and often end in enormous crimes. Slighted children run headlong to ruin and despair, take to idle habits and a vicious life, imbibe at an early age, the poison of envy and hatred, fall off from the duty and affection to a first parent, or pine in the wasting agonies of sensibility, wounded by neglect, and engender an indifference as to conduct; for remove the excitement to well-doing, and mental inactivity must ensue, deny the meed of praise, and exertion is blighted for ever. If "my poor dear last husband," be a horror and reproach to the second lucky adventurer, who fain would say, "would that he were alive!" surely the "go away you troublesome thing," to the offspring of him whom she is bound to love, honour, and obey, must be equally grating a sound, and as calculated to foster regrets, resentments, and altered feeling, that sensation which takes place of sated ap-

petite, or of accomplished or disappointed mercenary designs. Nevertheless there is nothing more common in society, and we have daily proofs of its baneful effects; here we have a fine youth prematurely hurried into the service of his country, to be killed off, or sacrificed to the yellow fever, merely because he stood in the way of Master Jackey, the produce of a second marriage: there we see loveliness and tender age a victim to rashness, an out-cast, a run-a-way, because the daughter of her who lies, perhaps, in a new made grave, sins by inheriting her mother's beauty, and is a contrast to a plain step-mother, who must rule the roast, unrivalled and uncontrolled. In one family, the child of the first matrimonial engagement flies home from having lost a father's heart—in another, a wretched daughter marries the first being that asks her, merely to escape the tyranny of a strange woman, placed in usurped authority over her. In lower life, step-fathers cruelly chastising the wife's children, disgust the beholder—and base women, breaking the spirit of the children given in charge to them by the laws of society, awaken horror in an honest breast: doubtful and dangerous however, as these repeated nuptials are, it is possible to perform the double duties thus imposed, and there are some rare examples to justify the remark. "What is a step-mother?" said Irish Pat to a neighbour countryman, "why," says Booney, "a step-mother is a step towards being a mother, and yet no mother at all, at all." Bravo! Master Pat, but we will examine another picture. Lady Hartly ventured upon a widower of forty, he had five children *du premier lit*, and a second family of the same number was the consequence of the second engagement. Sir John was a sportsman, and so completely neglected all of them, that he could not be accused of a preference to any one of them, "there take them away when they have had a glass of wine," was his daily order at dessert time, touching the second breed, "I shall be glad when the vacation is over, and the-



brats return to school (or college)," was his remark concerning the first, whenever they were at home; but his mild matron-like lady was a mother to all without prejudice, preference, or injustice; she would play with the former like a child and a school companion, and was the tender nurse and preceptress of the latter. To reconcile one to another, to establish the closest links of affection and amity between them, to recommend them to their father, to minister to their innocent pleasures, and to conceal their trivial faults, occupied her whole time, and they repaid her with the sincerest love. The lovely Laura married her guardian, a handsome man of fifty, for whom (on account of his age and the parental office which he had discharged towards her) she entertained more respect and esteem than admiration or impassioned feeling. He had a son of twenty-one years of age, an officer of Light Dragoons, wild, expensive, and fond of pleasure, but of a good temper and feeling heart; he might have beheld any other step-mother with envy and mistrust, or he might have viewed a beautiful young woman thus paired, with regret, or a criminal flame: but Laura was cast in such a gentle mould, that to know her was to be her friend, and she fulfilled her duties as a wife and as a mother in such

a manner, as to captivate every one connected with the family. She never addressed Theodore by any other name than "my son;" and he found in her a mother, a sister, and a friend. Proud of her elegant form and good taste in dress, he was her frequent attendant in public; convinced of her benevolent mind, she was his adviser and confidant, ever sweetening and mellowing down the least rigid word or action of her husband towards his first-born. When he exceeded his pay and allowance, her purse made up the deficiency; and whenever he had committed an error, she was his apologist in the first instance, his directress in the second, and his consolatrix in care; and when no remedy could be found for what had occurred, it was delightful to see the two together. As a proof of the mutual sentiment existing between them, I remember him one day introducing her to a foreign nobleman thus—"Voilà ma belle mère, vraiment belle, elle est non seulement ma mère, mais ma meilleure amie." The play upon the words *belle mère*, makes all translation fall short of the original, but it does not hinder it from being copied from that life, which would be a blessing to society, and is what is advised by

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(New Mon.)

## THE DEAN OF SANTIAGO.

*A Tale from the Conde Lucanor.*

Good stories seem to be imperishable. They are, it is true, doomed to undergo many transmutations, and to appear embodied under different forms; but the informing spirit which captivates our attention, is the same, whatever language they speak. A tale may be often traced through every nation of Europe, till we lose it among the wild traditions of the North, or the romantic lore of the East.

There was a period in the growth of society at which the imagination had a peculiar aptitude to conceive novel and striking combinations of characters and events—of moral actions and chances; of the power of the human will, and the external motives which oppose or modify it. At that period it was that the main store of tales was created, which every succeeding age and nation have made to undergo the changes which suited the originals to their own taste and notions. Indeed, the great difficulty in the invention of a tale appears to arise from the fewness of extraordinary situations which the world affords. Whatever, therefore, offers the means of introducing some source of novelty into a narrative, presents an opportunity of forming an interesting tale. Such means, however, decrease as the refinement of society advances. In the trammels of civilized life, the imagination is shorn of her wings, the judgment becomes sceptical and fastidious, the heart is rendered cold and cautious. We do not mean to

question the higher advantages by which these losses are compensated ; but merely state a fact which the observation of society at different stages makes obvious.

It will be evident that we do not speak of the modern novels, in which the interest chiefly arises from the play of the human passions which the complicated machinery of society puts into motion ; but of the more simple species of tales, the offspring of pure imagination. The characters of the primitive tale and the modern novel are as distinct as the two states of society which produce them. The former springs from fancy, in the youth of mankind ; the latter is the fruit of dear-bought experience, at an advanced period of the world.

But though the states and dispositions of the human mind which respectively give birth to these two kinds of composition, have little in common, man's taste for both is nearly permanent. There occurs, indeed, a temporary fastidiousness, which will not be amused with stories that delighted our forefathers ; but the artificial excitement which, for a time, unfits society for every thing not seasoned up to its feverish palate, gradually disappears ; or, what is more probable, the source of our morbid cravings being exhausted by the very means invented to gratify them, the mind returns to a more natural state, and feels refreshed by what it at one time loathed as tame and insipid.

This relapse into a youthful taste may be observed no less in the mass of society, than in individuals. The analogy may still be traced farther, if we observe that the revived taste of society for the primitive sports of imagination, not unlike the renovated zest for the amusements of childhood, which often appears on the decline of life, is a taste of sympathy, not of action. Society, after its maturity, may turn with pleasure to the contemplation of the simple play of fancy in which she delighted when young ; but, contented with a mere review of her childish toys, she would be ashamed at the attempt to contrive new ones of the same sort. - - - -

If partiality to a favourite author does not bias our judgment, the story of the Dean of Santiago, which we subjoin, in a free translation from the Spanish of Prince Don Juan Manuel, is one of the finest specimens of this species of composition. But we must defer making any observations on its peculiar character till our readers have the story itself before them. - - -

### THE DEAN OF SANTIAGO.

IT was but a short hour before noon when the Dean of Santiago alighted from his mule at the door of Don Illan, the celebrated magician of Toledo. The house according to old tradition, stood on the brink of the perpendicular rock, which, now crowned with the *Alcázar*, rises to a fearful height over the Tagus. A maid of Moorish blood led the Dean to a retired apartment, where Don Illan was reading. The natural politeness of a Castillian had rather been improved than impaired by the studies of the Toledan sage, who exhibited nothing either in his dress or person that might induce a suspicion of his dealing with the mysterious powers of darkness. "I heartily greet your Reverence," said Don Illan to the Dean, "and feel highly honoured by this visit. Whatever be the object of it, let me beg you will defer stating it till I have made you quite at home in this house. I hear my housekeeper making ready the noonday meal. That maid, sir, will show you the room which has been prepared for you ; and when you have brushed off the dust of the journey, you shall find a canonical capon steaming hot upon the board."

The dinner, which soon followed, was just what a pampered Spanish canon would wish it—abundant, nutritive, and delicate.—"No, no," said Don Illan, when the soup and a bumper of Tinto had recruited the Dean's spirits, and he saw him making an attempt to break the object of his visit, "no business, please your Reverence, while at dinner. Let us enjoy our meal at present ; and when we have discussed the *Olla*, the capon, and a bottle of *Yepes*, it will be time enough to turn to the cares of life."

The ecclesiastic's full face had never beamed with more glee at the collation on Christmas eve, when, by the indulgence of the church, the fast is broken at sunset, instead of continuing through the night, than it did now under the influence of Don Julian's good humour and heart-cheering wine. Still it was evident that some vehement and ungovernable wish had taken possession of his mind, breaking out now and then in some hurried motion, some gulping up of a full glass of wine without stopping to relish the flavour, and fifty other symptoms of absence and impatience, which at such a distance from the ca-

thedral could not be attributed to the afternoon bell. The time came at length of rising from table, and in spite of Don Julian's pressing request to have another bottle, the Dean, with a certain dignity of manner, led his good-natured host to the recess of an oriel window, looking upon the river.—“Allow me, dear Don Julian,” he said, “to open my heart to you ; for even your hospitality must fail to make me completely happy till I have obtained the boon which I came to ask. I know that no man ever possessed greater power than you over the invisible agents of the universe. I die to become an adept in that wonderful science, and if you will receive me for your pupil, there is nothing I should think of sufficient worth to repay your friendship.”—“Good Sir,” replied Don Julian, “I should be extremely loth to offend you ; but permit me to say, that in spite of the knowledge of causes and effects which I have acquired, all that my experience teaches me of the heart of man is not only vague and indistinct, but for the most part unfavourable. I only guess, I cannot read their thoughts, nor pry into the recesses of their minds. As for yourself, I am sure you are a rising man and likely to obtain the first dignities of the church. But whether, when you find yourself in places of high honour and patronage, you will remember the humble personage of whom you now ask a hazardous and important service, it is impossible for me to ascertain.”—“Nay, nay,” exclaimed the Dean, “but I know myself, if *you* do not, Don Julian. Generosity and friendship (since you force me to speak in my own praise) have been the delight of my soul even from childhood. Doubt not, my dear friend, (for by that name I wish you would allow me to call you,) doubt not, from this moment, to command my services. Whatever interest I may possess, it will be my highest gratification to see it redound in favour of you and yours.”—“My hearty thanks for all, worthy Sir,” said Don Julian. “But let us now proceed to business : the sun is set, and, if you please, we will retire to my private study.”

led the way to the lower part of the house ; and dismissing the Moorish maid near a small door, of which he held the key in his hand, desired her to get two partridges for supper, but not to dress them till he should order it : then unlocking the door, he began to descend by a winding staircase. The Dean followed with a certain degree of trepidation, which the length of the stairs greatly tended to increase : for, to all appearance, they reached below the bed of the Tagus. At this depth a comfortable neat room was found, the walls completely covered with shelves, where Don Julian kept his works on Magic ; globes, planispheres, and strange drawings, occupied the top of the bookcases. Fresh air was admitted, though it would be difficult to guess by what means, since the sound of gliding water, such as is heard at the lower part of a ship when sailing with a gentle breeze, indicated but a thin partition between the subterraneous cabinet and the river.—“Here, then,” said Don Julian, offering a chair to the Dean, and drawing another for himself towards a small round table, “we have only to choose among the elementary works of the science for which you long. Suppose we begin to read this small volume.”

The volume was laid on the table, and opened at the first page, containing circles, concentric and eccentric, triangles with unintelligible characters, and the well known signs of the planets.—“This,” said Don Julian, “is the alphabet of the whole science. Hermes, called Trismegistus——” The sound of a small bell within the chamber made the Dean almost leap out of his chair. “Be not alarmed,” said Don Julian ; “it is the bell by which my servants let me know that they want to speak to me.” Saying thus, he pulled a silk string, and soon after a servant appeared with a packet of letters. It was addressed to the Dean. A courier had closely followed him on the road, and was that moment arrived at Toledo. “Good Heavens !” exclaimed the Dean, having read the contents of the letter ; “my great uncle, the Archbishop of Santiago, is dangerously ill. This is, however what the secretary

Lights being called for, Don Julian



says, from his Lordship's dictation. But here is another letter from the Archdeacon of the diocese, who assures me that the old man was not expected to live. I can hardly repeat what he adds—Poor dear uncle! may Heaven lengthen his days! The Chapter seem to have turned their eyes towards me, and—pugh! it cannot be—but the Electors, according to the Archdeacon, are quite decided in my favour.”—“Well,” said Don Julian, “all I regret is the interruption of our studies; but I doubt not that you will soon wear the mitre. In the mean time I would advise you to pretend that illness does not allow you to return directly. A few days will surely give a decided turn to the whole affair; and, at all events, your absence, in case of an election, will be construed into modesty. Write, therefore, your despatches, my dear Sir, and we will prosecute our studies at another time.”

Two days had elapsed since the arrival of the messenger, when the Verger of the church of Santiago, attended by servants in splendid liveries, alighted at Don Julian's door with letters for the Dean. The old prelate was dead, and his nephew had been elected to the see, by the unanimous vote of the Chapter. The elected dignitary seemed overcome by contending feelings; but, having wiped away some decent tears, he assumed an air of gravity which almost touched on superciliousness. Don Julian addressed his congratulations, and was the first to kiss the new Archbishop's hand. “I hope,” he added, “I may also congratulate my son, the young man who is now at the University of Paris; for I flatter myself your Lordship will give him the Deanery, which is vacant by your promotion.”—“My worthy friend Don Julian,” replied the Archbishop elect, “My obligations to you I can never sufficiently repay. You have heard my character; I hold a friend as another self. But why would you take the lad away from his studies? An Archbishop of Santiago cannot want preferment at any time. Follow me to my diocese: I will not for all the mitres in Christendom forego the benefit of your instruction. The deanery, to tell you the

truth, must be given to my uncle, my father's own brother, who has had but a small living for many years; he is much liked in Santiago, and I should lose my character if, to place such a young man as your son at the head of the Chapter, I neglected an exemplary priest, so nearly related to me.”—“Just as you please, my Lord,” said Don Julian; and began to prepare for the journey.

The acclamations which greeted the new Archbishop on his arrival at the capital of Galicia were, not long after, succeeded by an universal regret at his translation to the see of the recently conquered town of Seville. “I will not leave you behind,” said the Archbishop to Don Julian, who, with more timidity than he showed at Toledo, approached to kiss the sacred ring in the Archbishop's right hand,\* and to offer his humble congratulations, “but do not fret about your son. He is too young. I have my mother's relations to provide for; but Seville is a rich see; the blessed King Ferdinand, who rescued it from the Moors, endowed its church so as to make it rival the first cathedrals in Christendom. Do but follow me, and all will be well in the end.” Don Julian bowed with a suppressed sigh, and was soon after on the banks of the Guadalquivir, in the suite of the new Archbishop.

Scarcely had Don Julian's pupil been at Seville one year, when his far extended fame moved the Pope to send him a cardinal's hat, desiring his presence at the Court of Rome. The crowd of visitors who came to congratulate the prelate, kept Don Julian away for many days. He at length obtained a private audience, and, with tears in his eyes, entreated his Eminence not to oblige him to quit Spain. “I am growing old, my Lord,” he said: “I quit my house at Toledo only for your sake, and in hopes of raising my son to some place of honor and emolument in the church; I even gave up my favourite studies, except as far as they were of service to your Eminence. My son—” “No more of that, if you

\* Catholic bishops wear a consecrated ring, which is kissed, with a bending of the knee, by those who approach them.

please, Don Julian," interrupted the Cardinal. "Follow me, you must; who can tell what may happen at Rome? The Pope is old, you know. But do not tease me about preferment. A public man has duties of a description which those in the lower ranks of life cannot either weigh or comprehend. I confess I am under obligations to you, and feel quite disposed to reward your services; yet I must not have my creditors knocking every day at my door: you understand, Don Julian. In a week we set out for Rome."

With such a strong tide of good fortune as had hitherto buoyed up Don Julian's pupil, the reader cannot be surprised to find him, in a short time, wearing the papal crown. He was now arrived at the highest place of honour on earth; but in the bustle of the election and subsequent coronation, the man to whose wonderful science he owed this rapid ascent, had completely slipped off his memory. Fatigued with the exhibition of himself through the streets of Rome, which he had been obliged to make in a solemn procession, the new Pope sat alone in one of the chambers of the Vatican. It was early in the night. By the light of two wax tapers which scarcely illuminated the farthest end of the grand saloon, his Holiness was enjoying that reverie of mixed pain and pleasure which follows the complete attainment of ardent wishes, when Don Julian advanced in visible perturbation, conscious of the intrusion on which he ventured. "Holy Father!" exclaimed the old man, and cast himself at his pupil's feet: "Holy Father, in pity to these grey hairs do not consign an old servant—might I not say an old friend?—to utter neglect and forgetfulness. My son—" "By Saint Peter!" ejaculated his Holiness, rising from the chair, "your insolence shall be checked—You my friend! A magician the friend of Heaven's vicerent!—Away, wretched man! When

I pretended to learn of thee, it was only to sound the abyss of crime into which thou hadst plunged; I did it with a view of bringing thee to condign punishment. Yet, in compassion to thy age, I will not make an example of thee, provided thou avoidest my eyes. Hide thy crime and shame where thou canst. This moment thou must quit the palace, or the next closes the gates of the Inquisition upon thee."

Trembling, and his wrinkled face bedewed with tears, Don Julian begged to be allowed but one word more. "I am very poor, Holy Father," said he: "trusting to your patronage I relinquished my all, and have not left wherewith to pay my journey.—" "Away, I say," answered the Pope; "if my excessive bounty has made you neglect your patrimony, I will no farther encourage your waste and improvidence. Poverty is but a slight punishment for your crimes."—"But, Father," rejoined Don Julian, "my wants are instant; I am hungry: give me but a trifle to procure a supper to-night. To-morrow I shall beg my way out of Rome."—"Heaven forbid," said the Pope, "that I should be guilty of feeding the ally of the Prince of Darkness. Away, away from my presence, or I instantly call for the guard."—"Well then," replied Don Julian, rising from the ground, and looking on the Pope with a boldness which began to throw his Holiness into a paroxysm of rage, "if I am to starve at Rome, I had better return to the supper which I ordered at Toledo." Thus saying, he rang a gold bell which stood on a table next to the Pope.

The door opened without delay, and the Moorish servant came in. The Pope looked round, and found himself in the subterranean study under the Tagus. "Desire the cook," said Don Julian to the maid, "to put but one partridge to roast; for I will not throw away the other on the Dean of Santiago."

The supernatural machinery employed in the preceding tale, or the supposition that by some means unknown the human mind may be subjected to a complete delusion, during which it exists in a world of its own creation, perfectly independent of time and space, has a strong hold on what might be called man's natural prejudices. Far from there being any thing revolting or palpably absurd in such an admission, the obscurity itself of the nature of time and space, and the phenomena of the dreaming and delirious mind, are ready to give it a colouring of truth. The success, indeed, of the tales which have been composed upon that basis, proves how readily men of all ages and nations have acknowledged, what might be called, its poetical truth.

## VARIETIES.

Original Anecdotes, Literary News, Chit Chat, Incidents, &c.

### ISLAND OF TRISTAN DA CUNHA.

*A New Colony.*—It has been discovered, that the island of Tristan da Cunha, which lies in south lat. 37. 6. west long. 11. 44. and which was never known to have been peopled before the year 1816, has now upon it, living in great happiness, twenty-two men and three women. The Berwick, Captain Jeffery, from London to Van Diemen's Land, sent her boat ashore on the 25th of March, 1823. The sailors were surprised at finding an Englishman of the name of Glass, formerly a corporal in the artillery, and the rest of the above-mentioned population. Glass gave so favourable an account of the island, which is only nine miles in diameter, that it may be of importance to vessels, on their passage to Van Diemen's Land, to touch there: they will be sure of a most favourable reception. There are on the island great plenty of pigs, goats, potatoes, cabbages, &c. abundance of fish, and excellent water. This little colony had at the time upwards of 30 tons of potatoes to dispose of. The island is very fertile, in fact, in every thing desirable to settlers; and Glass declared, that if they had but a few women more, the place would be an earthly paradise. He is a sort of Governor at Tristan da Cunha, by the appointment of the rest, on account of his military character; and he trades in a small schooner to the Cape of Good Hope, with the oil of the sea-elephant and the skins of the seal, which they catch in great abundance. There is a mountain upon the island, 8500 feet in height: the crew of the Berwick saw it at the distance of 50 miles. They intended to take on board part of the product of the island, but were obliged to make sail, as the breeze became very fresh.

### PUNS BY A PROFESSOR.

*Improvement.*—In the window of a writing-master who professes to teach an elegant hand in six lessons, are presented specimens of his pupil's improvement; 1st, in their original scrawl, and, 2dly, in their amended manuscript. One of these examples runs thus:

1. "This is my *writting* when I come to take *lessings* of Mr. Crowquill."

2. "This is my *writing* after I had taken six *lessons* from Mr. Crowquill."

Thus we may observe, that by improving in writing, pupils also improve in spelling by the same process of instruction.

*Etymology.*—"Why are doctors called *physicians*, mamma?" said a little inquisitive girl to her mother, who had just been visited by one of these. "Physician, (replied Mamma, who was seldom at a loss for an answer) comes from *fee-seek*, as the doctors ride about all day to seek fees."

*Pun.*—A visitor to Surgeons' Hall lately remarked, when shown a number of dwarfs, monsters, &c. preserved in alcohol and other preparations, "Well, I never thought that the *dead* could be seen in such *animal spirits*."

*The Painter.*—A troublesome sitter to —, an eminent portrait painter, puzzled himself and plagued the artist in determining whether he should be painted on pannel or canvas. "But how would you have me drawn?" he at last asked the irritated man of talent. "On *wood*, Sir, (roared the latter;) such a fellow as you ought to be *drawn* on nothing but a hurdle."

*Epitaph.*—In a Sussex church-yard appears the following Epitaph, inscribed by a *disconsolate* widower: "Here lies the body of Sarah, wife of John —, who died 24th March, 1823, aged forty-two years."

"The Lord giveth, and the Lord TAKETH AWAY; *blessed be the name of the Lord!*"

### HORRIBLE FANATICISM IN 1824.

For several days written notices despatched round the country, intimated that a miracle was to have been wrought, on Friday, by the Rev. John Carroll, Roman Catholic curate of Ballymore. On that day he visited Henry Neale, of Killinick, who was lying dangerously ill of apoplexy. He said the man was troubled with devils: he jumped on him several times, and cried out to the people to keep him in prayer, in order to dispossess the sick man of the evil spirits. Such was the effect of his operations upon Peggy Danby, that she fell to the ground in hysterics; upon which Mr. Carroll jumped off Neale's body, and seized the woman in a violent manner, alleging that she was full of devils, at the same time calling on Jesus to assist him in expelling them. He trampled on the unfor-



fortunate woman, broke several of her ribs, and left her for dead, and then observed he would go and bury the devils he had secured. The blood was gurgling in the woman's throat, and some of the superstitious wretches who were looking on, exclaimed that they "saw the devils come out of her mouth!" The priest proceeded to the bridge of Assailly, and on his return said "he had buried the reptiles of hell!" He then went to the house of Robert Moran and struck his wife so repeatedly that when he left her she was scarcely able to speak, and her head was swelled to a shocking degree. The next house he visited was that of Thomas Sinnot, naylor (accompanied all this time by at least fifty persons.) The devil-killer asked the servant for her mistress, who told him that she was not at home, but that she would go for her. Mrs. Moran appeared. He asked her for some refreshment. At this time a child (a fine little girl between three and four years of age) then in bed, began to cry; he consulted his Breviary, and immediately affirmed that there was a devil in the child. Pursuing the same course which he did with Neale, he jumped into the bed, and on the body of the infant! The father of the little infant entered at the time—the child piteously cried out, "Oh save me! save me!" which he was proceeding to do, but some of the miserable fanatics present actually held him back! It may be asked who was holding the mother of the child? No one—she was as free as any of the spectators, and like them had a full conviction that her child was, as the Priest had stated, "possessed" and that he was performing a miracle to drive out the evil Spirit! Nay, the infatuated mother was not only without restraint as to any relief she might have been inclined to have afforded her infant, but actually assisted the priest in the performance of this horrible work! He ordered her to get a tub of water and some salt; these she instantly procured. The innocent sufferer lay bleeding and insensible in bed; he poured the contents of the tub upon her; and as the water mingled with the stream of life, he cried out with enthusiasm to those around him, "Behold a miracle! I have turned the water into blood!" He then turned the tub upon his victim—the edge of it coming upon the child's neck, mercifully completed the tragedy, by putting an end to its sufferings! Having desired the parents of the child not to allow any one to come into the room nor to touch the child till his return, he departed to Wexford. His directions were religiously obeyed and the besotted parents anxiously awaited his arrival. Next day (Saturday) the Priest's eldest sister called at Sinnot's, and told them to be contented, that their child would be quite well on her brother's return!

Dr. Devereaux, who attended Mr. Carroll for the last three years, visited him a few hours previously to the occurrence in question, and considered him insane. The next evening he found him in a high state of

insanity. No individual can for a moment entertain a doubt that Mr. Carroll acted throughout under the influence of insanity. Surprise, of course, vanishes as respects his conduct; but how shall we designate that of the spectators who surrounded him, some of whom lent their aid to the furtherance of his designs, and all of whom full of that reverential awe with which the Roman Catholic peasant looks upon a clergyman of his communion, placed implicit faith in the propriety and efficacy of the wild and dreadful proceedings of the unhappy maniac! Who would have thought that such fanaticism existed in any port in this kingdom?

An inquest was held on the body of the unfortunate innocent, when the above horrible particulars were fully proved by the father of the child, and other witnesses, in consequence of which the Jury came to the following verdict:—"We agree, that the child, Catherine Sinnot, deceased, came by her death in consequence of the violence she received from the Rev. John Carroll, as adduced by the evidence. Signed for self and fellow jurors.

"RICHARD SYLVESTER, Foreman."

#### DIED,

In London, Mr. LUKE WHITE.—Mr. White rose by slow degrees, from being the poorest, to be the richest man in Ireland.—In 1778, Mr. Warren, of Belfast, kept one of the most respectable and extensive bookshops in Ireland. His circulating library was, perhaps, at that time, the largest in the kingdom. Luke White was then an itinerant bookseller, with a small bag, and still smaller capital. He called on Mr. Warren in the course of business, and purchased from him some of his cast-off novels, and broken sets, as well as a few ballads and penny pamphlets. He displayed, in his dealings with Mr. Warren, the greatest honesty and punctuality, and was, on more than one occasion, credited by him to the amount of two or three pounds! We have not been able to trace out where he lodged; but we suppose it must have been in no very respectable domicile, as he found it safe and desirable to deposit his bag, "his all," nightly, in Mr. W's shop; and, next morning, when the clerks opened the concern, he resumed his burden and his toilsome occupation. To think that behind Mr. Warren's counter should have been deposited, in a greasy linen bag, the property of a ragged pedlar, the very beginning of such wealth as Mr. White lately bequeathed!—The lean-visaged philosopher, "with spectacles on nose," and a world of anxious doubt and care reposing in every furrow of his wrinkled brow, peeps, with a palpitating heart, in his crucible, to see whether his chemical discoveries and experiments have produced that long sought-for substance, whose touch turns to gold; but not more anxiously, we are sure, than did Luke White con over the bundles of Chevy Chase, and the Fair Matilda, which Mr. Warren's shopmen supplied him with—the

paltry profits from which, were to be increased to two millions sterling ! At this time Mr. Robert Hodgson, father to the highly respectable Mr. J. Hodgson, bookseller, of this town, lived in North-street.— Luke White was in the habit of calling on him, to get some of his workmen to patch up the broken binding of the second-hand purchase. To erase from the title-page the word “vol,”—to scrape out the same at the end of the book—to mend its crazy joints—to polish up its worn-out sides—to yellow its edges, and to make it pass upon the less learned, in those matters, as a complete work, “little used,” is a portion of duty well known to the speculators in library rubbish. We are to suppose that Mr. White, with the aid of the bookbinder, was not behind others in his trade. The best and usual mode adapted to getting off works of this description is, by auction.— There is then no time to examine into the merits of what is put up, or to collate over its signatures ; “going, going,” and as the auctioneer tells his auditory, that the like advantage will never occur again, the gaping multitude “taking the ball on the first hop,” and the book goes off at a good value. Mr. White was also *unfail* at this branch of his business ; and was in the practice of selling by auction his pamphlets and imperfect volumes, in the public streets of Belfast. On these occasions, he used to borrow a three-legged stool from Mr. Hodgson, to elevate himself above his literary congregation ; and, as if the smiling goddess, who led him through pleasant walks to a bank of wealth, had determined to flirt with her own freaks, she changed the three legs of the stool, in the common street, to three seats in the Commons’ House ! His future history is well known. The knowledge he thus acquired of public sales, procured him the situation of clerk to an auctioneer, in Dublin. He opened a small book-shop, became eminent in that line, sold lottery tickets, and speculated in the funds. By stock-jobbing and contracting for government loans he was enabled to bequeath, at his death, 30,000*l.* a-year, and 100,000*l.* in money and securities. This remained after the enormous sum of 200,000*l.* expended upon elections.

#### THE WASP.

Almost every person must have seen the establishment made under ground by the common wasp. It is a kind of subterraneous city, which at certain seasons of the year contains many thousands of inhabitants, and is constructed nearly with the same ingenuity and elegance as that of the domestic bee. Like it, it is internally formed with combs consisting of a number of hexagonal cells, all enveloped under one common covering, like coarse paper which is constructed with great art. In this particular they excel the common bee, which contents itself with the cover afforded by the hive, or with the trunk of a rotten tree, in their wild state. Though the wasps generally make choice of some large hole under-

ground for the construction of their nest, they have nevertheless much labour to undergo in removing protuberances, and carrying away earth till it is brought to that spherical figure which suits their purposes. This work completed, they next construct that paper-like covering with which the whole hive is lined. The combs in which the cells are lodged next claim their attention. These are ranged horizontally in different stories, sometimes twelve or fifteen above each other, all supported by colonades, between which the whole citizens of this subterraneous commonwealth are seen to walk, like men in the streets of a town.

The cells of the wasps are not constructed with that geometrical skill which has been so often admired in those of the bee ; but they are not on that account the less adapted to the purposes they are destined to serve. Each comb has only a single range of cells, with their mouths opening below. They are intended, not for the reception of honey, but for the habitation of the young, which are fed twice or thrice a day, by the morsels carried in by their parents. For the more commodious reception of their food, each of the larvæ has its head turned downwards, opposite the mouth of its cell, ready to receive its meal when offered. There are, however, many varieties in the construction of wasp-hives, all suited to the views of the different species who inhabit them. Some have only a single row of cells, placed vertically, like those of the bee, and the mouths facing the sun. The reason of this variety seems to be, that some kinds require the heat of the sun to hatch their eggs ; an advantage which could not be obtained were there more rows of cells, or were they placed in a different manner.

As in a hive of bees, so in that of wasps, there are three different kinds of animals. At certain seasons it contains only a single female, and a number of neuters or males, who are of no sex ; at other times it contains some hundreds of females, and still a greater number of males. The former are of a size so superior to the males, that one weighs against eight ; even the male wasp is not more than half the weight of his female.

#### NEW WORKS.

Remains of Robert Bloomfield, 2 vols. f. cap 8vo. 12*s.*—McDermott’s Beauties of Modern Literature, 8vo. 14*s.*—Salvo’s Reflections upon the late Revolutions in Europe, 8vo. 7*s.* French ; 7*s.* English.—Letters from Colombia, 8vo. 8*s.*—Bayford’s Life of Wolf, 8vo. 7*s.*—Westmacott’s British Gallery of Painting and Sculpture, Part I. 8vo. 12*s.*—Hullmandel on Drawing on Stone, imp. 8vo. 15*s.*—Bentham’s Book of Fallacies, 8vo. 12*s.*—Pope’s Works by Roscoe, 10 vols. 8vo. 6*l.*—The Hermit in Edinburgh, 3 vols. 12mo.—Combe’s Elements of Phrenology, 12mo. 4*s.*—Rational Amusements, 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*—10*s.* 6*d.*—Mary and her Mother, 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*—Smith’s Caroline and Zelite, 12mo. 4*s.*

# SPIRIT

OF THE

## ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

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(Lon. Mag.)

ROBERT BURNS AND LORD BYRON.

**I** HAVE seen Robert Burns laid in his grave, and I have seen George Gordon Byron borne to his; of both I wish to speak, and my words shall be spoken with honesty and freedom. They were great though not equal heirs of fame; the fortunes of their birth were widely dissimilar; yet in their passions and in their genius they approached to a closer resemblance; their careers were short and glorious, and they both perished in the summer of life, and in all the splendour of a reputation more likely to increase than diminish. One was a peasant, and the other was a peer; but Nature is a great leveller, and makes amends for the injuries of fortune by the richness of her benefactions; the genius of Burns raised him to a level with the nobles of the land; by nature if not by birth, he was the peer of Byron. I knew one, and I have seen both; I have hearkened to words from their lips, and admired the labours of their pens, and I am now, and likely to remain, under the influence of their magic songs. They rose by the force of their genius, and they fell by the strength of their passions; one wrote from a love, and the other from a scorn, of mankind; and they both sang of the emotions of their own hearts with a vehemence and an originality which few have equalled, and none surely have surpassed. But it is less my wish to draw the characters of those extraordinary men than to write what I remember of them; and I will say nothing that I know not to be true, and little but what I saw myself.

The first time I ever saw Burns was in Nithsdale. I was then a child, but his looks and his voice cannot well be forgotten; and while I write this I behold him as distinctly as I did when I stood at my father's knee, and heard the bard repeat his Tam O'Shanter. He was tall and of a manly make, his brow broad and high, and his voice varied with the character of his inimitable tale; yet through all its variations it was melody itself. He was of great personal strength, and proud too of displaying it; and I have seen him lift a load with ease, which few ordinary men would have willingly undertaken.

The first time I ever saw Byron was in the House of Lords, soon after the publication of *Childe Harold*. He stood up in his place on the opposition side, and made a speech on the subject of Catholic freedom. His voice was low, and I heard him but by fits, and when I say he was witty and sarcastic, I judge as much from the involuntary mirth of the benches as from what I heard with my own ears. His voice had not the full and manly melody of the voice of Burns; nor had he equal vigour of frame, nor the same open expanse of forehead. But his face was finely formed, and was impressed with a more delicate vigour than that of the peasant poet. He had a singular conformation of ear, the lower lobe, instead of being pendulous, grew down and united itself to the cheek and resembled no other ear I ever saw, save that of the Duke of Wellington. His bust by Thorvaldson is feeble and mean; the



painting of Phillips is more noble and much more like. Of Burns I have never seen aught but a very uninspired resemblance—and I regret it the more, because he had a look worthy of the happiest effort of art—a look beaming with poetry and eloquence.

The last time I saw Burns in life was on his return from the Brow-well of Solway; he had been ailing all spring, and summer had come without bringing health with it; he had gone away very ill and he returned worse. He was brought back, I think, in a covered spring cart, and when he alighted at the foot of the street in which he lived, he could scarce stand upright. He reached his own door with difficulty. He stooped much, and there was a visible change in his looks. Some may think it not unimportant to know, that he was at that time dressed in a blue coat with the undress nankeen pantaloons of the volunteers, and that his neck, which was inclining to be short, caused his hat to turn up behind, in the manner of the shovel hats of the Episcopal clergy. Truth obliges me to add, that he was not fastidious about his dress; and that an officer, curious in the personal appearance and equipments of his company, might have questioned the military nicety of the poet's clothes and arms. But his colonel was a maker of rhyme, and the poet had to display more charity for his commander's verse than the other had to exercise when he inspected the clothing and arms of the careless bard.

From the day of his return home till the hour of his untimely death, Dumfries was like a besieged place. It was known he was dying, and the anxiety, not of the rich and the learned only, but of the mechanics and peasants, exceeded all belief. Wherever two or three people stood together, their talk was of Burns and of him alone; they spoke of his history—of his person—of his works—of his family—of his fame, and of his untimely and approaching fate, with a warmth and an enthusiasm which will ever endear Dumfries to my remembrance. All that he said or was saying—the opinions of the physicians (and Maxwell was a kind and a skilful one,) were eagerly caught up and re-

ported from street to street, and from house to house.

His good humour was unruffled, and his wit never forsook him. He looked to one of his fellow volunteers with a smile, as he stood by the bed-side with his eyes wet, and said, "John, don't let the awkward squad fire over me." He was aware that death was dealing with him; he asked a lady who visited him, more in sincerity than in mirth, what commands she had for the other world—he repressed with a smile the hopes of his friends, and told them he had lived long enough. As his life drew near a close, the eager yet decorous solicitude of his fellow townsmen increased. He was an exciseman it is true—a name odious, from many associations, to his countrymen—but he did his duty meekly and kindly, and repressed rather than encouraged the desire of some of his companions to push the law with severity; he was therefore much beloved, and the passion of the Scotch for poetry made them regard him as little lower than a spirit inspired. It is the practice of the young men of Dumfries to meet in the streets during the hours of remission from labour, and by these means I had an opportunity of witnessing the general solicitude of all ranks and of all ages. His differences with them in some important points of human speculation and religious hope were forgotten and forgiven; they thought only of his genius—of the delight his compositions had diffused—and they talked of him with the same awe as of some departing spirit, whose voice was to gladden them no more. His last moments have never been described; he had laid his head quietly on the pillow awaiting dissolution, when his attendant reminded him of his medicine and held the cup to his lip. He started suddenly up, drained the cup at a gulp, threw his hands before him like a man about to swim, and sprung from head to foot of the bed—fell with his face down, and expired with a groan.

Of the dying moments of Byron we have no minute nor very distinct account. He perished in a foreign land among barbarians or aliens, and he seems to have been without the aid of

a determined physician, whose firmness or persuasion might have vanquished his obstinacy. His aversion to bleeding was an infirmity which he shared with many better regulated minds; for it is no uncommon belief that the first touch of the lancet will charm away the approach of death, and those who believe this are willing to reserve so decisive a spell for a more momentous occasion. He had parted with his native land in no ordinary bitterness of spirit; and his domestic infelicity had rendered his future peace of mind hopeless—this was aggravated from time to time by the tales or the intrusions of travellers, by reports injurious to his character, and by the eager and vulgar avidity with which idle stories were circulated, which exhibited him in weakness or in folly. But there is every reason to believe, that long before his untimely death his native land was as bright as ever in his fancy, and that his anger conceived against the many for the sins of the few had subsided or was subsiding. Of Scotland, and of his Scottish origin, he has boasted in more than one place of his poetry; he is proud to remember the land of his mother, and to sing that he is half a Scot by birth and a whole one in his heart. Of his great rival in popularity, Sir Walter Scott, he speaks with kindness; and the compliment he has paid him has been earned by the unchangeable admiration of the other. Scott has ever spoken of Byron as he has lately written, and all those who know him will feel that this consistency is characteristic. I must, however, confess, his forgiveness of Mr. Jeffrey was an unlooked-for and unexpected piece of humility and loving kindness, and, as a Scotchman, I am rather willing to regard it as a presage of early death, and to conclude that the poet was “fey,” and forgave his arch enemy in the spirit of the dying Highlander—“Weel, weel, I forgive him, but God confound you, my twa sons, Duncan and Gilbert, if you forgive him.” The criticism with which the *Edinburgh Review* welcomed the first flight which Byron’s Muse took, would have crushed and broken any spirit less dauntless than his own; and for a long while he en-

tertained the horror of a reviewer which a bird of song feels for the presence of the raven. But they smoothed his spirit down, first by submission and then by idolatry, and his pride must have been equal to that which made the angels fall if it had refused to be soothed by the obeisance of a reviewer. One never forgets, if he should happen to forgive, an insult or an injury offered in youth—it grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength, and I may reasonably doubt the truth of the poet’s song when he sings of his dear Jeffrey. The news of his death came upon London like an earthquake; and though the common multitude are ignorant of literature and destitute of feeling for the higher flights of poetry, yet they consented to feel by faith, and believed, because the newspapers believed, that one of the brightest lights in the firmament of poesy was extinguished for ever. With literary men a sense of the public misfortune was mingled, perhaps, with a sense that a giant was removed from their way; and that they had room now to break a lance with an equal, without the fear of being overthrown by fiery impetuosity and colossal strength. The world of literature is now resigned to lower, but perhaps, not less presumptuous poetic spirits. But among those who feared him, or envied him, or loved him, there are none who sorrow not for the national loss, and grieve not that Byron fell so soon, and on a foreign shore.

When Burns died I was then young, but I was not insensible that a mind of no common strength had passed from among us. He had caught my fancy and touched my heart with his songs and his poems. I went to see him laid out for the grave; several eldern people were with me. He lay in a plain unadorned coffin, with a linen sheet drawn over his face, and on the bed, around the body, herbs and flowers were thickly strewn according to the usage of the country. He was wasted somewhat by long illness; but death had not increased the swarthy hue of his face, which was uncommonly dark and deeply marked—the dying pang was visible in the lower part, but his broad and open brow was pale and se-

rene, and around it his sable hair lay in masses, slightly touched with gray, and inclining more to a wave than a curl. The room where he lay was plain and neat, and the simplicity of the poet's humble dwelling pressed the presence of death more closely on the heart than if his bier had been embellished with vanity and covered with the blazonry of high ancestry and rank. We stood and gazed on him in silence for the space of several minutes—we went, and others succeeded us—there was no jostling and crushing, though the crowd was great—man followed man as patiently and orderly as if all had been a matter of mutual understanding—not a question was asked—not a whisper was heard. This was several days after his death. It is the custom of Scotland to wake the body—not with wild howlings and wilder songs, and much waste of strong drink, like our mercurial neighbours, but in silence or in prayer—superstition says it is unsonsie to leave a corpse alone; and it is never left. I know not who watched by the body of Burns—much it was my wish to share in the honour—but my extreme youth would have made such a request seem foolish, and its rejection would have been sure.

I am to speak the feelings of another people, and of the customs of a higher rank, when I speak of laying out the body of Byron for the grave. It was announced from time to time that he was to be exhibited in state, and the progress of the embellishments of the poet's bier was recorded in the pages of an hundred publications. They were at length completed, and to separate the curiosity of the poor from the admiration of the rich, the latter were indulged with tickets of admission, and a day was set apart for them to go and wonder over the decked room and the emblazoned bier. Peers and peeresses, priests, poets, and politicians, came in gilded chariots and in hired hacks to gaze upon the splendour of the funeral preparations, and to see in how rich and how vain a shroud the body of the immortal had been hid. Those idle trappings in which rank seeks to mark its altitude above the vulgar belonged to the state of

the peer rather than to the state of the poet; genius required no such attractions; and all this magnificence served only to divide our regard with the man whose inspired tongue was now silenced for ever. Who cared for Lord Byron the peer, and the privy councillor, with his coronet, and his long descent from princes on one side, and from heroes on both—and who did not care for George Gordon Byron the poet who has charmed us, and will charm our descendants with his deep and impassioned verse? The homage was rendered to genius, not surely to rank—for lord can be stamped on any clay, but inspiration can only be impressed on the finest metal.

Of the day on which the multitude were admitted I know not in what terms to speak—I never surely saw so strange a mixture of silent sorrow and of fierce and intractable curiosity. If one looked on the poet's splendid coffin with deep awe, and thought of the gifted spirit which had lately animated the cold remains, others regarded the whole as a pageant or a show, got up for the amusement of the idle and the careless, and criticised the arrangements in the spirit of those who wish to be rewarded for their time, and who consider that all they condescend to visit should be according to their own taste. There was a crushing, a trampling, and an impatience, as rude and as fierce as ever I witnessed at a theatre; and words of incivility were bandied about, and questions asked with such determination to be answered, that the very mutes, whose business was silence and repose, were obliged to interfere with tongue and hand between the visitors and the dust of the poet. In contemplation of such a scene, some of the trappings which were there on the first day were removed on the second, and this suspicion of the good sense and decorum of the multitude called forth many expressions of displeasure, as remarkable for their warmth as their propriety of language. By five o'clock the people were all ejected—man and woman—and the rich coffin bore tokens of the touch of hundreds of eager fingers—many of which had not been overclean.



The multitude who accompanied Burns to the grave went step by step with the chief mourners; they might amount to ten or twelve thousand. Not a word was heard; and, though all could not be near, and many could not see, when the earth closed on their darling poet for ever, there was no rude impatience shown, no fierce disappointment expressed. It was an impressive and mournful sight to see men of all ranks and persuasions and opinions mingling as brothers, and stepping side by side down the streets of Dumfries, with the remains of him who had sang of their loves and joys and domestic endearments, with a truth and a tenderness which none perhaps have since equalled. I could indeed have wished the military part of the procession away—for he was buried with military honours—because I am one of those who love simplicity in all that regards genius. The scarlet and gold—the banners displayed—the measured step, and the military array, with the sound of martial instruments of music, had no share in increasing the solemnity of the burial scene; and had no connexion with the poet. I looked on it then, and I consider it now, as an idle ostentation, a piece of superfluous state which might have been spared, more especially as his neglected and traduced and insulted spirit had experienced no kindness in the body from those lofty people who are now proud of being numbered as his coevals and countrymen. His fate has been a reproach to Scotland. But the reproach comes with an ill grace from England. When we can forget Butler's fate—Otway's loaf—Dryden's old age, and Chatterton's poison-cup, we may think that we stand alone in the iniquity of neglecting pre-eminent genius. I found myself at the brink of the poet's grave, into which he was about to descend for ever—there was a pause among the mourners as if loath to part with his remains; and when he was at last lowered, and the first shovelful of earth sounded on his coffin-lid, I looked up and saw tears on many cheeks where tears were not usual. The volunteers justified the fears of their comrade by three ragged and straggling volleys. The earth was

heaped up, the green sod laid over him, and the multitude stood gazing on the grave for some minutes' space, and then melted silently away. The day was a fine one, the sun was almost without a cloud, and not a drop of rain fell from dawn to twilight. I notice this—not from my concurrence in the common superstition—that “happy is the corpse which the rain rains on;” but to confute a pious fraud of a religious Magazine, which made Heaven express its wrath at the interment of a profane poet, in thunder, in lightning, and in rain. I know not who wrote the story, and I wish not to know; but its utter falsehood thousands can attest. It is one proof out of many, how divine wrath is found by dishonest zeal in a common commotion of the elements, and that men, whose profession is godliness and truth, will look in the face of heaven and tell a deliberate lie.

A few select friends and admirers followed Lord Byron to the grave—his coronet was borne before him, and there were many indications of his rank; but, save the assembled multitude, no indications of his genius. In conformity to a singular practice of the great, a long train of their empty carriages followed the mourning coaches—mocking the dead with idle state, and impeding the honest sympathy of the crowd with barren pageantry. Where were the owners of those machines of sloth and luxury—where were the men of rank among whose dark pedigrees Lord Byron threw the light of his genius, and lent the brows of nobility a halo to which they were strangers? Where were the great Whigs? Where were the illustrious Tories? Could a mere difference in matters of human belief keep these fastidious persons away? But, above all, where were the friends with whom wedlock had united him? On his desolate corpse no wife looked, and no child shed a tear. I have no wish to set myself up as a judge in domestic infelicities, and I am willing to believe they were separated in such a way as rendered conciliation hopeless; but who could stand and look on his pale manly face, and his dark locks which early sorrows were making thin and grey,

without feeling that, gifted as he was, with a soul above the mark of other men, his domestic misfortunes called for our pity as surely as his genius called for our admiration. When the career of Burns was closed, I saw another sight—a weeping widow and four helpless sons; they came into the streets in their mournings, and public sympathy was awakened afresh; I shall never forget the looks of his boys, and the compassion which they excited. The poet's life had not been without errors, and such errors, too, as a wife is slow in forgiving; but he was honoured then, by the unalienable affection of his wife, and the world repays her prudence and her love by its regard and esteem.

Burns, with all his errors in faith and in practice, was laid in hallowed earth, in the churchyard of the town where he resided; no one thought of closing the churchyard of the town where he resided; no one thought of closing the church gates against his

body, because of the freedom of his poetry, and the carelessness of his life. And why was not Byron laid among the illustrious men of England, in Westminster Abbey? Is there a poet in all the Poet's Corner who has better right to that distinction? Why was the door closed against him, and opened to the carcases of thousands without merit, and without name? Look round the walls, and on the floor over which you tread, and behold them encumbered and inscribed with memorials of the mean and the sordid and the impure, as well as of the virtuous and the great. Why did the Dean of Westminster refuse admission to such an heir of fame as Byron? if he had no claim to lie within the consecrated precincts of the Abbey, he has no right to lie in consecrated ground at all. There is no doubt that the pious fee for sepulture would have been paid—and it is not a small one. Hail! to the church of England, if her piety is stronger than her avarice.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

(Euro. Mag.)

### THE STARERS.

"*Rusticus expectat dum defluat annis,*" etc.—*Horat.*

**T**HE vacant mind will naturally exhibit a vacant countenance; and he or she who knows little, will be surprised at almost every thing. From these causes we see the rustic, with broad, open eye, gaze at the shops of the metropolis,—elevate his eye-brows with astonishment at every new object,—gape, to stultification, at the highly-dressed dame and dandy, whom he supposes to be a duchess or a peer, from their gaudy trappings, (although, perchance, they may be a cyprian and an adventurer.) Whilst he stops, and fixes each (to him) unaccountable novelty in the living magic lantern of the town. Various are the stories told at the expense of such ignorants:—one, that a countryman stopped short for six hours at Temple-bar, expecting that the crowd would go by; another, that poor Giles made way for so many ladies and gentle-

men in the street, and took off his hat so often that he was laughed at, a crowd raised round him, and lastly, eased of his money and beaver; a third, (that of old Horace) who goes so far as to make his country bumpkin wait until the river runs by him, which, with due deference to this learned and witty writer, is a great stretch indeed. Be that, however, as it may, we have, in the British metropolis, a very striking example that extremes approximate, in the custom which the higher orders have of bringing themselves down to the level of the vulgar and unpolished, by a habit—I might almost say a system, of curious, insolent, prying, examining, analyzing, and arrogant staring; nor is this indelicate, inurbane custom confined to rank or sex, since we have starers and glass-adjusters, from the conceited lord down to the am-

plubious fopling without a name, whose ways of life are as various and uncertain, as the changeful features and hues of Proteus and the Camæleon; and from the front of brass of lost woman on the *pavé* of London, up to the haughty Duchess, who, from her barouche or opera box, takes the measure of you, as if you were unworthy to be placed "betwixt the wind and (*her*) nobility." In our parks, our gardens and our streets, nay, also in our churches, theatres, and drawing-rooms, the starers are daily increasing, and annoying modesty, decency, timidity, the stranger, the *supposed* inferior, and the softer sex. Amongst men, (who ought to have more sense than to possess such a defect) we have legions of them, blocking up passages at the opera and other dramatic houses, levelling their glasses, like pointed cannon, at every coming face, if new. The stare of impertinent curiosity is painful to meet, seeming as if it would say, "Damme, who have we here?" If it be as hackneyed as their own, it is brass meeting brass; yet the thing is still shocking, where the glass does not act as a shield to the offending eye, the offensive weapon is used in a barefaced act of unmanly want of feeling, and the *pupil* of a fool is bent in divers directions over the person of a lady, or a stranger ill accustomed to such barbarity; sometimes the fashionable gazer or glass-cocker scrutinizes the dress of his fellow man, or monkey, to detect any anomalies in the science of the toilet, and pronounces his victim a vul-gar fel-low, (thus syllabled) or a quiz, (a word evidently derived from unbecoming, contemptuous inquiry—*quis*? *Who have we got here?* as already stated.) In our other sex, proud females toss aloft their light heads, taking a bird's eye view of all around them, and shooting the darts of malice at those whom sympathy and identity of sex ought to make objects of protection and sensibility. Here we have a living doll dissecting the dress of a retiring female,—using her organs of *distinctiveness* to count a thread in a veil, a wrinkle in a stocking, a wind-

ing curl on an ivory forehead, and to envy or censure the multiplied flounces, feathers, or other external ornaments; I say *external*, for real mind has no share in these operations: the same *perfect* sex has trenched upon the usurpations of the male children of pride, by *eye-ing* the minor classes with that *putting down* glance which sins against Christian charity, but which, for the time, serves the purpose of imposing,

"And fills up all the mighty void of sense."

Happily there are men and women who have hearts and heads above this common fault and trespass on humanity; but the number of delinquents is still very great indeed, and they are likely to augment, from thus triumphing in error, and annoying with impunity. The starers out of countenance of manly *appearance* (to seem and to be are not the same) so seldom meet with the punishment which they deserve, or are so cowardly, in selecting meek, mild, and bashful persons to act against, that very little hopes of their amendment can reasonably be entertained; and the bold gentlewomen, or rather, the bold women, who ought to be gentle, have been so long tolerated in this breach of decorum, that their conversions seem also a little doubtful; but if seeing themselves in print can prove beneficial, by inducing them to self-correction, I shall feel amply paid for the regrets which I have entertained on their account, and for the time thus dedicated to their reformation. Let them be persuaded, that one of the most amiable qualities of their sex is the yielding to the voice of advice, and that the triumph over self is the brightest of their conquests. The amiable woman who can own her errors and feebleness, has a direct claim to protection, and to added affection, but the enterprizing woman, (whatever be her rank) who turns round to stare one of her own sex out of countenance, or measures her man, as if for single combat, assumes all the hardihood of the other sex, and loses all that is dearest in her own—unsullied purity of mind and conduct. The *maniken* who wears a glass, with-



out being near-sighted, and who uses it not for convenience, but for the annoyance of others, is as troublesome, and little more sufferable, than the sporting dog, which being destined for the field, is introduced into the parlour, where the brute is out of place, and perhaps becomes a terror to the aged—to women and children. But there are higher offenders than these, namely, those who cast impure glances on all that is captivating and

innocent, and who would blight the blossom of immaculacy by their gross ogings and pestiferous breath. All those who thus transgress, and

"Give virtue scandal—innocence a fear,  
Or from the sot-eyed virgin steal a tear,"

whether it be done by the breath of detraction, or the eye's approach in a guilty form, ought to meet personal chastisement from their own sex, and be consigned to the contempt of the other. PHILO-SPECTATOR.

## CHEMICAL ESSAYS.

(Sci. Mag.)

### OF THE METALS.

WE will now take a slight glance at those parts of chemistry which come more especially under the consideration of the mineralogist. First let us examine the metals. These are now considered as consisting of forty-two. We will enumerate them, and slightly touch upon those which are not so generally known.

- |               |              |
|---------------|--------------|
| 1. Gold.      | 7. Copper.   |
| 2. Silver.    | 8. Iron.     |
| 3. Platinum.  | 9. Lead.     |
| 4. Palladium. | 10. Nickel.  |
| 5. Mercury.   | 11. Zinc.    |
| 6. Tin.       | 12. Cadmium. |

These are more especially metals. The others exist, many of them in nature only, united with oxygen or some acid.

13. Potassium. This metal unites readily with oxygen, and forms potash.

14. Sodium. This when united with oxygen forms soda.

15. Ammonium forms ammonia.

16. Lithium ——— lithina.

17. Calcium ——— lime.

18. Magnium ——— magnesias.

19. Barium ——— barytes.

20. Strontium ——— strontites.

21. Sillicium ——— silex.

22. Alumium ——— alumine.

23. Yttrium ——— yttria.

24. Glucium ——— glucina.

25. Zircosium ——— zirconia.

26. Arsenic.

27. Bismuth.

28. Antimony.

29. Manganese.

30. Selenium.

31. Tellurium.

32. Cobalt.

33. Tungsten.

34. Molybdenum.

35. Titanium.

36. Chromium.

37. Uranium.

38. Columbium.

39. Iridium.

40. Osmium.

41. Rhodium.

42. Cerium.

of metals, or oxides.—Potassium when put into water abstracts the oxygen so rapidly from the water, that it takes fire and is converted into potash.

The class of bodies called metals may generally be distinguished by the peculiar lustre which such of their particles as have not been exposed to the atmosphere exhibit upon fracture. Thus, potassium, if cut, will exhibit in its interior this peculiar metallic lustre. This metal then, as we said above, becomes, by uniting with oxygen, potash, one of the alkalis, a class of bodies which has been treated of before. Thus, by a curious alternation of opinion, the metals are shown to be the originals of the earths, instead of the earths the originals of the metals. From this consideration naturally arises a curious examination of the vast quantity of oxygen, which in one state or another is distributed through the universe. The generality of the earths are metallic oxides, or oxygen united with a metallic base. To enumerate a few. The vast chalk hills which appear so frequently in all parts of our island, are masses of lime united with carbonic acid. In each of these two bodies oxygen exists in a great quantity. Lime is the oxide of a metal called calcium: and carbonic acid, as we have noticed above, is the union of carbon and oxygen; thus the greatest part of the compound must be oxygen. Again, in the vast beds of clay oxygen forms a great portion. Alumine (or pure clay) is an oxide of a metal called aluminum;

Many of these are little known.—How wonderful a discovery it is, that many of the earths are in fact the rust

and thus might we go through all the earths and assert the same fact.

But to return from our digression. Of all the metals iron is the most abundant. Scarcely a vein of any mineral substance is found, with which it does not in some portion mix. There are some purposes for which iron is invaluable. No other of the metals, for example, possesses like powers of magnetic attraction, only one, indeed, besides itself, (nickel,) possesses in any considerable degree the same virtue. Nickel is a scarce metal. It forms a great proportion of those *meteoric stones* which are found in many parts of the world, and concerning the origin and formation of which much doubt exists.

Sodium, though little known of itself, may claim a place in this enumeration from the importance of one of its compounds. And here I do not mean soda, which is its compound with oxygen, and which is so useful not only as a medicine but also as a luxury of life, but to one more strictly speaking a necessary—I mean common salt, which is no more than a compound formed by the union of chlorine and sodium, or a chloride of sodium.

The other metals which close the list are little known and put to so little use, that to do more than to enumerate them would be superfluous in a treatise which is intended rather to give a taste for chemistry, than to satisfy the taste if already acquired.

So intimately are the various branches of literature connected, that some slight knowledge of chemistry is an indispensable requisite. It is so in the first place to the *mineralogist*. For the various bodies which he will have to examine on the *crust* of the earth, are almost all either chemical compounds formed in the vast laboratory of nature; or, at least, are reduced into their present state by the action of chemical causes.—Again, to the *geologist* the study of mineralogy is in some degree abso-

lutely necessary. The great difference between these pursuits is, that the mineralogist regards all the minute particles he finds on the globe; the geologist, on the other hand, views the masses which form the crust of the earth. The rarest specimens, which are most valuable in the collection of the mineralogist, would to him be useless. He regards the age, the surrounding strata, and the probable formation of the masses which he meets with; the mineralogist views alone the body as it is, and wishes to class it with similar compounds. But though there is this great distinction between the geologist and the mineralogist, no one can pursue to great advantage the science of geology without having previously obtained some knowledge of mineralogy; because he does not know the constituents of the bodies of which he treats. Mineralogy may then be considered as the grammar of geology, and chemistry as the grammar of mineralogy.—We may further see the value of the science of chemistry, from its necessary connexion with the enlightened studies of the *agriculturist*. We might also shew its importance in this point of view even more immediately from its subjecting to examination the component parts of all vegetable matter. But we will not detain our readers longer upon this point.

We would only suggest, upon a review of the whole, that the perversion of intellect must indeed be great, which can lead the follower of these most interesting studies to materialism and atheism. To every well regulated mind the diversified works of nature must afford incessant proofs of the power, wisdom, and goodness of God, and lead us to exclaim, with our great poet—

“These are thy glorious works, Parent of good;  
Almighty! thine this universal frame,  
Thus wondrous fair! thyself how wondrous then!  
Unspeakable! who sit'st above these heavens,  
To us invisible, or dimly seen  
In these thy lowliest works: yet these declare  
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine!”

## VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

(Lond. Lit. Gaz.)

### THE HIGHLANDS AND WESTERN ISLES OF SCOTLAND, &c. &c.

In Letters to Sir Walter Scott.

BY JOHN MACCULLOCH, M.D. F.R.S. &c.

**A** TASK of greater weight than the systematic reading of these four ponderous and closely printed volumes, has not fallen to our lot since our editorial functions were so good-naturedly undertaken by us for the public benefit. The American Boy would be lost in calculating the number of pages, sentences, words, syllables and letters, of which they are composed. For ourselves we are at a dead stand still on the single question, "Is it really possible to peruse them from beginning to end?" At any rate we can but dip for our friends this week; and shall endeavour to muster more courage for future exertions.

Our worthy Doctor is wonderfully playful and sprightly, considering his unwieldy bulk. The mountain is not solid—it is a hill of whipt syllabub: drollery, fun, and the most portentous efforts of humour pervade these mighty tomes. At hazard we take the account of Dollar as a specimen:

"It is (the Doctor tells us after a digression) for the purpose of pointing out the true road hither, that I have thus far encroached on my limits; and chiefly for the sake of Castle Campbell; scarcely known, though known to exist; named, but named as if it was an every-day sight, and passed every day, by hundreds who are satisfied with knowing that they are near it, and with hearing a few wretched puns upon its name.

"But I ought to be silent about the puns: for the Dea of puns, if there is such a one in Varro's list, seemed to have pronounced a judgment on me for my contempt. Certainly Dollar was a cause of dolour to me; as I was condemned to lie still for a week, and wonder at what particular hour I should be choked with a squinancy. The throat is an awkward contrivance; because, as legislators know, it is easily stopped up. Fortunately, Dollar, or Dolour contained no doctor. The landlady, however, was the howdie of the village, and came to tender her services, producing Dr. Young's

certificate. I assured her that my case was not in her line; but by dint of the Napoleon practice, I was rescued from this tedious substitute for a halter; and, in a week, was able to receive the congratulations of all the auld wives, and young ones too, of the neighbourhood. I must agree with you, Sir Walter, that it is an odd sex in our hours of ease: and the rest follows. Half of the whole sex of Dollar, kind creatures, came out of their houses when they saw the stranger gentleman crawling up the hill, like a spectre from the vaults of Castle Campbell, to offer him seats, and milk, and what not; and when I returned many years afterwards, to see and again to thank my obstetric hosts, I was received, not as one who had been a source of trouble, but as an old friend. Certainly, when I can choose the inn in which I am to have a fever, it shall be at Dollar.

"What a piece of work is man! He certainly is, master Shakspeare. Because his pulse takes a fancy to beat 82 instead of 72, he is unable, in twelve hours, to sit up in his bed: and when he gets out of it at length to enjoy the fresh air he must hold fast by the wall he could have jumped over a few days before. If the pulse continues rebellious, the carpenter comes and nails him up in a box, and all his half finished schemes are at an end. Some one says, that if a watchmaker's productions did not go better, he would get very little practice. However that may be, the sun never shines so warm, the flies never hum such sweet music, the mossy bank never looks so green, and never does the air breathe such perfume, as when he first returns from the edge of the grave to smell the breeze that blows from the wall-flowers of Castle Campbell; or of any other castle."

Having got well, the Doctor's next and bolder attempt was to climb Ben Ledi, and he thus facetiously goes on to the result.

"It was not for want of making the



attempt, that I did not see whatever there is to be seen from the summit of Ben Ledi. I reached it, but in vain; and I need not conjecture and describe, like Brydone on *Ætna*, what I did not see. Did I choose thus to deceive you, I should at any rate do it with comparative truth, or rather falsehood; since I sat myself down on its topmost stone, whereas that personage, like Eustace in other cases, only ascended with the pen, and in his closet. Heaven knows, it is difficult enough to describe what we have seen, without troubling ourselves by attempting to look through clouds as dense as a mill-stone, and by stringing together epithets with a map before us. Yet the views ought to be fine, since Ben Ledi commands a very interesting variety of country. That they are so in the direction of Stirling, I can vouch; as they also are over Loch Lubnaig to the north: but, to me, it was like the vanishing of images in a magic lantern: like the glance of the lightning in a dark night; gone before I could say, it is here. I thought that I had known Highland rain in all its forms and mixtures and varieties; in Sky, in Mull, in Shetland, at Fort William, at Killin, on the summit of Ben Lawers, and in the depths of Glenco. But nothing like the rain on Ben Ledi did I ever behold, before or since. In an instant, and without warning or preparation, the showers descended in one broad stream, like a cascade, from the clouds, and in an instant they ceased again. We have heard, in an ode to Molly, of counting the drops of rain: but there were no drops here to be counted; it was one solid sheet of water.

"There is a peculiarity in these summer showers of the Highlands, which a Lowlander knows not, but will not easily forget when he has experienced it. If he carries an umbrella, it will be useful for him to be told, that, like his fowling piece when the dogs have scent, he must keep it ready cocked. If there is but a button to undo, or a ring to slip off, he will often be wet through before he can get either effected. There is an interval of fair weather: even the cloud

which is to produce the rain is not very obvious; when in an instant, and without a sprinkling, or even a harbinger drop, the whole is let go on your head as if a bucket had been emptied on it.

"Perhaps the clouds and rain of this cloudy and rainy region are the reason that sun dials are so common in this country; not only at Kilmahog, where there are a dozen, but wherever you go. So it is in almost all the villages; and even the solitary house, that has not a stone step to its door, or any pretence to geometry in its walls, carries the evidence of its mathematical knowledge on its front, in the shape of a rusty gnomon. These incessant dials in this land of clouds, offer some apology for the celebrated question respecting the use of the sun to the dial. The policy is, however, profound: because, if he should miss it at Inverness, he may hit it at Callander, or elsewhere, some time between the vernal and the autumnal equinoxes. But nothing equals the ingenuity of the artist at Glamis, who seems to have been determined that if time escaped him on one quarter, he would catch it on some other. It would be hard indeed, if, in the revolution of a year, the sun did not light one of the hundred faces of this most ingenious polyedron: for he can scarcely peep through a pin hole, without being caught in the act by the tip of some one of the gnomons, that bristle their north poles like a hedgehog all round it.

"I wish I could speak of the inns at Callander as I have spoken of that at Dollar; but it is a mixed world, inns and all, and we must take it as it comes.

"When you hear *Pe—ggy* called, as if the first vowel was just about to thaw, like Sir John Mandeville's story, and when you hear *Pe—ggy* answer *co—ming*, you must not prepare to be impatient, but recollect that motion cannot be performed without time. If you are wet, the fire will be lighted by the time you are dry; at least if the peat is not wet too. The smoke of wet peat is wholesome: and if you are not used to it, they are: which is the

same thing. There is neither poker nor tongs ; you can stir it with your umbrella : nor bellows ; you can blow it ; unless you are asthmatic : or what is better still, Peggy will fan it with her Petticoat. "Peggy, is the supper coming?" In time, comes mutton, called chops, then mustard, by and by a knife and fork ; successively, a plate, a candle, and salt. When the mutton is cold, the pepper arrives, and then the bread, and lastly the whisky. The water is reserved for the second course. It is good policy to place these various matters in all directions, because they conceal the defects of Mrs. Maclarty's table cloth. By this time, the fire is dying ; Peggy waits till it is dead, and then the whole process of the peat and the petticoat is to be gone over again. It is all in vain. "Is the bed ready?" By the time you have fallen asleep once or twice, it is ready. When you enter, it is damp : but how should it be dry in such a climate. The blankets feel so heavy that you expect to get warm in time. Not at all : they have the property of weight without warmth : though there is a fulling mill at Kilmahog. You awaken at two o'clock ; very cold, and find that they have slipped over on the floor.

"It is vain to try again, and you get up at five. Water being so contemptibly common, it is probable that there is none present : or if there is, it has a delicious flavour of stale whisky : so that you may almost imagine the Highland rills to run grog. There is no soap in Mrs. Maclarty's house. It is prudent also to learn to shave without a looking glass ; because, if there is one, it is so furrowed and striped and striated, either cross-wise, or perpendicularly, or diagonally, that, in consequence of what Sir Isaac Newton might call its fits of irregular reflection and transmission, you cut your nose if it distorts you one way, and your ear if it protracts you in the opposite direction. The towel being either wet or dirty, or both, you wipe yourself in the moreen curtains, unless you prefer the sheets. When you return to your sitting room, the table is covered with glasses, and mugs, and

circles of dried whiskey and portér. The fire place is full of white ashes : you labour to open a window, if it will open, that you may get a little of the morning air : and there being no sash-line, it falls on your fingers, as it did on Susanna's. Should you break a pane, it is of no consequence, as it will never be mended again. The clothes which you sent to be washed, are brought up wet ; and those which you sent to be dried, smoked.

"You now become impatient for the breakfast ; and as it will not arrive, you go into the kitchen to assist in making the kettle boil. You will not accelerate this : but you will see the economy of Mrs. Maclarty's kitchen. The kettle, an inch thick, is hanging on a black crook in the smoke, not on the fire, likely to boil to-morrow. If you should be near a forest, there is a train of chips lying from the fire-place to the wood-corner, and the landlady is busy, not in separating the two, but in picking out any stray piece that seems likely to be lighted before its turn comes. You need not ask why the houses do not take fire : because it is all that the fire itself can do, with all its exertions. Round this fire are a few oat cakes, stuck on edge in the ashes to dry ; perhaps a herring : and on the floor, at hand, are a heap or two of bed clothes, a cat, a few melancholy fowls, a couple of black dogs, and perchance a pig, or more ; with a pile of undescribables, consisting of horse collars, old shoes, petticoats, a few dirty plates and horn spoons, a kilt, possibly a bagpipe, a wooden beaker, an empty gill and a pint stoup, a water bucket, and a greasy candlestick, a rake, a spinning wheel, two or three frowsy fleeces and a shepherd's plaid, an iron pot full of potatoes, a never-washed milk-tub, some more potatoes, a griddle, a three-legged stool, and heaven and earth know what more. All this time, two or three naked children are peeping at you out of some unintelligible recess, perchance contesting with the chickens and the dogs for the fire, while Peggy is sitting over it unsnooded : one hand in her head, and the other, no one knows where, as she is

wondering when the kettle will not boil ; while, if she had a third, it might be employed on the other two. But enough of Mrs. Maclarty and her generation ; for I am sure you can have no inclination to partake with me of the breakfast, which will probably be ready in two hours."

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## ORIGINAL POETRY.

(New Mon. Mag.)

### FLOWERS.

WHERE are now the dreaming flowers,  
Which of old where wont to lie,  
Looking upwards at the Hours,  
In the pale blue sky ?

Where's the once red regal rose ?  
And the lily love-enchanted ?  
And the pensee, which arose  
Like a thought earth-planted ?

Some are wither'd—some are dead—  
Others now have no perfume ;  
This doth hang its sullen head,  
That hath lost its bloom.

Passions, such as nourish strife  
In our blood, and quick decay,  
Hang upon the flower's life,  
Till it fades away.

B.

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### PICTURE.

ON tiptoe, laughing like the blue-eyed May  
And looking aslant, where a spoil'd urchin strives  
(In vain) to reach the flowers she holds on high,  
Stands a young girl fresh as the dawn, with all  
Her bright hair given to the golden sun !

There standeth she whom Midnight never saw,  
Nor Fashion stared on with its arrogant eye,  
Nor gallant tempted ;—beautiful as youth ;  
Waisted like Hebe ; and with Dian's step,  
As *she*, with sandals newly laced, would rise  
To hunt the fawn through woods of Thessaly.  
—From all the garden of her beauty nought  
Has flown ; no rose is thwarted by pale hours  
But on her living lip bright crimson hangs,  
And in her cheek the flushing morning lies,  
And in her breath the odorous hyacinth.

B.

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(Euro. Mag.)

### TO AN INFANT.

Blessings on thee, baby !  
For guiltless is thy brow,  
And we know not but it *may* be  
Ever innocent as now.  
Mildews o'er thee roll,  
But thy blossom is unblighted ;  
For thy little lamp of soul  
Is as yet but hardly lighted.  
And though it shineth faintly  
As the maiden-smiles of love,  
It is heaven-born, and saintly  
As the parent spark above.  
Is fuel of this earth  
Fit to keep such holy fire in ?

Would *he* who gave it birth,  
Not save it from expiring ?  
Must wisdom check its beaming,  
But through its glass display'd,  
Which, for a motley gleaming,  
Throws all the rest in shade.  
'Tis taintless and celestial ;  
But, when flickers the last flame,  
Having fed on things terrestrial,  
Will its odour be the same ?  
Well, blessings on thee, baby !  
For guiltless is thy brow,  
That we still can hope it *may* be  
Ever innocent as now.

B.



## ON DRESS.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR—Having already communicated to you some ideas on the influence which the form of Government has on dress, I shall offer a few remarks on that article in general, well aware of the powerful effect which it has on our minds in most cases, and of the effect which it produces, not only in society, but in our success or failure in our intercourse with mankind. Dress and address are the two great external objects which are the first agents on our feelings; we judge men more by these, than by their writings, and as the organs of perception are first acted upon, we seldom wait to form our decision from actions or from report: the latter indeed is often very fallacious, but the impressions of dress and address are very generally irresistible. A man's writings may be at variance with his life, so may dress and address; yet, when that is the case, the garb sits uneasily, and, as the counterfeit is more perceptible, we place too often implicit reliance on easy gentlemanlike manners, neat, chaste, and fashionable dress. Address being a very superior quality, it is the most important, but, although dress is an object of less magnitude, yet it is indispensably necessary to adorn and set forth the former, which, without it, labours under great difficulties, and will be unavailing with the ignorant, who form the larger mass of the population in every country. Wise men alone set little value on dress, men who are absorbed in abstruse knowledge are apt to lose sight of address, but it is very incorrect to undervalue them entirely, since they are quite compatible with wisdom and with virtue. The only thing then to be ascertained is, what is the nearest point to perfection in dress? And as I have already observed that climate, country, form of government, warlike or peaceful habits, prosperity, civilization, and the rank held amongst nations affect materially the style of dress; I shall here take my stand in Great Britain, and as near St. James's as possible, where the *Regia Solis* is most likely to produce fashion and elegance. What is the dress most becoming to persons in the rank of the nobility and gentry, and of professional men? I say *men*, because a certain latitude of captivation is allowed to the other sex in every class. What is most likely to produce attraction and respect? for these are the charms and the power of dress. Is it costliness? no; our nobility have assumed a simplicity, except when officially habited, which renders rich habits not only unnecessary but out of use. Is it the extreme of fashion? no; for the extreme of fashion becomes to it, what the caricature is to the portrait. Is it frequent change, incessantly on the wing for novelty? no; because, first, every fashion is not becoming; secondly, such changeful clothing bespeaks levity, and is only to be overlooked in the college youth, or the very young man entering into life, and thirdly, because rank, personal appearance, and our habits must be consulted in the adoption of every new fashion. They cannot be equally genteel, becoming, and elegant, so that the best friend to the tailor may often be his own enemy, by making himself ridiculous. Should we aim at something striking? no; a person becomes a scenic performer in the drama of life thereby; and again, if a man or woman sticks to one garb or character in dress, the eye is tired of the sporting frock, the farmer cut, the quaker-like dittoes of one sex, and of the prim style of the other, which must soon be antiquated and rejected by persons of taste. Constant mourning suits grave professions, but one who would wish to pass for a fashionable, well dressed person, and is not a professional man, cannot adhere to the same wearisome garb. On many occasions it casts a gloom over the drawing room, or dinner circle, and there are certain times when good breeding forbids it—birthdays, weddings, festivals, &c. &c. It is likewise a bad riding or travelling dress, and admits of no mediocrity as to fashion, make, texture, or age. In-

deed the moderate novelty of clothes, elegant workmanship, a good fit, and the very best materials are indispensable ingredients in dress of every colour and kind. Persons are very apt to think that black becomes all classes, persons, and complexions: this is a very gross error, nearly as great as the assumption of military undress tunic, pantaloons, black cravat and spurs,—these sit ill on every one who is not military, and whose carriage and gentlemanlike deportment do not evince the military man. Both of these dresses, so very common at present, are very trying to the wearers. Black is also very uncertain in its effect on the loveliest sex: the neck and arm which rivals the Parian marble, the lily and the rose blended in the cheek, shine, in mourning, like the star piercing the thick black cloud; but the dingy Jewess, swarthy foreigner, smoke dried female citizen, with low forehead and oily hair, small grey eyes and ignoble countenance, seems like the union of obscurity and fog, a November evening, or a winter's morning, in a narrow street. There are certain colours which must always be offensive to the eye; there are likewise blendings of colours which cannot fail to be harmonious, others which are as ill-judged, and produce the worst effect. Contrasts may be most happy, or the reverse—spots, stripes, chequers, and mixtures, have no alliance with nobility; they are trying, they are the taste and livery of the lower orders, and always seem to be contrived for economy, for a quick and ready sale to the vender, to hide uncleanness, to disguise the person for some purpose or other to the wearer. These fancies too are trying to beauty, and still further confound deformity. Middling people in class and appearance may assume a middling style of dress, and although a handsome youth, or virgin may wear almost any thing, yet groom coats, coloured silk kerchiefs, caricature hats, brown beavers, coachman-like form in dress, can never become the former, if he be of the nobility or gentry, nor can a Belcher tied round a lovely neck, add attractions to the wearer, no more than the huge um-

brella, flapping leghorn, shapeless and ridiculous hat: it may save the complexion, but a deep veil would answer the same end, and give grace and modesty to her whose charms are thus delicately withdrawn from the inquiring eye of the beholder. Tartans of all kinds bear and command respect, when worn by the chieftain, the clan, and its adherents, whether by the one sex or the other, and whether it be in stuff or silk; but neither it nor any assemblage of many colours is becoming. What would be thought of a harlequin silk? Over dressing and under-dressing are two great means of disfiguring a person, as are colours at enmity with each other, purple and light blue, lilac and pink, or red, and the like. There are colours also which no gentleman can think of wearing in cloth, pompadour, brownish yellow, drab, light blue, nor could he (in these days,) ever be considered as any thing but a caricature in a striped coat, even striped waistcoats and trowsers will ever be more fanciful than becoming, let who will wear them. The *unie* or plain neat style must always prevail—royal blue, black, white, mild buff colour, whilst the contrasts of black and green, blue and scarlet, when in cloth and not in uniform. Black and blue are at war with all harmony. Yellow and lilac, pea-green and dark blue are trying colours to a female, but loveliness can bear them out; the two first are odious in male attire, even the very bright yellow waistcoat. In addition to all this outline many more observations might be made; but the limits which I have proposed to myself will not admit them, and I should be afraid of tiring my reader by going into the lengthy detail. Over-length or great curtailment of skirts must always produce a ridiculous effect, as must over amplitude, or a tail like a bird; just so, sweeping trains, and very short petticoats, are to be studiously avoided, except when the former is the finish of a dress robe, which, by the by, suits not all alike. In all these circumstances; stature, size, age, condition, convenience, and effect, ought to be fairly consulted, since what adorns one person, is a satire upon another. In point

of ornaments, much good sense is necessary not to surcharge them; a man with a huge fist, like a shoulder of mutton, whose fingers are encumbered with costly rings, looks the more vulgar, because an attempt at show is easily detected, and only seems as a powerful contrast to a homely person; just so it is with something ponderous and *vastly fine*, stuck in the cravat or frill, and a long dangling watch chain, as if it were that of an informer angling for a pickpocket. People of high rank are simple in these kind of ornaments, they bring them out modestly and sparingly; but whatever they be, high value added to simplicity is their general character, reserving for court-days the diamond star, and other jewels, in rings, &c. All paltry ornaments bespeak poverty, pride, the miser and the upstart. In a word, the perfection in dress for gentlemen, consists in the finest texture of linen and of clothing, a chasteness in the blending of colours, excellence as to shape and make, an immaculate cleanliness in every external article worn, and of the person itself; a hat almost new, boots or shoes of the most polished appearance, the rejection of all vulgar adoptions, (for fashions they ought *not* to be called) the sober use of change, so as however never to wear a decaying article, nothing careless or slovenly in the operation of dressing, the avoiding of all mon-

strosities and extremes, all affectations in dress, hats, cravats, great coats, frocks, &c.; the dressing in a manner appropriate to the occasion, the hunting frock for the chase, the jacket for shooting, the box coat for the box only, the travelling dress only for the road. He who hunts down St. James's Street, is a coachman in Pall Mall, a walking jockey in the squares, or a traveller at the theatres, is an object of ridicule and contempt, as far at least as regards taste in dress. Vulgarly in buttons, neck-kerchiefs, buckles, or any other article, must mar the general system of gentlemanlike appearance. Nearly the same observations apply to the fair sex: a red armed and red handed young woman, with a dozen rings, is vulgar in the extreme. High dress in a morning bespeaks something let out for parade or for some worse purpose. Flowers become youth, feathers an age more advanced, diamonds sit well on the courtly dame at her meridian, pearls are pretty on a pretty woman not having attained the age of twenty-one. Simplicity is the character of the spring of life, costliness becomes its autumn, but a neatness and purity, like that of the snow-drop or lily of the valley, is the peculiar fascination of beauty, to which it lends enchantment, and gives a charm even to a plain person, being to the body what amiability is to the mind.

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*Mr. Editor.*—I observe that the Reviewer of *Peele's Jests*, in the last *LONDON*, is somewhat puzzled by the epithet *clenches*, applied to them by *Ant. à Wood*, and hazards a conjecture, that it means "shifts or stratagems." In this, however, he is mistaken—it was formerly a common expression for a quibble, or play upon words, though about its etymon I am quite as much in the dark as the Reviewer himself. - - -  
I shall conclude my remarks on this weighty affair with a "modern instance," consisting of a whole string of clenches:

#### SONNET ON A YOUTH WHO DIED OF EXCESSIVE FRUIT-PIE.

CURRENTS have check'd the current of my blood,  
And berries brought me to be buried here;  
Pears have par'd off my body's hardihood,  
And plums and plumbers spare not one so spare.  
Fain would I feign my fall; so fair a fare  
Lessens not fate, yet 'tis a lesson good;  
Guilt will not hide guilt; such thin-wash'd ware  
Wears quickly, and its rude touch soon is rued.  
Grave on my grave some sentence grave and terse,  
That lies not as it lies upon my clay,  
But, in a gentle strain of unstrain'd verse,  
Prays all to pity a poor patty's prey:  
Rehearses I was fruit-ful to my hearse,  
Tells that my days are told, and soon I'm toll'd away!



## SOME REMAINING SUPERSTITIONS OF THE BRITISH PEASANTRY.

## No. I.

"Auctoritatem nullam debemus, nec fidem commentitiis rebus adjungere."—Cic.

THE Romish religion, as well as many of our christian sectaries, has given birth to innumerable superstitions. Wherever its influence prevails, especially beyond the sphere of polished life, the mind is prepared to admit, without scruple, the truth of traditions, which to a sober understanding, must appear contemptible or ridiculous. This boundless credulity, —this prostration of the mind to monstrous fables, will not surprise us, when we consider, that the conscientious catholic regards tradition, as of almost equal authority with scripture; and that he is accustomed to receive with the blindest reverence, all that the former teaches\*. Such a one cannot reasonably reject any popular superstition, however absurd, especially if it be in any degree connected with his religion. The wildest of the Danish and Norwegian fables, are scarcely more extravagant, than many legends of the Romish saints.

But traces of popery may be found in many parts of the empire, from which that faith has long been banished. Wales, the Isle of Man, many counties and isles of Scotland, and some of the more mountainous districts in the north of England, abound with traditions which originated with our catholic ancestors, and which still continue to be received by their protestant descendants. If the reformation threw off the burthensome observances of the Romish ritual, it certainly did not, in all places, throw off the local superstitions, which popery had in-

troduced and fostered. The scenes which had, during so many ages, been associated with the prevailing belief, —the fairy caverns, the enchanted streams and rocks, the romantic hills and grottos of the country, would still be regarded with mysterious awe by the first protestants. An entire stranger to the manners and habits of the solitary inhabitants of the mountains, can form little conception of the influence which local associations possess over the mind. The village church, whose ivy mantled tower has been

"Rocked by the storms of a thousand years,"

and in whose gothic aisles, his forefathers were accustomed to worship, is regarded by the rustic with holier and more reverential feelings, than the elegant structures of the present age can inspire; had it not been for the strength of these feelings, the reformation would never perhaps have been effected. The people were unwilling to forsake their churches, and they became insensibly reconciled to the new faith. Some strong instances of this attachment to the old religious edifices of the country, have come to the writer's knowledge, but none, he believes, more striking than the following:—A young married woman of good understanding, and of virtuous habits, was persuaded by her husband, a dissenter, with whom she had removed to the distance of several miles from her native village, to attend the same place of worship as himself; but though she had nothing to say against the doctrines preached at the conventicle, she could not reconcile herself to the step she had taken. The welcome, but unfrequent sight of the village church thrilled her with an emotion, to her undefinable. At length notwithstanding the reasonings, exhortations, and even threats of a husband whom she tenderly loved; the rugged paths, and dangerous marshes which she was obliged to traverse every sabbath-day; she returned, as she

\* It should not, however, be forgotten, that the more enlightened Romanists, as Tillemant, Baillet, Father Alexandre, Du Pin, &c., though they have admitted, without hesitation, many absurd traditions, have had the courage to reject many which their church was supposed to have long received. And it should be known that this church herself has said: "*Judicium Dei veritati quæ nec fallit, nec fallitur semper innititur: judicium autem ecclesiæ nonnunquam opinionem sequitur, cui et fallere sæpe contingit et falli.*" De Excom. Cap. 2.

affectingly expressed it, to the "temple and last earthly home of her fathers."

We shall not then be surprised, that among a people so tenacious of the customs and traditions of their ancestors, many superstitions continue to be received and revered. Of these, none is more prevalent than the belief in the existence of fairies—an imaginary race of beings, which are every where represented as possessed of the same capricious qualities, to be sometimes harmless as children, and sometimes malignant as demons. That this belief should be so carefully cherished in our days, when according to the acknowledgment even of the vulgar, not one of those beings has either been seen or heard, would indeed excite our wonder, were it not sufficiently explained by the force of hereditary prepossessions, and by that propensity to the marvellous, for which a rude and uncultivated people is ever remarkable.

A few years ago, the writer of the present article, made an excursion into one of the most secluded mountainous districts in England; while he remained there, he had frequent opportunities of becoming acquainted with its traditionary superstitions. In a place more than usually wild, and at a considerable distance from any human habitation, he was shown a cavern, which, whether formed by nature or art, may well be considered a curiosity. It is known by the name of the Fairy-Cavern, and is situated on the declivity of a high and very steep hill. Its aperture between two enormous rocks, is so narrow, as to be imperceptible at the distance of a very few yards. Through this aperture no entreaties could induce the youth, whom the writer had engaged as guide, to accompany him; and as he was unprovided with torches, he could not explore the interior. He ventured a few yards, but found the path so precipitous, and the darkness and silence of the place so appalling, that he speedily returned. Concerning this cavern, there exists the following ancient tradition.\*

\* Neither the cavern nor the tradition is imaginary. The former is in the very heart

A poor midwife was returning late one evening from a neighbouring hamlet, and her nearest, perhaps her only practicable path, lay close by the Fairy Cavern. Though she was naturally resolute, and the moon shone with unusual brightness, her agitation increased as she approached the dreaded spot, as if she had a secret presentiment of what was to follow. No sooner had she turned round the projecting angle of one of the rocks, than she perceived something like a man, but of lower stature, advancing towards her. She had scarcely time to consider, whether that being were of this or another world, before she was seized by the arm, and drawn with irresistible force towards the mouth of the cavern. In an agony of despair, she invoked her patron saint, and her mysterious conductor suddenly stopped. "Fear not," said he, "you will not be detained long, and no evil will befall you, if, after we have passed through this aperture, you call not on God, St. Mary, or any of the saints. In vain you would oppose an unearthly being; time presses: we must away." Unable to oppose and convinced that if she were able, opposition would be unavailing, she quietly resigned herself to the guidance of her unknown companion. He immediately led her through the aperture, and she found that they were descending with inconceivable celerity. In a few moments their feet touched the bottom, all was utter darkness, until he anointed her eyes with a kind of salve; suddenly a scene of overpowering splendour burst upon her astonished sight, she saw that she was in the interior of a vast palace, the magnificence of which, could never be conceived by any mortal. The pillars, furniture, and even the walls, were of massy gold, and ornamented with precious stones of the most dazzling lustre. While she was gazing around

of a considerable chain of bleak and lofty hills, which run along the borders of three adjoining counties, Yorkshire, Cheshire, and Derbyshire; and the latter is well known to the inhabitants of the district alluded to in the text. That district is distant about half a day's journey from the ancient village of Mottram, on the borders of Cheshire.

with wonder and admiration, a female of extraordinary beauty advanced towards her, and taking her by the hand, led her into another room, smaller indeed, but of equal magnificence. In one corner of the room she perceived several female attendants, all young, beautiful, and gorgeously clad, standing round the bed of a sick fairy, and chanting this couplet :—

“Mortal, approach; the fates decree,  
That mortal aid our sister free.”

She now learned that her professional assistance was required. After she had satisfactorily performed the task appointed her, she was brought back into the apartment she had quitted, where she found a table covered with the most exquisite viands, and with a liquor more delicious than nectar. While she partook of the refreshment prepared for her, the most fragrant perfumes exhaled around, and strains of unseen, but of indescribable harmony, threw a soft enchantment over the scene. The old woman was in an ecstacy of enjoyment, husband, children, friends,—the world itself was forgotten. But this enjoyment could not be perpetual to a daughter of humanity. At the conclusion of her repast her male conductor again appeared; he carefully cleared her eyes from the enchanted salve with which he had anointed them; and the palace, the entertainment, the attendants and the music, were in an instant succeeded by darkness and silence. She was speedily carried out to the place where she had first seen her unearthly guide; and there she was left, but not without receiving more substantial proofs of the fairies' gratitude.

The Isle of Man, the “fairy land,” as Collins terms it has ever been distinguished for its belief in ancient superstitions. The ceremony of *hunting the wren*, is peculiar to the island. The following account of it is extracted, with some slight variations, from a history, which though well known in some parts of Lancashire, may not perhaps be so to most of my readers.

The ceremony of hunting the wren, is founded on this ancient tradition. A fairy of uncommon beauty once exerted such undue influence over the

male population, that she seduced numbers at various times, to follow her footsteps, till by degrees she led them into the sea, where they perished. This barbarous exercise of power had continued so long, that it was feared the island would be exhausted of its defenders. A knight-errant sprung up, who discovered some means of countervailing the charms used by the syren, and even laid a plot for her destruction, which she only escaped at the moment of extreme hazard, by assuming the form of a wren. But though she evaded punishment that time, a spell was cast upon her, by which she was condemned to reanimate the same form on every succeeding New Year's Day, until she should perish by a human hand. In consequence of this legend, every man and boy in the island (except those who have thrown off the trammels of superstition) devote the hours from the rising to the setting of the sun, on each returning anniversary, to the hope of extirpating the fairy. Woe to the wrens which show themselves on that fatal day, they are pursued, pelted, fired at, and destroyed without mercy; their feathers are preserved with religious care; for it is believed, that every one of the relics gathered in the pursuit, is an effectual preservation from shipwreck for the ensuing year, and the fisherman who should venture on his occupation, without such a safeguard, would, by many of the natives, be considered extremely foolhardy.

In the same island, it is still believed that genii and giants inhabit the subterraneous caverns of Rushen Castle; and that the high-minded Countess of Derby, who once resided in Man, and whose vigorous resistance at the siege of Latham House, has immortalised her name, takes her nightly rounds on the walls of the castle. But perhaps the most dreaded spectre in the island, is the Manthé Doog, or Black Hound, which is still thought to be no stranger to Peel Castle. When a garrison was maintained at that fortress, the soldiers were frequently thrown into great consternation by the nocturnal visits of the spec-



tre. One of the soldiers, familiarised at length with its appearance, having raised his courage by spiritous liquors, ventured one night, notwithstanding the opposition of his comrades, to fol-

low the animal to its retreat. But his temerity proved fatal. He soon returned, speechless and convulsed, and survived his rash attempt no longer than three days.\*

(Eclectic Review.)

### THE MODERN TRAVELLER.

A popular Description, Geographical, Historical, and Topographical, of the various Countries of the Globe

PARTS I. II. III. IV.

### Palestine and Syria.

**T**HIS is a singularly well-timed, and, so far as the parts hitherto published enable us to judge, an exceedingly well executed publication. Within comparatively a few years, geographical science and its collateral investigations, have been cultivated with an ardour, and prosecuted with an eagerness and a heedlessness of personal inconvenience and hazard, that have brought to light an immense variety of facts and elucidations of the most interesting and important nature. Few portions of the globe remain wholly unexplored; and concerning those which have not as yet been subjected to actual scrutiny, a considerable mass of valuable information has been obtained from collateral and incidental sources. Great improvements, too, have taken place in the modes of research and narration. Instead of an indiscriminate amalgamation of fact and fable, hearsay and actual inspection, the most cautious discrimination is made an indispensable prerequisite to the reception of testimony. The love of the marvellous, which looked, in the olden time, to voyages and distant journeyings—the mysterious realms of Prester John, or the glittering wonders of Ind and Cathay—for its gratification, is now content with humbler food, the *diablerie* of Germany, and the tawdry inventions of the Viscompte d'Arlineour. A more legitimate source of entertainment is furnished by personal anecdote, historical and biographical inquiries, local description, and antiquarian research. At the same time it must be confessed, that there is still room for improvement. Travellers are of different calibres; they are a little too

apt to imagine that what has gratified themselves, must be interesting to others; they pay too little attention to previous statements, and are rather overfond of telling again what has been better told before. Our excellent friends the booksellers must come in for a share of the blame. Without, for a moment, venturing to attribute their excessive predilection for quartos to any but the most liberal and disinterested motives, we may be permitted to hint, that it has a disastrous effect on the character of this branch of literature. The information which would be respectable in an octavo, will but coldly furnish forth a tome of larger bulk; and when all the artifices of typography fail to stretch it out, the author must be drawn upon for supplementary, and too frequently for supererogatory matter. Now, how feelingly soever, as writers, we may sympathize with the author, as readers the case is very different. Our time, our patience, and our purse, fail before this protracting and extenuating process, and we give a cordial welcome to any publication that may give us the genuine information, without the overlay of paint and filigree; or at least, only so much of the latter as may conduce to the real decoration and connexion of the substantial matter.

\* The tradition above related, will explain the following allusion in Sir W. Scott's *Marmion*.

"But none of all the astonished train,  
Were so dismayed as Deloraine;  
His blood did freeze, his brain did burn,  
'Twas feared his mind would ne'er return:  
For he was speechless, ghastly wan!  
Like him of whom the story ran,  
Who spake the spectre hound in Man."

At the same time we cannot help feeling suspicious, in the first instance, of such publications as the present. We have seen so many of them, that have come forth with the highest pretensions, prove nothing more than mere jobs of trade, that we are instinctively on our guard when we take them in hand, against anticipated charlatanism. Their aspect is ominous ;—they wear a loose livery ; they are redolent of paste ; they betray the mangling of the scissors. Instead of exhibiting the labour and the skill which such compilations, more than most others, demand, they display the redundant symptoms of work by contract ; and we feel, in turning them over, all the annoyance which results from the double mischief of a good thing marred in the execution, and operating as a hindrance to a more spirited undertaking.

From all these depraved symptoms, the work before us, so far as the present specimen extends, is entirely free ; and if it be conducted to the end with equal ability, it will form one of the most useful and attractive publications of the present day. Of the two sections, though Syria is the most entertaining, Palestine is the best done ; it contains a masterly compression, marked, in some instances, by specific originality, of most that is truly valuable in the best of modern explorations. Maundrell, Pococke, Burckhardt, and Dr. Richardson, have supplied the ground-work ; but a host of other travellers have contributed to the superstructure, and a list of important ‘desiderata’ is subjoined. As an example of the composition, we shall transcribe the eloquent and comprehensive

#### ‘CONCLUDING REMARKS.

‘Having now traversed the whole Land of Israel west of this boundary, from Beersheba to Dan, we close here our account of Palestine ; preferring, for the convenience of the arrangement, to include the districts east of the Jordan, under the general denomination of Syria, which in strictness applies to the whole country. The parts we have described, how-

ever, are all that are usually comprehended under the term *Holy Land* ; although, as the scene of Scripture history, the theatre of miracle and of prophecy,—the Peninsula of Mount Sinai, the shores of the Idumean Sea, and the coasts of Asia Minor, might lay claim to the appellation. But we have now visited the whole of Palestine, Judea, Samaria, and Galilee—those countries which, above all others under the sun, are interesting to the Christian. And abhorrent alike from reason and from true piety, as is the superstition that has grafted itself upon this interest, yet, the curiosity which inspires the traveller, in reference more peculiarly to these scenes is rational and laudable. If Troy and Thebes, if Athens and Rome, are visited with classic enthusiasm, much more worthy of awakening the strongest emotions in the mind of a Christian, must be the country whose history as far transcends in interest that of every other, as its literature (if we may apply that term to the divine volume) excels in sublimity, all the ethics, and philosophy, and poetry, and eloquence of the heathen world. This sentiment of interest or of reverence has, indeed, no necessary connexion with religious principle or enlightened worship ; for it may actuate alike the pious and the profligate. And, in the character of the Greek or Romish pilgrim, it is too generally found in connexion with an utter destitution of moral principle. The savage fanaticism of the Crusades was an illustration of this fact on a grand scale ; and the same spirit that breathed in Peter the Hermit, yet survives ; the same fanaticism in a milder form actuates the pilgrims who continue to visit the Holy Sepulchre, with the view of expiating their sins by the performance of so meritorious a penance. The Mussulman hadgi, or the Hindoo devotee, differs little in the true character of his religion, from these misguided Christians, and as little perhaps in his morals as in his creed. Only the stocks and stones in which their respective worship alike terminates, are called by less holy names. It becomes the

Protestant to avoid the appearance of symbolizing with this degrading and brutalizing idolatry. But were all this mummerly swept away, and the Holy Land cleared of all the rubbish brought into it by the Empress Helena, the holy sepulchre included, more than enough would remain to repay the Christian traveller, in the durable monuments of Nature. We know not the spot where Christ was crucified; nor can determine the cave in which, for part of three days, his body was ensepulchred; nor is the exact point ascertainable from which he ascended to heaven. The Scriptures are silent, and no other authority can supply the information. But there are the scenes which he looked upon, the holy mount which once bore the temple, that Mount Olivet which once overlooked Jerusalem;—there is Mount Gerizim overhanging the Valley of Shechem, and the hill where once stood Samaria;—there is Nazareth, within whose secluded vale our Lord so long awaited the time appointed for his public ministry,—the Plain of Gennesareth and the Sea of Galilee,—the mountains to which he retired, the plains in which he wrought his miracles, the waters which he trod,—and there the Jordan still rolls its consecrated waters to the bituminous lake where Sodom stood.' pp. 363—365.

An editor of such a work as the present, would, we imagine, feel some difficulty in determining his plan. Mere digest would serve the purpose of conveying information in a small compass, but it would be in great peril of proving uninteresting and in-

sidip to general readers. Analysis would ensure much repetition without an equivalent in valuable result. Mere extract would be nothing more than the paste-and-scissar system, and must perforce be woefully guilty of the mortal sin of preterition. The editor of the "Modern Traveller" has taken the effectual way of combining all the three. He has introduced enough of extract and anecdote to give spirit, freshness, and variety to the work, with sufficient analysis and reference to convey a general notion of what has been contributed by different authorities; and he has blended the whole together, and given it completeness, by a judicious digest of the great mass of his materials. He has, above all, imparted unspeakable value to his volumes, by the recognition, not forced or obtrusive, but explicit, of the great principles of morality and religion. The adoption of 'Routes,' as one of the principal vehicles of description, though not always practicable, has, in countries but partially known, the double advantage of indicating the lines which have been previously traversed, and of directing future travellers to the tracts of country which still require investigation. In short, these little volumes contain the pith of many an expensive volume; and while they will serve the traveller as a pocket companion, and the general reader as a useful compendium, they will be found singularly available for the purposes of education, at an age somewhat advanced beyond the mere elements of geographical knowledge.

*Rome.*—Two peasants of Macerata-Feltre, near Fort Leo, in digging a pit, at the beginning of May, discovered something concealed below the surface. They informed their master, who immediately came to the spot with three friends and a smith. With great difficulty they raised from the ground a brass chest bound with iron. The smith opened it, and they found in it the following valuable articles:—many rods and vessels of gold; a crown ornamented with diamonds; a great quantity of female ornaments; cloths of Amianthus with borders em-

broidered in gold; gold candlesticks, with ancient inscriptions, &c. The chest is five feet long, two broad, and two and half deep. We impatiently expect farther particulars of this interesting discovery. Some persons conjecture that these jewels may have belonged to Berengar, Duke of Ivrea and King of Italy, who, in his war with the Emperor Otho I., fortified himself with his Queen Gilda, in the celebrated rock of St. Leo, where he was besieged, and, together with his consort, fell into the hands of Otho, who sent them both to Germany.



## INSTRUCTION OF MECHANICS.

(Edin. Philosophical Journal.)

## SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SCHOOL OF ARTS, EDINBURGH.

**T**HE public have heard a great deal during the last year of institutions being established in different parts of the island, for the diffusion of scientific knowledge among operative mechanics, and several periodical publications in a cheap form, have of late appeared with the same laudable purpose. It is an important epoch in the history of the country, and a spirit has been awakened, which, if properly directed, may be productive of the most beneficial effects, not only by ameliorating the moral condition of a great mass of the people, but also by increasing the skill and prosperity of our various branches of manufacture. We are of opinion, therefore, that a brief account of the School of Arts of Edinburgh, which has now existed for three years, will be acceptable to our readers.

It is to Dr. Birkbeck that the merit is unquestionably due, of having first proposed a plan for conveying scientific instruction to mechanics. While he was resident in Glasgow, and held the situation of Lecturer in the Andersonian Institution, about the year 1801, he gave lectures on Chemistry and Natural Philosophy to operative mechanics on certain days set apart for that purpose, a plan which was followed up by his successors, and has been considerably extended and improved by Dr. Ure, who now delivers the lectures in that establishment. The valuable suggestions which Dr. Birkbeck had thrown out remained unheeded for twenty years; for we believe, that, during the whole of that time, the lectureship which he had founded, was the only thing of the sort that existed in the united kingdom.

About the autumn of 1820, Mr. Leonard Horner proposed the establishment of a school in Edinburgh, in which such branches of science as would be useful to mechanics in the exercise of their trade, might be taught at convenient hours, and at an expense that would be within their reach, upon a plan similar to that of the Glasgow Institution. Having communicated his

design to Dr. Brewster, who entered warmly into his views, a sketch of the plan was drawn up, such as was thought probable might be carried into effect; and it was circulated among some of the most considerable master mechanics, with a request that they would read it in their workshops, and take down the names of such of their workmen as expressed a desire to obtain instruction of the kind proposed. This was accordingly done, and in the course of a fortnight between 70 and 80 names were put down. A Committee of several scientific gentlemen, and of master mechanics, was immediately formed for bringing the scheme before the public; it met with very general approbation, and a liberal subscription having been raised, a regular association was formed, under the title of "The School of Arts, for the instruction of Mechanics, in such branches of physical science as are of practical application in their several trades." The Institution was opened in October 1821, each student paying 15s. for a ticket, which entitled him to attend all the lectures, and have the use of the library for a year. Such was the eagerness for admission, that after 420 tickets were sold, the book was obliged to be closed, as the room could not accommodate a greater number. The lectures delivered the first year, were on the principles of Chemistry and their application to the arts, on the elementary principles of Mechanical Philosophy, on Architecture, and on Farriery. At the close of these lectures at the end of April, one lecture a week on each subject having been delivered during the preceding seven months, there was established a class for Architectural and Mechanical Drawing, which continued for four months. There was established also an excellent library, containing nearly 500 volumes of the best elementary works on the sciences taught in the school, together with some of the works of greatest authority in the mechanical arts. These books the students have the privilege

of taking to their own houses, and they may be exchanged once a fortnight. The first session terminated very successfully; and it appears from the First Report of the Directors, that the students followed the lectures with the most profound attention and the deepest interest. It is stated in that report, that "no audience accustomed to observe all those restraints which are the marks of good breeding and good education in the more elevated ranks of society, could have conducted themselves with more perfect propriety and decorum."

The following year the plan of instruction was in some degree changed, it having been found that the attention of the students had been too much distracted by variety; and that, in order to make the institution really useful, by conveying solid instruction to the mechanics, it was necessary to direct their whole attention to the acquisition of the elementary principles of chemistry and mechanical philosophy; as these were quite sufficient for all the time they could bestow, and were the branches of science of most general application in the mechanical arts. The Directors obtained also this year the powerful assistance of Professor Leslie in digesting their plan of instruction; and upon his suggestion a class was established for the higher branches of Arithmetic, and the ele-

ments of Algebra and Geometry, with their application. Without this instruction it was obvious, that the students could derive very little benefit from the lectures on Mechanical Philosophy, and what was of still more importance, without the knowledge of Algebra they could make no use of some of the most valuable works in the library.

The course of instruction during the second year was, a lecture once a week upon Chemistry, once a week upon Mechanical Philosophy, and the Mathematical Class met twice a week. This plan has also been followed during the last year, and the Drawing Class and Library continue on the same plan as the first year.

The Institution continues to gain ground in the estimation of those for whose benefit it was established, and it has now assumed all the characters of a regular seminary of instruction.

It is supported by the fees of the students, and an annual subscription among the inhabitants of Edinburgh, and other friends of the institution. The management of its affairs is conducted by Eighteen Directors, chosen annually at a General Meeting of the Subscribers. Many of the details are managed by Committees of the students themselves, appointed by the Directors, who act gratuitously, and are found to conduct the business entrusted to them with great assiduity and skill.

#### POLAR SEAS.

The theory that there are open seas round both the Earth's Poles, has received strong corroboration within the last few months. We have now on our table a letter from a Naval Officer at Drontheim, who notices the fact that Capt. Sabine had good weather, and reached  $80^{\circ} 81'$  north latitude without obstruction from the ice, so that the Expedition might easily have proceeded farther had its object so required. And we have also had the pleasure to meet recently with a British Officer, who, with two vessels under his command, last season, penetrated to  $74^{\circ} 25'$  south latitude in the Antarctic circle, which is above three degrees beyond Cook's utmost limit. Here he found the sea perfectly clear of ice, and might have

prosecuted his voyage towards the Pole, if other considerations had permitted. There was no field ice in sight towards the South; and the water was inhabited by many finned and humpbacked whales. The longitude was between the South Shetland Islands, lately discovered, and Sandwich land: this proves the former to be an archipelago (as was supposed,) and not a continent. The voyage is remarkable as being the utmost South upon record, and we hope to be favoured with other particulars of it. At present we have only to add, that the variations of the needle were extraordinary, and the more important as they could not readily be explained by the philosophical principles at present maintained on the subject.

(Mon. Mag.)

## DEATH OF HENRY THE GREAT.

FROM MEMOIRS OF HIS LIFE, JUST PUBLISHED.

**HENRY** ordered the carriage, and quitted the Louvre, followed by the Dukes of Montbazou and Epemon, Marshal de Lavardin, de Roquelaure, de la Force, de Mirabeau, and Liancourt, first equerry. Mathieu the historian affirms, that when Ravillac understood the king had given orders for his carriage, he with an air of exultation muttered between his teeth : "*I hold thee fast : thou art lost !*" At that moment, says the *Journal d'Etoile*, Vitry made his appearance ; when the king said, "*I neither require you nor your guards ; for these forty years past I have almost uniformly been the captain of my own guards ; I will not have any one to surround my carriage.*" The coachman then having inquired where he was to drive ? Henry replied in a peevish tone, "*Convey me from hence.*" On passing before the hotel de Longueville, the driver repeated the former question ; when the king said, "*To the Cross of Trahoir :*" and on arriving at the spot, he observed in a bewildered manner, "*To the Saints-Innocents.*" By a most unfortunate fatality, Henry, on a sudden, desired that the curtains of the carriage might be raised ; for at that period there were no glasses to the vehicles, which were closed in by leather curtains. Had they been down, the assassin could not have directed his aim, nor struck the fatal blow !

No unfortunate event had been witnessed during the queen's coronation, notwithstanding the opinion that had prevailed throughout the city that some dreadful misfortune would occur. The day having passed happily, public disquietude had in consequence in a great measure subsided ; and the populace, re-animated by the presence of their adored monarch, made the air ring with their accustomed acclamations, as he proceeded on his route. Henry, who usually felt touched at these demonstrations of love, appeared insensible on this occasion ; neither did he

direct a single glance of curiosity on the decorations which were preparing in the streets and public places, in honour of the approaching entrance of Mary de Medicis into Paris. Thoughtful, and, as it were, collected within himself, the king remained absorbed in the profoundest reverie, when the carriage was suddenly stopped at the end of the street *Ferronnerie*, in consequence of two waggons, the one loaded with wine and the other with corn, which blocked up the way. Numerous stalls, then placed at the termination of that street, rendered the passage very narrow ; and Henry the Second, a few days previous to his death, had in consequence commanded their removal : this order, if executed, would have allowed a free passage to carts and waggons, in which case the regicide could not have perpetrated his diabolical deed. The king's foot pages quitted the vehicle, in order to see the way cleared, when Francis Ravillac the most execrable of murderers, who had followed the vehicle, placed his foot upon a spoke of one of the hind wheels, on the side where the monarch was seated and supporting himself with one hand upon the door of the carriage, he with the other struck the king with a two-edged knife. The first blow thus inflicted grazed the second and third ribs, and would not have proved mortal ; upon which the king exclaimed, "*I am wounded !*"—at the same instant he received a second stab, the weapon piercing his heart, when the monarch expired on the instant. So determined was this execrable assassin, that he had intended a third blow, which, however, struck the sleeve of the duke de Montbazou, who had raised his arm to parry off the weapon.

Francis Ravillac was a native of Angouleme, where he followed the avocation of a school-master till the age of 31 or 32. Mathieu surmises that he was of unsound mind ; but, according to the ideas usually conceived



of insanity, it does not appear from his conversations while in prison, and during the period of his execution, that such was the fact. Guy Patin says, in Letter 122, that Ravillac had a brother who died in Holland; and from a declaration made upon his death-bed it appeared, that in case Francis Ravillac had not succeeded, he would have undertaken to perpetrate the deed.

Of the seven individuals who were unfortunately in the carriage with the monarch, the firm attachment of six could not be suspected, as the only person present who had not uniformly been upon good terms with Henry was the Duke d'Epemon. They were, no doubt, all occupied in observing the embarrassment of the different vehicles that obstructed the progress of his majesty; in addition to which, the blows were struck with the greatest rapidity. Mathieu states, "that during the morning Ravillac had continued a great length of time at the Louvre, seated upon the steps of the portal, where the valets were waiting the arrival of the king. He had intended to strike the blow between the two doors, but he found the Duke d'Epemon on the spot where he had predetermined to attack the monarch." This execrable villain afterwards acknowledged that he had followed Henry in the morning to the church of the Feuillans, in order to commit the murder; but that the Duke of Vendome, who arrived, forced him to keep at a distance.

Not one of the inmates of the carriage saw the king struck; and, if the sanguinary villain had thrown away the knife, it would not have been known who had committed the infernal deed. All the personages in the vehicle immediately got out to prevent the people, who flocked from all quarters, from tearing the assassin to pieces: three of the noblemen stood at the carriage door to succour their master; and one, perceiving the blood gush from his mouth, and that he was speechless, cried out "The king is dead!" This terrible exclamation created the most dreadful tumult: the people who were in the streets rushed into the shops and houses, apprehensive of becoming the prey of some unknown enemies, and

that the city was taken by assault. Every one confusedly thought that he was deprived of his only safeguard, defender, and father; it appeared as if every thing was gone in losing him; nothing was felt but dread, and the most invincible terror. The Duke d'Epemon immediately cried aloud, that the king was only wounded; and, to persuade the populace that such was the truth, he demanded a goblet of wine: every one at the instant rushed from the houses, and the most affecting exclamations of joy resounded in all directions, while tears flowed in abundance from the anxious bystanders. The Duke d'Epemon continued crying incessantly that the king was only hurt: upon which the people expressed a desire to see their monarch; and for this purpose flocked round the vehicle, but were kept at a distance on being told it was necessary his majesty should be forthwith conveyed to the Louvre, for the purpose of having his wound examined. Saint Michel, one of the king's gentlemen in ordinary, had followed the prince, but was not near the carriage at the time of the assassination. He came up on hearing the noise, drew his sword, snatched the bloody knife from the hand of the regicide, whom he was on the point of killing, had not the Duke d'Epemon interposed to prevent the act. The villain was then confided to proper hands, and led away. During the whole scene every thing continued perfectly quiet at the arsenal!

"Two circumstances were particularly remarked," says Mezerai, "from which the reader may draw what inference he pleases. The one was, that, immediately after the seizure of Ravillac, seven or eight men arrived with swords in hand, saying it was requisite the assassin should be killed; but they instantaneously concealed themselves among the crowd. The other fact was, the murderer's not being immediately conveyed to prison, but placed in the hands of Montigny: that he was kept for two days in the hotel de Rais, with so little care, that all ranks of people were permitted to communicate with him; and among others, an ecclesiastic greatly indebted-

ed to the king, who, having addressed and styled Ravillac *my friend*, cautioned the prisoner to beware and not implicate the innocent."

The confusion and piercing screams which at intervals resounded in the breeze, at length gained the ears of the queen. Her majesty inquired the reason; when, observing nothing but sad countenances, and many bathed in tears, she immediately conceived the full extent of the loss sustained. The princess in consequence rushed from her study, and meeting the chancellor, exclaimed, "Alas! sir, the king is dead!"—upon which that grave personage, without testifying the least emotion, replied: "*Your majesty must excuse me—kings never die in France.*" Having then requested her to re-enter the apartment, Villeroy immediately followed, exclaiming: "Madam, we must reserve our tears for another occasion, lest in shedding them at the present moment we render our affairs desperate; it is your majesty who must now toil for us; we stand in need of remedies, and not tears." He then represented that time was precious, and that advantage ought to be taken of the absence of the two princes of the blood, and the weakness of the third, to declare herself regent during the minority of the king her son. On the same day, being the 14th of May, the queen was declared regent during the minority of her son, and vested with all the requisite powers and authority.

The body being embalmed, and placed in a leaden coffin, says Perefixe, was then deposited in a wooden bier covered with cloth of gold, under a canopy in the royal apartment. After eighteen days it was conducted to St. Denis, and buried with the accustomed ceremonies.

Henry the Great perished at the age of fifty-seven years and five months, having reigned twenty-one years; of which period the five first were spent in fighting for the conquest of his kingdom, while subsequently he had to maintain the war against Spain; so that Providence only accorded him twelve years to

repair the countless evils which forty years of civil warfare, revolts, and those convulsions brought on by anarchy and disorders of every description, had occasioned. Notwithstanding this, at the period of his decease, all the debts of the state were liquidated, the people eased of the burthensome taxations which had completely overpowered them, and agriculture had regained its most flourishing condition. We have before adverted to the efforts made by Henry in support of the liberal sciences, letters, and the arts: on ascending the throne the state was indebted in no less a sum than three hundred and thirty million; and as money was then valued at twenty-two livres the mark, the sum was equivalent to upwards of eight hundred and ten millions of the actual currency; yet every farthing was liquidated; in addition to which he left twenty-four millions in his treasury, the fruits of a wise economy, that never proved detrimental to princely munificence, which was carried to the highest pitch under the auspices of this magnanimous king.

The result of a careful examination of the interrogatories of Ravillac tends to prove that he was a man of heated imagination, who, conceiving, according to his statement, that Henry had resolved on declaring war against the pope, and did not take efficient measures to convert the Huguenots, adopted the resolution of assassinating him, whom he regarded as a tyrant that ought to be destroyed; in which ideas he had been strengthened by the sermons of the infamous preachers of the League, who uniformly justified the act of James Clement. Ravillac, when subjected to torture, uniformly maintained that no Frenchman or stranger had been instrumental in urging him to commit the deed; that the prince had never injured him; and that, if his death had remained unpunished, it would have been productive of no benefit to himself.

Immediately prior to the dissolution of Ravillac, he most ardently craved absolution of De Fillesac and Gamache, two able doctors of the Sorbonne, who attended; when he

was told that it could not be granted unless he divulged the names of his accomplices. "I have none," said Ravillac; "but give me a conditional absolution: condemn my soul to Hell flames if I have accomplices; and grant me absolution under the proviso that I have uttered the truth." This was complied with, and the wretch was absolved accordingly.

At four o'clock on the evening of the unfortunate day that terminated the earthly career of this great prince, the inhabitants of Paris, who still continued in suspense respecting his death, were thrown into a general state of ferment. It was observed that all those who issued from their dwellings wandered through the streets and public places, having no other object in view but to ascertain for a certainty the state of the king. One only idea occupied every mind; the ordinary routine of business, and private engagements, were wholly forgotten; or, to speak more properly, being occupied in thinking of the author of all public felicity, each conceived that he was dwelling upon his individual interest. Every one approached his neighbour to make the same inquiries; strangers interrogated one another as a matter of course, while each countenance bore the stamp of the deep affliction that reigned within. During the whole of this momentous period, the inhabitants of the city conducted themselves as brothers; the same sentiment predominated over all hearts; the citizens became as one family united by similar troubles and corresponding emotions. At length, however, it was announced that the king was no more! This dreadful confirmation of the greatest of misfortunes paralyzed with horror the whole population of that vast city. Men fell speechless in the streets; and many instances are upon record of individuals who suddenly expired on this mournful occasion. Among others was a most wealthy and respectable citizen named Marchant, who had at his own expense erected the bridge of the Change: this worthy citizen expired from excess of

grief on learning the death of Henry the Fourth. The brave and virtuous De Vic, some time after chancing to pass through the street Ferrommerie, where the fatal deed had been perpetrated, was seized with such horror at the recollection, that he was conducted home to his hotel and died the following day; and Prefixe states, that many females refused to take sustenance, and became the victims of their rooted grief.

No sooner was the monarch's death made public than the citizens paraded through Paris, pressing one another by the hands, and exclaiming, *What will become of us?* Others shut themselves up in their dwellings to weep in privacy for the dreadful calamity sustained. Young people were prohibited from indulging in their accustomed sports; and the aged addressed them in the following terms: "*Children, we have lost our common father! he was preparing for you days of felicity; and, now, who will watch over you?*" Nothing was looked for in future but storms and disquietude; Henry had borne with him to the tomb the felicity and heartfelt security of the whole French nation; for the same regrets and melancholy presages were reiterated throughout the whole realm. The affliction of the Parisians, however, very speedily assumed an alarming aspect: this general consternation was succeeded by the fury of despair; women with dishevelled locks rushed through the streets uttering the most frantic exclamations; while the men, bewildered from the effects of poignant anguish, talked of exemplary vengeance, named imaginary accomplices, and swore to sacrifice them to their vengeance. The tumult in consequence became so terrifying, that the queen was compelled to issue orders for its suppression; she directed the duke d'Epernon to proceed on horseback, accompanied by all the noblemen of the court who could be assembled; and in this manner the cavalcade proceeded through the capital, the duke constantly haranguing the assembled crowds, whom he with infinite difficulty succeeded in bringing to reason.



## IMITATIONS OF COCKNEY WRITERS.

(Extracted from Blackwood's Magazine.)

## HUNT AND HAZLITT.

We, Leigh the First, Autocrat of all the Cockneys, command our trusty and well-beloved cousin and counsellor, William Hazlitt, Gentleman of the Press, &c. &c. &c., to furnish forthwith, in virtue\* of his allegiance, an article for Blackwood's Magazine—in which there shall be nothing taken out of the Edinburgh Review or any other Periodicals for which the said William Hazlitt scribbleth, and in which there shall be as little as may be possible to the Gentleman of the Press aforesaid, about “candied coats of the auricula,”—“a fine paste of poetic diction encrusting” something or another—“clear waters, dews, moonlit bowers, Sally L—,” &c. &c. As witness our hand. ¶.

LIVNO, Imperatore e Re di Cocagna.

## TABLE-TALK. A NEW SERIES.

No. I.

*On Nursery Rhymes in general.*

To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts, that do often lie too deep for tears.

**S**WEET are the dreams of childhood, but sweeter the strains that delight its early ears!† We would give anything to recall those pleasant times, when we thought Jack Horner finer than anything in Shakspeare. And sometimes we think so still! What a poet was he who composed all these sweet nursery verses—the violet bed not sweeter! Yet he died “without a name!” How unintelligible they are, and yet how easily understood! They are like Wordsworth! (but oh, how unlike!) and we admire them for the same reason that we do him. How many young lips have breathed out these “snatches of old songs,” making the breeze about them “discourse most eloquent music!” Wherever these rhymes “do love to haunt, the air is delicate.” Let us try to make them “as palpable to the feeling” of others, as they are to our own.

We once said in Constable's Magazine, that “to be an Edinburgh reviewer, was the highest distinction in literary society;” because, about that time, we began to write in the Edinburgh Review. We were proud of it then, and we are so yet!—But it is a

finer thing now. One could not then be radical, if one would. Now it is *tout au contraire*—Whigs and Radicals have met together—Jeffrey and Hunt have embraced each other. And it is right they should. Jeffrey is the “Prince of Critics and King of Men;” just as Leigh Hunt is King of Cockaigne, by divine right. They are your only true legitimates.‡ They are like the two kings of Brentford! There they sit upon their thrones—the Examiner and the Edinburgh Review—*sedet, eternumque sedebit*—“both warbling of one note, both in one key.” Each “doth bestride his little world like a Colossus”—(little, but oh! how great!) *There they are teres et rotundus*; while Universal Suffrage, like “Universal Pan, knit with the graces” of Whiggism, leads on the eternal dance! We have said in *The London*, that “to assume a certain signature, and write essays and criticisms in **THE LONDON MAGAZINE**, was a consummation of felicity hardly to be believed.” But what is writing in the Edinburgh Review, or the New Monthly, or the London, compared to writing in Blackwood's Magazine? That, after all, is your only true passport to

\* In the original MS. *wartue*.

† Quære, years.—Printer's devil.

‡ Mr. Hazlitt here omits the name of *another* sovereign, of whom he thus speaketh in the Edinburgh Review—“The Scotsman is an excellent paper, with but one subject—*Political Economy*—but the Editor may be said to be *King* of it!” But perhaps he be-thought him afterwards, that to be “King of one subject,” was no very brilliant sovereignty.

Fame. We thought otherwise once—but we were wrong!—Well, *better late than never*. But we must get to our subject.

What admirable pictures of duty (finer than Mr Wordsworth's Ode to Duty) are now and then presented to us in these rhymes!—what powerful exhortations to morality (stronger and

briefier than Hannah More's) do we find in them! What can be more strenuous, in its way, than the detestation of slovenliness inspired by the following example? The rhyme itself seems "to have caught the trick" of carelessness, and to wanton in the inspiration of the subject!

See saw, Margery Daw, sold her bed, and lay in the straw ;  
Was not she a dirty slut, to sell her bed, and lie in the dirt ?

Look at the paternal affection (regardless of danger) so beautifully exemplified in this sweet lullaby :—

Eye, baby bunting ! papa's gone a hunting,  
To catch a little rabbit-skin, to wrap the baby bunting in.

There is a beautiful spirit of humanity and a delicate gallantry in this one. The long sweep of the verse reminds one of the ladies' trains in Watteau's pictures :—

One a penny, two a penny, hot cross-buns,  
If your daughters do not like them, give them to your sons ;  
But if you should have none of these pretty little elves,  
You cannot do better than to eat them yourselves.

Economy is the moral of the next. It is worth all the Tracts of the Cheap Repository!—

When I was a little boy, I lived by myself,  
And all the bread and cheese I got I put upon the shelf.

What can be more exquisite than the way in which the most abstruse sciences are conveyed to the infant understanding? Here is an illustration of the law of gravitation, which all Sir Richard Phillips's writings against Newton will never overthrow!—

Rock a bye, baby, on the tree top,  
When the wind blows the cradle will rock :  
If the bough breaks, the cradle will fall,  
Then down tumbles baby and cradle and all.

The theories of the Political Economists are also finely explained in this verse, which very properly begins with an address to *J. B. Say*, who has said the same thing in prose :—

See, *Say*, a penny a-day, Tommy must have a new master—  
Why must he have but a penny a-day? *Because he can work no faster.*

This is better than the Templar's Dialogues on the Political Economy in The London, and plainer and shorter than the Scotsman. It is as good as the Ricardo Lecture. Mr. M'Culloch could not have said anything more profound!

There is often a fine kind of pictured poetry about them. In this verse, for instance, you seem to hear the merry merry ring of the bells, and you see the tall white steed go glancing by :—

Ride a cock-horse to Bamborough Cross,  
To see a fair lady sit on a white horse !  
With rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes,  
That she may have music wherever she goes.

There is also a rich imagination about the "four-and-twenty black-birds, baked in a pye;" it is quite oriental, and carries you back to the Crusades. But, upon the whole, we prefer this lay, with its fearful and tragic close :—

Bye, baby bumpkin, where's Tony Lumpkin ?  
My lady's on her death-bed, with eating half a pumpkin.

No wonder!—for we have seen pumpkins in France, that would “make Ossa like a wart!” There is a wildness of fancy about this one, like the night-mare. What an overwhelming idea in the last line!—

We’re all in the dumps, for Diamonds is trumps,  
And the kittens are gone to St. Paul’s :  
And the babies are bit, and the moon’s in a fit,  
And the houses are built without walls !

But yet there is another, finer than all, of which we can only recollect a few words. The rest is gone with other visions of our youth ! We often sit and think of these lines by the hour together, till our hearts melt with their beauty, and our eyes fill with tears. We could probably find the rest in some of Mr Godwin’s twopenny books ; but we would not dissolve the charm that is round the mysterious words. The “gay ladye” is more gorgeous to our fancy than Mr. Coleridge’s “dark ladye !”

London bridge is broken down—  
How shall we build it up again ?  
——with a gay ladye.

The following is “perplexed in the extreme”—a pantomime of confusion !

Cock-a-doodle-doo, my dame has lost her shoe ;  
The cat has lost her fiddle-stick—I know not what to do.

There is “infinite variety” in this one : the rush in the first line is like the burst of an overture at the Philharmonic Society. Who can read the second line without thinking of Sancho and his celestial goats—“sky-tinctured ?”

Hey diddle, diddle, a cat and a fiddle,  
The goats jump’d over the moon ;  
And the little dogs bark’d to see such sport,  
And the cat ran away with the spoon.

But if what we have quoted is fine, the next is still finer. What are all these things to Jack Horner and his Christmas-pye ? What infinite keeping and *gusto* there is in it !—(we use keeping and *gusto* in the sense of painters, and not merely to mean that he kept all the pye to himself, like a Tory,) or that he liked the *taste* of it—which Mr. Hunt tells us is the meaning of *gusto*.) What quiet enjoyment ! what serene repose ! There he sits, *terres et rotundus*, in the *chiar’ oscuro*, with his finger in the pye ! All is satisfying, delicious, secure from intrusion, “solitary bliss !”

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,  
Eating his Christmas-pye :  
He put in his thumb, and he pull’d out a plum,  
And said, “What a good boy am I !”

What a pity that Rembrandt did not paint this subject ! But perhaps he did not know it. If he had painted it, the picture would have been worth any money. He would have smeared all the canvass over with some rich, honeyed, dark, bright, unctuous oil-colour ; and, in the corner, you would have seen, (obscurely radiant) the figure of Jack ; then there would have been the pye, flashing out of the picture in a blaze of golden

light, and the green plum held up over it, dropping sweets !—We think we could paint it ourselves !

We are unwilling that anything from our friend, C. P., *Esquire*,\* should come in at the fag-end of an article ; but, for the sake of enriching this one, we add a few lines from one of the *Early French Poets*, communicated to C. P., by his friend *Victoire, Vicomte de Soligny*, whom he met in Paris at the *Caffée des Mille Colonnes*

\* *Alias Victoire, Vicomte de Soligny*. This Cockney wrote (as few but Mr. Colburn the bookseller have the misfortune to remember) *Letters on England*, under this title, which we demolished. We had then occasion to show that this impostor did not even know how French noblemen signed their names ; and we might have added, that his title-page proved he did not know a man’s name from a woman’s—*Victor* being evidently the word which C. P. *Esq.* was vainly endeavouring to spell. *Victoire, Vicomte de Soligny*, sounds to a French ear just as *Sally Lord Holland*, would to an English one.



The translation is by Mr. Hunt ; it is like Mr. Frere's translations from the *Poema del cid* ; but is infinitely more easy, graceful and antique :†

C'est le Roy Dagobert,  
Qui met sa culotte a l'envers ;

Le bon Saint Eloy  
Lui dit : " Mon bon Roy,  
Votre Majeste  
Est mal culottee."  
" Eh bien," lui dit le bon Roy,  
" Je vais la remettre a l'endroit."

It was King Dagobert who poking on his yellow breeches,  
Whisk'd out the lining with a fling, and most elaborate stretches ;  
Kind Saint Eloi perk'd crisply up, and said with frankliest air,  
" Your majesty's most touching legs are got one don't know where."  
" Well," (with his best astonishment hush'd out the kindly king),  
" We'll swale them over jauntily, and that's the very thing."

W. H.

(*Lond. Lit. Gaz.*)

## TALES OF A TRAVELLER.

BY GEOFFREY CRAYON, GENT.

**G**EOFFREY CRAYON, alias Washington Irving, is a popular writer, and some of his papers have been so highly estimated as to cause his name to be mentioned along with those of Britain's most distinguished essayists. The Sketch Book and Bracebridge Hall are the foundations of this celebrity ; and the former especially continues to be read with undiminished pleasure ; while the latter hardly sustains its ground, and Knickerbocker's history (with all its quaint humour) is, we fancy, oftener dipped into than thoroughly perused. The present publication, though light and agreeable, certainly falls short of our expectations. There are indeed many sparks of talent scattered over its pages, and the diction generally is felicitous. But some of the tales are strangely destitute of interest ; and we find that a neat style and occasional touches of fancy are insufficient to bear us unflagging through two octavo volumes.

Having stated thus much in candour and justice, we shall nevertheless endeavour to exhibit as much of the merits of the *Tales of a Traveller* as the reputation of Mr. I. claims, and our limits will admit.

The Introduction is playful and amusing. Confined by sickness at Mentz, unsuceptible of any enjoyment, and even incapable of reading, Geoffrey Crayon at length exclaims in despair—

" Well, if I cannot read a book, I

will write one." Never was there a more lucky idea ; it at once gave me occupation and amusement.

" The writing of a book was considered, in old times, as an enterprise of toil and difficulty, insomuch that the most trifling lucubration was denominated a 'work,' and the world talked with awe and reverence of 'the labours of the learned.' These matters are better understood nowadays. Thanks to the improvements in all kinds of manufactures, the art of book-making has been made familiar to the meanest capacity. Every body is an author. The scribbling of a quarto is the mere pastime of the idle ; the young gentleman throws off his brace of duodecimos in the intervals of the sporting season, and the young lady produces her set of volumes with the same facility that her great-grandmother worked at a set of chair-bottoms.

" The idea having struck me, therefore, to write a book, the reader will easily perceive that the execution of it was no difficult matter. I rummaged my portfolio, and cast about, in my recollection, for those floating materials which a man naturally collects in travelling ; and here I have arranged them in this little work.

" As I know this to be a story-telling and a story-reading age, and that the world is fond of being taught by apologue, I have digested the instruction I would convey into a number of tales. They may not possess the power of amusement which the tales told by ma-

† Quære, *antic*.—Printer's devil.

ny of my contemporaries possess; but then I value myself on the sound moral which each of them contains. This may not be apparent at first, but the reader will be sure to find it out in the end. I am for curing the world by gentle alteratives, not by violent doses; indeed the patient should never be conscious that he is taking a dose. I have learnt this much from my experience under the hands of the worthy Hippocrates of Mentz.

"I am not, therefore, for those bare-faced tales which carry their moral on the surface, staring one in the face; they are enough to deter the squeamish reader. On the contrary, I have often hid my moral from sight, and disguised it as much as possible by sweets and spices, so that while the simple reader is listening with open mouth to a ghost or a love story, he may have a bolus of sound morality popped down his throat, and be never the wiser for the fraud."

"These matters being premised, fall to, worthy reader, with good appetite, and, above all, with good humour, to what is here set before thee. If the tales I have furnished should prove to be bad, they will at least be found short; so that no one will be wearied long on the same theme. 'Variety is charming,' as some poet observes. There is a certain relief in in change, even though it be from bad to worse; as I have found in travelling in a stage coach, that it is often a

comfort to shift one's position 'and be bruised in a new place.'"

The Tales are divided into four parts: 1st, ghost stories, entitled "Strange Stories, by a Nervous Gentleman;" 2d, literary and common-life stories, headed "Buckthorne and his Friends;" 3d, "Stories of Italian Banditti;" and 4th, "Stories of American Money-diggers."

The ghost stories are neither very novel nor very good: some of them are complete *baulks*, an offence to the lovers of real unrealities not to be forgiven. The following picture of a French chateau, the scene of one of them, is, however, cleverly sketched:—

"You have no doubt all seen French chateaus, as every body travels in France nowadays. This was one of the oldest; standing naked and alone in the midst of a desert of gravel walks and cold stone terraces; with a cold-looking formal garden, cut into angles and rhomboids; and a cold leafless park, divided geometrically by straight alleys; and two or three cold looking noseless statues; and fountains spouting cold water enough to make one's teeth chatter. At least such was the feeling they imparted on the wintry day of my uncle's visit; tho', in hot summer weather, I'll warrant there was glare enough to scorch one's eyes out."

But it may be more agreeable to our readers, and generally more fair in the way of review, if we select, for our first Notice, the best tale of this division.

#### THE ADVENTURES OF A GERMAN STUDENT.

"On a stormy night, in the tempestuous times of the French revolution, a young German was returning to his lodgings, at a late hour, across the old part of Paris. The lightning gleamed, and the loud claps of thunder rattled through the lofty narrow streets—but I should first tell you something about this young German.

"Gottfried Wolfgang was a young man of good family. He had studied for some time at Göttingen, but being of a visionary and enthusiastic character, he had wandered into those wild and speculative doctrines which have

so often bewildered German students. His secluded life, his intense application, and the singular nature of his studies, had an effect on both mind and body. His health was impaired: his imagination diseased. He had been indulging in fanciful speculations on spiritual essences, until, like Swedenborg, he had an ideal world of his own around him. He took up a notion, I do not know from what cause, that there was an evil influence hanging over him; an evil genius or a spirit seeking to ensnare him and ensure his perdition. Such an idea working on

his melancholy temperament produced the most gloomy effects. He became haggard and desponding. His friends discovered the mental malady that was preying upon him, and determined that the best cure was a change of scene; he was sent, therefore, to finish his studies amidst the splendours and gaieties of Paris.

"Wolfgang arrived at Paris at the breaking out of the revolution. The popular delirium at first caught his enthusiastic mind, and he was captivated by the political and philosophical theories of the day: but the scenes of blood which followed shocked his sensitive nature; disgusted him with society and the world, and made him more than ever a recluse. He shut himself up in a solitary apartment in the *Pays Latin*, the quarter of students. There in a gloomy street not far from the monastic walls of the Sorbonne, he pursued his favourite speculations. Sometimes he spent hours together in the great libraries of Paris, those catacombs of departed authors, rummaging among their hoards of dusty and obsolete works in quest of food for his unhealthy appetite. He was, in a manner, a literary goul, feeding in the charnel-house of decayed literature.

"Wolfgang, though solitary and recluse, was of an ardent temperament, but for a time it operated merely upon his imagination. He was too shy and ignorant of the world to make any advances to the fair, but he was a passionate admirer of female beauty, and in his lonely chamber would often lose himself in reveries on forms and faces which he had seen, and his fancy would deck out images of loveliness far surpassing the reality.

"While his mind was in this excited and sublimated state, he had a dream which produced an extraordinary effect upon him. It was of a female face of transcendent beauty. So strong was the impression it made, that he dreamt of it again and again. It haunted his thoughts by day, his slumbers by night; in fine he became passionately enamoured of this shadow of a dream. This lasted so long, that it became one of those fixed ideas which haunt the minds

of melancholy men, and are at times mistaken for madness.

"Such was Gottfried Wolfgang, and such his situation at the time I mentioned. He was returning home late one stormy night, through some of the old and gloomy streets of the *Marais*, the ancient part of Paris. The loud claps of thunder rattled among the high houses of the narrow streets. He came to the Place de Grève, the square where public executions are performed. The lightning quivered about the pinnacles of the ancient Hôtel de Ville, and shed flickering gleams over the open space in front. As Wolfgang was crossing the square, he shrunk back with horror at finding himself close by the guillotine. It was the height of the reign of terror, when this dreadful instrument of death stood ever ready, and its scaffold was continually running with the blood of the virtuous and the brave. It had that very day been actively employed in the work of carnage, and there it stood in grim array amidst a silent and sleeping city, waiting for fresh victims.

"Wolfgang's heart sickened within him, and he was turning shuddering from the horrible engine, when he beheld a shadowy form cowering as it were at the foot of the steps which led up to the scaffold. A succession of vivid flashes of lightning revealed it more distinctly. It was a female figure, dressed in black. She was seated on one of the lower steps of the scaffold, leaning forward, her face hid in her lap, and her long dishevelled tresses hanging to the ground, streaming with the rain which fell in torrents. Wolfgang paused. There was something awful in this solitary monument of woe. The female had the appearance of being above the common order. He knew the times to be full of vicissitude, and that many a fair head, which had once been pillowed on down, now wandered houseless. Perhaps this was some poor mourner whom the dreadful axe had rendered desolate, and who sat here heartbroken on the strand of existence, from which all that was dear to her had been launched into eternity.



"He approached, and addressed her in the accents of sympathy. She raised her head and gazed wildly at him. What was his astonishment at beholding, by the bright glare of the lightning, the very face which had haunted him in his dreams. It was pale and disconsolate, but ravishingly beautiful.

"Trembling with violent and conflicting emotions, Wolfgang again accosted her. He spoke something of her being exposed at such a hour of the night, and to the fury of such a storm, and offered to conduct her to her friends. She pointed to the guillotine with a gesture of dreadful signification.

" 'I have no friend on earth!' said she.

" 'But you have a home,' said Wolfgang.

" 'Yes—in the grave!'

"The heart of the student melted at the words.

" 'If a stranger dare make an offer,' said he, 'without danger of being misunderstood, I would offer my humble dwelling as a shelter; myself as a devoted friend. I am friendless myself in Paris, and a stranger in the land; but if my life could be of service, it is at your disposal, and should be sacrificed before harm or indignity should come to you.'

"There was an honest earnestness in the young man's manner that had its effect. His foreign accent, too, was in his favour; it showed him not to be a hackneyed inhabitant of Paris. Indeed there is an eloquence in true enthusiasm that is not to be doubted. The homeless stranger confided herself implicitly to the protection of the student.

"He supported her faltering steps across the Pont Neuf, and by the place where the statue of Henry the Fourth had been overthrown by the populace. The storm had abated, and the thunder rumbled at a distance. All Paris was quiet; that great volcano of human passion slumbered for a while, to gather fresh strength for the next day's eruption. The student conducted his charge through the ancient streets of the *Pays Latin*, and by the dusky walls of the Sorbonne to the great,

dingy hotel which he inhabited. The old portress who admitted them stared with surprise at the unusual sight of the melancholy Wolfgang with a female companion.

"On entering his apartment, the student, for the first time, blushed at the scantiness and indifference of his dwelling. He had but one chamber—an old fashioned saloon—heavily carved and fantastically furnished with the remains of former magnificence, for it was one of those hotels in the quarter of the Luxembourg palace which had once belonged to nobility. It was lumbered with books and papers, and all the usual apparatus of a student, and his bed stood in a recess at one end.

"When lights were brought, and Wolfgang had a better opportunity of contemplating the stranger, he was more than ever intoxicated by her beauty. Her face was pale, but of a dazzling fairness, set off by a profusion of raven hair that hung clustering about it. Her eyes were large and brilliant, with a singular expression that approached almost to wildness. As far as her black dress permitted her shape to be seen, it was of perfect symmetry. Her whole appearance was highly striking, though she was dressed in the simplest style. The only thing approaching to an ornament which she wore was a broad black band round her neck, clasped by diamonds.

"The perplexity now commenced with the student how to dispose of the helpless being thus thrown upon his protection. He thought of abandoning his chamber to her, and seeking shelter for himself elsewhere. Still he was so fascinated by her charms, there seemed to be such a spell upon his thoughts and senses, that he could not tear himself from her presence. Her manner, too, was singular and unaccountable. She spoke no more of the guillotine. Her grief had abated. The attentions of the student had first won her confidence, and then, apparently, her heart. She was evidently an enthusiast like himself, and enthusiasts soon understand each other.

"In the infatuation of the moment

Wolfgang avowed his passion for her. He told her the story of his mysterious dream, and how she had possessed his heart before he had ever seen her. She was strangely affected by his recital, and acknowledged to have felt an impulse toward him totally unaccountable. It was the time for wild theory and wild actions. Old prejudices and superstitions were done away ; every thing was under the sway of the 'Goddess of reason.' Among other rubbish of the old times, the forms and ceremonies of marriage began to be considered superfluous bonds for honourable minds. Social compacts were the vogue. Wolfgang was too much of a theorist not to be tainted by the liberal doctrines of the day. 'Why should we separate?' said he ; 'our hearts are united ; in the eye of reason and honour we are one. What need is there of sordid forms to bind high souls together?'

"The stranger listened with emotion ; she had evidently received illumination at the same school.

" 'You have no home nor family,' continued he ; 'let me be every thing to you, or rather let us be every thing to one another. If form is necessary, form shall be observed—there is my hand. I pledge myself to you forever.'

" 'For ever?' said the stranger solemnly,

" 'For ever !' repeated Wolfgang.

"The stranger clasped the hand extended to her : 'Then I am yours,' murmured she, and sunk upon his bosom.

"The next morning the student left his bride sleeping, and sallied out at an early hour to seek more spacious apartments, suitable to the change of his situation. When he returned, he found the stranger lying with her head

hanging over the bed, and one arm thrown over it. He spoke to her, but received no reply. He advanced to awaken her from her uneasy posture. On taking her hand, it was cold—there was no pulsation—her face was pallid and ghastly.—In a word—she was dead.

"Horried and frantic, he alarmed the house. A scene of confusion ensued. The police was summoned. As the officer of police entered the room, he started back on beholding the corpse.

" 'Great heaven !' cried he, 'how did this woman come here?'

" 'Do you know any thing about her?' said Wolfgang eagerly.

" 'Do I?' exclaimed the police officer : 'she was guillotined yesterday!'

"He stepped forward ; undid the black collar round the neck of the corpse, and the head rolled on the floor!

"The student burst into a frenzy. 'The fiend ! the fiend has gained possession of me !' shrieked he : 'I am lost for ever !'

"They tried to soothe him, but in vain. He was possessed with the frightful belief that an evil spirit had reanimated the dead body to ensnare him. He went distracted, and died in a mad-house.

Here the old gentleman with the haunted head finished his narrative.

" 'And is this really a fact?' said the inquisitive gentleman.

" 'A fact not to be doubted,' replied the other. 'I had it from the best authority. The student told it me himself. I saw him in a mad-house at Paris.' " \*

\* "The latter part of the above story is founded on an anecdote related to me, and said to exist in print in French. I have not met with it in print."

### THE STREAM OF TIME.

Thro' sunny plains and valleys green,  
Yon silvery streamlet winds its way ;  
While on its banks fresh flow'rs are seen,  
That, smiling, seem to woo its stay.  
It must not stay—the current's force  
Forbids it here to find repose !  
But onwards still it takes its course,  
And sadly murmurs as it goes.—  
Upon its polish'd breast no more  
Sweet flow'rs their breathing perfume shed,

Its path is now the rocky shore,  
Its final rest the Ocean's bed.  
Thus down the stream of Time we glide,  
From youth and joy to age and pain ;  
We cannot check the ceaseless tide,  
Or bid Hope's blossoms bud again.  
Yet, let us calmly meet our doom,  
'Twere better far that hearts should sever,  
When love and truth together bloom,  
Than linger till they fade for ever!

## VARIETIES.

Original Anecdotes, Literary News, Chit Chat, Incidents, &c.

Tales of the Crusaders, by the author of *Waverley*, are announced as preparing for publication.

**MILITARY CONTROL.**—Charles XII. on being thwarted by the Senate, transmitted a letter to Stockholm, in which he threatened “to send his jack-boot to preside over their deliberations !”

**WONDERS FOR HISTORY.**—Bonaparte, sovereign of Europe, was a lieutenant in the Artillery when M. Minibus, one of the French masters of the Royal Military College at Marlow, was captain.

The son of Joseph Bonaparte, formerly an attorney at Bayonne, was converted by the magic of Bonaparte into a sceptre, which, after ruling Naples, commanded Spain.

**Short Commons.**—At a shop window in the Strand, there appears the following notice : “Wanted *two* apprentices, who shall be treated as *one* of the family.” !!

**Artificial Incubation.**—Paris as well as London has its exhibition of this kind. “Would you (says a writer in one of the French journals,) without a tedious journey have the opportunity of contemplating one of the wonders of Egypt? Go to the Champs-Elysées, and there, at No. 37 in the Widow’s Walk, you will see, by means of artificial incubation, chickens hatched before your eyes, without hens having any thing to do with the affair. The theory of this art, equally valuable to science and to gluttony, had been taught in several works, but the practice of it was but little advanced, until after four years of application M. Borne at length obtained this triumph over the kingdom of Pharaoh. His incubating ovens have excited the interest of our learned men, the curiosity of our fashionables, and the appetite of our epicures, who have been anxious to ascertain by their own experience the flavour of these offspring of art. It is said that all kinds of poultry may be hatched in M. Borne’s ovens. Without speaking of the rest, nothing can be more evident than that the race of geese are rapidly multiplying already.”

SIR THOMAS MORE.

In making lately some necessary repairs in St. Dunstan’s church, Canterbury, a box was found, containing the head of the great Lord Chancellor More, who was condemned to the block by that ruthless king, Henry the VIIIth, for refusing to take the oath of supremacy to the self-willed monarch. The head, with the exception of a few of the teeth, was much decayed ; and the sacred remains have been restored to their resting-place. Sir Thomas was beheaded on the 6th of July, 1625, in the 53d year of his age ; after the execution, tho’ the body was buried in the church of St. Peter, in the Tower, and afterwards in Chelsea church, where it now lies, yet his head was set on a pole upon London Bridge ; and was afterwards privately bought by his daughter Margaret, wife of J. Roper, esq. His daughter preserved the head in a box, with much devotion, and placed it in a vault, partly in the wall on the south side of the church, where it was recently discovered, and very near to her own tomb. The south chancel of the church is called the Roper chancel ; and there hung the helmet and surcoat, with the arms of Sir T. More on it.

**MAN IS MAN.**—The rose hath its thorns—the diamond its specks—and the best man his failings.

He who triumphs over a woman, would over a man—if he *durst*. He only proves by doing so that he is both a fool and a coward.

**TITLES OF SOVEREIGNS.**—The King of Monomotapa is surrounded by musicians and poets, who call him Lord of the Sun and Moon ; Great Magician, and Great Thief !

The King of Araccan is called “Emperor of Araccan, Possessor of the White Elephants and the Two Earrings, Legitimate Heir of Pegul and Brama, Lord of the Twelve Provinces of Bengal, and the Twelve Kings who place their heads under his feet.”

The King of Ava is called God. When he writes to a foreign Sovereign, he calls himself the King of Kings, whom all others should obey, as he is



absolute master of the ebb and flow of the sea, brother to the sun, and King of the four and twenty umbrellas : These umbrellas are always carried before him.

The Kandyan Sovereign is called Dewo, (God.) In a deed of gift, he proclaims himself the protector of religion, whose fame is infinite and of surpassing excellence, exceeding the moon, the unexpanded jessamin buds, the stars, &c., whose feet are as fragrant to the noses of other Kings as flowers to bees ; our most noble patron and god by custom, &c.

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

*Dialogue between a Mother and her Daughter.*

"Sophy, I will not let you run about the garden in that manner, without your bonnet, with M. Ernest." "But, Mamma, you have been walking arm in arm, in the same way with M. —." "What a comparison ; I am old enough to know what I am about. Sophy, if M. Ernest should ask you at the ball this evening to waltz with him, I forbid your doing so."—"Why, Mamma ? Last Sunday you waltzed twice with M. —." "Oh, that's quite another thing. Besides, M. — is your papa's intimate friend ; and when you are married you may waltz with your husband's intimate friend.—Sophy, I do not like your swinging with M. Ernest ; it is not a proper exercise for a young lady." "But, Mamma, this morning you passed half an hour in the see-saw, with M. —." "How different !—Sophy, I desire that this afternoon you will not seat yourself in the drawing-room by M. Ernest." "Mamma, I do not seat myself by him, he seats himself by me. Besides, I assure you he does it only to be near you, and in every thing to imitate M. —, who never quits your side." "Sophy, when we have company, I will not allow you to be constantly playing at cards. Gaming is an amusement very unsuitable to a young female." "But, Mamma, you set me the example. Recollect that only yesterday, having lost all the money in your purse at *Ecarté*, you were obliged to borrow some of

M. —." "What a difference ! If I did borrow money of M. — it was only because he is your papa's intimate friend, and to whom under such circumstances, should one have recourse but to one's friend ?" "In one word, Mamma, in order to satisfy you, I see that I must follow the advice which the doctor gave to papa—'Do as I say, and not as I do.'"

A person in Paris lately established a bureau, where those who have no money may risk their coat, waistcoat, and even small clothes ; the prizes are paid in the same articles. We are assured that a poor wretch who had risked his last pair of inexpressibles upon a *quarterne* (four numbers) had a turn of fortune, and became entitled to receive 75,000 pairs of breeches !

A GLORIOUS REVENGE.—If you feel inclined to exercise your vengeance against one that has deeply injured you, take the first opportunity of doing him a service. If he has any feeling, you will wound him to the quick.

MATTER.—Berkeley, bishop of Cloyne, is the last who, by a hundred captious sophisms, has pretended to prove that bodies do not exist. They have, says he, neither colour, nor smell, nor heat ; all these modalities are in your sensations, and not in the objects. He might have spared himself the trouble of proving this truth, for it was already sufficiently known. But from thence he passes to extent and solidity, which are essential to body ; and thinks he proves that there is no extent in a piece of green cloth, because the truth is, it is not in reality green, the sensation of green being in ourselves only. Having thus destroyed extent, he concludes that solidity, which is attached to it, falls of itself ; and therefore that there is nothing in the world but our ideas. So that, according to this doctrine, ten thousand men killed by ten thousand cannon-shots, are in reality nothing more than ten thousand apprehensions of our understanding ; Surely the bishop of Cloyne might have saved himself from falling into this excessive absurdity the cause of the preservation of all animals, the regulator of the seasons, the

ty. He might very easily see that extent and solidity were quite different from sound, colour, taste, smell, &c. It is quite clear that these are sensations excited in us by the configuration of parts ; but extent is not sensation. When this lighted coal goes out, I am no longer warm ; when the air is no longer struck, I cease to hear ; when this rose withers, I no longer smell it : but the coal, the air, and the rose, have extent without me. Berkeley's paradox is not worth repeating.

## M. BONPLAND.

(*Extract from a private letter.*)

Rio Janeiro, April 9.—“ During my stay in this country I have obtained pretty circumstantial information respecting the events in Paraguay, where Dr. Franzia still governs. The following appear to me to be the most authentic particulars relating to the fate of M. Bonpland, which has excited so much interest in France and England, and wherever this courageous and intelligent traveller is known :—About two years and a half ago, M. Bonpland was at Santa Anna on the east bank of the Rio Parana, where he had formed plantations of the maté, or the tea of Paraguay. About eleven o'clock in the morning he was seized and carried off by a detachment of eight hundred of Dr. Franzia's troops. They destroyed the plantations, which were in a most flourishing state, and seized M. Bonpland, and the Indian families whom the mildness of his character and the advantages of the rising civilization had engaged to settle near him. Some Indians escaped by swimming, others, who resisted, were massacred by the soldiers. M. Bonpland taking on his shoulders a part of his precious collection of natural history, was conducted to Assomption, the capital of Paraguay, and sent from thence to a port in quality of physician to the garrison. It is not known how long he remained in this exile ; but I am assured that he has since been sent for by Dr. Franzia, the supreme director of Paraguay, and ordered to another part, to superintend a commercial communication between Paraguay and Peru, perhaps towards the province of the Chiquitos and Santa Cruz de la Sierra. M. Bonpland is to

complete at that place the making of a great road, at the same time that he will pursue his botanical researches. His friends flatter themselves that the steps taken by the French Government, those of the Institute, and of M. Von Humboldt, will not be unsuccessful. General Bolivar has also written a letter to the supreme director of Paraguay, in which he claims our countryman in the most affectionate terms, as the friend of his youth. If M. Bonpland is so fortunate as to return to Europe, he may throw great light on countries hitherto unknown.”

AN UPSTART.—“ The most biting mortification you can inflict upon an upstart is, to take no notice of him.

*Singular Occurrence.*—On Saturday, as a gentleman was sitting under the chancel of the abbey of Linchden he perceived a hawk pursuing a lark, which a little before was making the woods reecho with its melodious notes. In order to save the little fugitive, he shouted and clapped his hands, when immediately the lark descended, and alighted on his knee, nor did it offer to leave him when taken into the hand, but seemed confident of that protection which it had sought. The gentleman brought it in his hat to Dumfries ; and, on going into his garden, gave the little warbler liberty.

An old lady in Dumfries, of the age of 86, who had lost all her teeth several years ago, has, to the astonishment of her friends, cut six new teeth within these few months, and, as may be supposed, enjoys no small satisfaction in being once more able to bite a crust. But there is an old gentleman living not many doors from her, upwards of 97 years of age, who has not lost one of his teeth, and is able to crack the hardest sea-biscuit. What is still more remarkable, he can read and write without the aid of spectacles.

## NEWLY INVENTED PRINTING MACHINERY.

THE Printing Apparatus invented by Mr. Church,\* of the Britannia Works, Birmingham, forms perhaps the most extraordinary combination of machinery that has for a long time been submitted to the public. It consists of three pieces of mechanism. The first of these has for its object the casting of metallic types with extraordinary expedition and the arrangement of them for the compositor. By turning a handle, a plunger is made to displace a certain portion of fluid metal, which rushes with considerable force, through small apertures, into the moulds and matrices by which the types are cast. The farther progress of the machine discharges the types from the moulds, and causes them to descend into square

\* Mr. Church is an inhabitant of Boston.

tubes, having the shape of the types; and down which they slide. It then brings the body of each type into the position required for placing it in the composing machine; and when the types have descended in the guides, they are pushed back by the machine into ranges, each type preserving its erect position. The machine then returns into its former state, and the same operation is renewed. The construction of the mould-bar is the most striking portion of the machine.

The *second* machine selects and combines the types into words and sentences. The several sorts of types are arranged in narrow boxes or slips, each individual slip containing a great number of types of the same letter, which is called a file of letters. The cases containing the files are placed in the upper part of the composing machine; and by means of keys like those of a piano-forte, the compositor can release from any file the type which he wants. The type thus liberated is led by collecting arms into a curved channel, which answers the purpose of a composing stick. From this channel they may be taken in words or sentences, and formed by the hand into pages, by means of a box placed at the side of the machine.

The *third* machine, for taking off impressions from the types, evinces much ingenuity; but cannot be understood without several drawings.

After the types have been used, and the requisite number of impressions obtained, they are remelted and recast as before, so that every sheet is printed with new types.

## NEW WORKS.

A Sermon on the Death of Lord Byron, by a Layman, 8vo.—Dibdin's Library Companion, 8vo. 27s.—Elgiva, or the Monks, a Poem, 8vo. 8s.—Malcolm's Poems, f. cap. 8vo. 6s.—Wentworth's Poetical Note-Book, 12mo. 7s.—Conversations on Poetry, 18mo. 2s.—Homeri Ilias Heynii, 8vo. 12s.—The Licensed Victualler's Companion, 18mo 4s.—Village Doctor, or Family-Vade Mecum, 3s. 6d.—Hewson on Venereal Ophthalmia.—Conchologist's Companion, 12mo 6s.—Stuart on the Steam-Engine, 8vo 8s.—Curtis on British Grasses, 8vo. 9s.—Gray's Book of Roads, square 12mo. 7s.; Ditto ditto, with Atlas, 12s.—El Nuevo Connelly, or Grammar for Spaniards to learn English, 12mo. 6s.—Ventouillac's French Classics, Parts VII. and VIII. (Paul and Virginia, &c.) 6s.—Donville's French Grammar, 2 vols. 8vo. 18s.—Lowndes on Legacies, royal 8vo. 24s.—Mirehouse on Advowsons, 8vo. 14s.—Hayes on Devises, 8vo. 14s.—Orme's Bibliotheca Biblica, 8vo. 12s.

IN THE PRESS.

Lasting Impressions, a Novel. By Mrs. Joanna Carey.

Commentaries on the Diseases of the Stomach and Bowels of Children. By Robert Duglison, M.D. &c.&c.

The papers printed in the Transactions of the Royal Society during the last three years, detailing the Discoveries of the Functions of the Nerves, will be immediately republished with Notes and a general Introductory View of the Nervous System, by CHARLES BELL, Professor of Anatomy

(Lond. Lit. Gaz.)

## CONSTANCY—A SONG.

Forget thee—or forget  
What my heart hath so dearly known?  
Deemest thou that wholly from earth  
All truth and faith are flown?

Oh! write your love on the sand,  
And the wave will wash it away;  
Or, place your trust in the flower  
The next summer sun will decay!

But take an emerald ring,  
And thereon grave your name;  
Thro' the lapse and change of years  
It still will be the same.

And such my heart—if you fear  
That aught like change will be shown;  
'Tis I that shall weep for the change,  
For the falsehood must be thine own.

L. E. L.

## SONG.

Oh! tell me not, thou minstrel Bard,  
Of gaily lighted hall;  
With battle brand and banner gay,  
And knight at lady's call.

Oh! cease to tune thy lay so light,  
Of dance, and feast, and song;  
Of lady fair and warrior brave,  
The courtly group among.

That trumpet's clang,—oh, hush its notes:—  
Thou minstrel Bard forbear!  
The victor's song of battle pride  
I could not, would, not hear.

But strike again thy tuneful harp,  
Tune its bewitching string  
To sounds of soul, which, sweet and deep,  
Apollo's lyre might fling.

Oh! tune to Friendship, tune to Love,  
And sweet thy song will be—  
The deepest chords within my heart  
Will then respond to thee.

Sweet is warm Friendship's soothing smile,  
And dear her pearly tears;  
What lovelier is her graceful brow,  
When Cupid's wreath she wears;



# SPIRIT

OF THE

## ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

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### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

(London Literary Gazette, August.)

#### EFFRONTERY.

I HAVE often wondered how Jack L—, the attorney, got on in the world; for, to me, his character does not appear to possess one redeeming quality. Every body calls him a liar, a cheat, a rascal; yet every body associates with him: he is welcomed even at the houses of the fastidious, and his parties are always filled at home; business pours in upon him from all quarters; and, lastly, he has married a woman of high reputation and respectability. Surely there must be something very fascinating in his manners and address—he must, at least, be a complete gentleman. No: his person is any thing but prepossessing; his manners are disgustingly familiar and boisterous; and his conversation abounds in slang and profaneness. How, then, does he get on? Why is not every door shut against him?

Effrontery—Effrontery is the talisman to which he owes his success; it is the “*Open Sesamé*,” which admits him into good society. If he in any way appeared to condemn or to be ashamed of himself, he would be shunned like a common swindler; but he puts a bold face on all his actions: he talks so openly of drinking, gambling, and cheating, that he seems to take as much pains to convince the world that he is an adept in all three, as any other man ever took to conceal his vices.

He catches strangers completely by surprise; they know not what to make of him: in fact, he manages his part so well, that while he is in reality playing off his true character, he appears only to be acting; and I have heard

many a one say of him, after a first interview, “I believe Jack is a good-natured fellow at bottom. He was once employed in a suit against his own father; and so unblushingly did he talk of the matter, that it did not lose him a single acquaintance or friend.”

Though Jack began the world penniless, he is now a rich man. Those who were cheated by him last year—though they abuse him, to be sure—still seem willing to be cheated on, and Jack proceeds in his career as boldly as ever.

This character, I am afraid, is not an uncommon one; at least, innumerable varieties of it are to be met in our intercourse with society.

Throughout life, it has been a subject of surprise to me, how those bold spirits succeed in obtaining their purposes, even with each other. It corroborates the justice of Hudibras’s observation—

“That the pleasure is as great  
In being cheated, as to cheat.”

In fact, people in general seem ever ready to be imposed on by those who possess dauntless effrontery. I knew an instance, not long ago, of a man who was absolutely concerned in defrauding another of ten thousand pounds; yet, so boldly did he maintain his own character, and utter self-evident falsehood upon falsehood, that his very victim (a man by no means devoid of common sense,) was, the following year, not only ready to enter into fresh engagements with him, but even, on one occasion, accommodated him with letters of recommendation to the Continent.

L—— is another personification of Effrontery, though in a smaller way. It is the very height of his ambition to be thought to mingle in the society of people of rank; and no stone does he leave unturned to attain his end. Besides the old trick of bowing to every coronet that he meets, &c. he professes to be intimately acquainted with Sir Walter Scott, and half the celebrated authors of the day; and, to bear himself out, he has bought expensive editions of their works, which he shows about as the gifts of the writers, having

their names inscribed on the title-pages. He meets with hundreds who are simple enough to swallow all his boastings, and who, in their turn, boast of his acquaintance.

In fact, the instances of effrontery which crowd upon me are almost innumerable. I am often amused at the various forms which it is capable of assuming; and shall perhaps, on some future occasion, again endeavour to amuse the Fire-side by some more illustrations of the subject.

### EVERY BODY'S COUSIN.

(From the French.)

I HAVE just had an additional opportunity of proving the accuracy of observation which distinguishes Picard's comedy. I was present at the celebration of a marriage, which was to be followed by a grand feast at one of the most celebrated taverns in the capital. The number of relations (thanks, probably, to this latter circumstance) was very considerable. Among them I observed one whose conduct might have served as a model. He was dressed in a suit of black, and had a collected air, with a smile playing upon his lips, and appeared to be inspired by a general benevolence. At the moment of going into the sacristy, he offered his hand to a respectable grand-aunt of the bride's, who was quite charmed with a courtesy to which she did not appear to be accustomed. On entering the carriages to repair to the feast, he again gave his hand to the old lady, and afterwards seated himself beside her at the banquet. At table he seemed perpetually engaged. Full of attentions to his neighbour, he found means not to forget himself, although he undertook to carve several of the principal dishes. At the dessert, he sung some couplets on marriage, which seemed to have

been composed for the occasion; he drew the cork of the first bottle of Champagne; he it was who first drank the health of the young married folks; he fastened one of the bride's favours at his button-hole; in short, after having charmed the whole company by his affability and good humour, he took leave when the gaming tables were brought. "My love," said the bridegroom to his young spouse, "I am delighted in the acquisition of a relation so amiable as the gentleman who has just quitted us." "My dear," replied the lady, "it is an acquisition which I value the more, as I am indebted for it to you." "What! is not this polite gentleman your cousin?" "On the contrary, I thought he was yours, and it was on that account I was so impressed with the civilities which he exhibited towards me." An explanation between the two families proved that this every body's cousin was nobody's cousin; but as, after examination, none of the spoons or shawls were missing, the company laughed heartily at the adventure, and resolved that, under similar circumstances, they would call over the names of the party before going into the dining-room.

(Blackwood's Edin. Mag.)

## SPECULATIONS OF A TRAVELLER CONCERNING THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES : WITH PARALLELS.\*

**P**ERHAPS the best way after all, of making any two people thoroughly acquainted with each other, is to run a fair parallel between them wherever it can be done—with a firm hand, a clear head, and a steady eye. One simple fact brought home upon us unexpectedly, will often do more than volumes of abstract propositions.

But, in running a parallel of this kind, one should be perpetually upon his guard, or he will wander into poetry and exaggeration. The desire of doing a clever or a brilliant thing—of being lively, smart, and entertaining, is exceedingly prone to interfere with plain matters of fact. But, where national fellowship is concerned, the simple truth is always better than pleasantry, and caricature, however rich and humorous it may be, is entirely out of place. Broad, absolute nature, although it may be, sometimes, offensive, is never so very offensive as affectation.

The language of an American will not often betray him; that of an Englishman will; so will that of a Scot, or an Irishman, unless he be of the highest class, when his English is often remarkable for purity.

But there are no provincials in the United States. The Yankees, who inhabit the New England States, (Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Hampshire, and Maine,) differ, it is true from the southern people, and the latter in their turn differ from the western people; but then it is only in a few words, the whole of which might be enumerated in half a minute; and in a strong nasal tone, common to a part of the New England population. But for these few words, and this tone, the people of any one state in the Union might become incorporated with the people of any other,

five hundred or a thousand miles distant, without being known for strangers. And, as it is, the native of any one state can travel from one end of the Union to the other, thousands and thousands of miles, not only without an interpreter, but with a tolerable certainty, if he desire it, of passing, in every state, for a citizen of that state. An Englishman who has no strong provincial dialect, and no very peculiar pronunciation, may pass in the same way, without suspicion, over the whole of the North American States.

A fact like this cannot but make a strong impression upon us. The best of English, we all know, will not carry a man far, in the British Empire. To a large proportion of the people, it would be wholly unintelligible; and to another large proportion, a sort of dialect.

He who would travel comfortably, for three or four hundred miles, in any direction, from London, should understand many languages and many dialects. But one language, if he speak it tolerably, will carry him all over the North American States; and, in some cases, without permitting him to be known for a stranger.

The country people of New England—the Virginians and the Kentuckians, who are the posterity of the New Englanders—have a disposition to sound the vowel *a*, like the Scotch and Irish; and, in some cases, like the Italians, without any variation of tone.

Thus, they say chamber, and even chamber. The first habit prevails among the Yankees; the latter, among the Virginians. So, too, the Virginian will say bar for bear; har for hair; stars for stairs.

A Yankee will say, I guess; or, sometimes, though very rarely, I cal-

\* [We continue these extracts to show the opinions entertained by well-informed foreigners respecting America, as well as to laugh at our own portraits;—but as to the truth of some of the sketches, they border upon caricature, and we must dissent to their faithfulness. It seems impossible for travellers wholly to divest themselves of partiality for their own country, and to view all others through any other lens than the haze of prejudice.]



culate, but *never* I reckon. A Marylander and a Virginian will say, I reckon—sometimes very oddly, as thus: “Do you visit Mr. Jefferson, before you leave the country?” “I reckon.” But a Virginian was never known to say, I guess, or I calculate. A Tennesian or Kentuckian will generally say, I calculate; seldom, I guess; and hardly ever, I reckon. These words, in fact, are the distinguishing marks of three different divisions of the American people.

Hence the absurdity of those representations, however humorous they may be, which put all these phrases, and others that resemble them, into the same fellow’s mouth. And hence is it, that an American who goes to see Mr. Matthews, although he may laugh as heartily as another at his drollery, is laughing at a kind of drollery which our countrymen do not perceive. Mr. M.’s Yankees come from no particular part of the confederacy; and are, evidently, “made up,” at second hand, with two fine exceptions, of which I shall hereafter take some notice.

But how would a native of Great Britain relish a character that should come upon the stage kilted; with a shamrock in his hat, a shillelah in his hand, a leek in his button-hole, or a piece of toasted cheese and a red-ber-ring ‘n his pocket; swearing alternately by St. Patrick, St. Andrew, St. David, and St. George; and speaking a gibberish made up of Scotch, Irish, and Welsh, interspersed with provincial and Cockney phrases?

And yet that is precisely what has been done by those who have been employed in getting up brother Jonathans for the English market. They have jumbled everything together, true and false—all the peculiarities of all the different people—and called the composition a Yankee.

In almost every book of travels, play, novel, and story, if a New Englander be introduced, he is generally made to do the most absurd things—for a New Englander; things that are hardly less absurd than it would be for an Irishman to wear a Scotch dress, talk Yorkshire, and swear by St. David.

The character of the American seems generally to have been manufactured at leisure, from the materials collected by other people, in any way, at any time. Thus, the dialogues of Mr. Fearon—although there is a great deal of truth in his book, notwithstanding what the people of America may say to the contrary—are evidently made up from story-books and vocabularies. And the representations of Mr. Matthews are so full of blundering, with two exceptions, that, had I not met him in America, I should, on seeing his performance, really doubt if he had ever been there; so little is there in his “trip to America,” of that extraordinary truth and richness which characterize his trips to other parts of the world. He himself would seem to be aware of this, because he introduces, under one picture and another, three Frenchmen, one Irishman, one Dutchman, one Yorkshireman, and sundry other second-hand characters, for which he had already been celebrated.

But there are two fine exceptions in the entertainment of Mr. Matthews. The story of “Uncle Ben” is inimitable—and the sketch of the Kentuckian is masterly. They are two of the most legitimate pieces of sober humor in the world, for one that knows the American character. But then the first—the story about “that are trifle,” is an American Joe Miller. Mr. Jarvis, a portrait painter of New York—a man of remarkable power and drollery—is the person of whom Mr. Matthews had it—as well as that story of General Jackson. The Review is an old story in this country; and the Dutch Judge is from Judge Breckenridge, originally one of the most “genuine” story-tellers that ever lived. His only son, Henry M. Breckenridge, a judge of Louisiana, and author of the “Views of Louisiana,” inherits a large portion of his father’s extraordinary talent; and has made this very story, which he tells better than Mr. Matthews, as common in America, as any anecdote of Foote or Sheridan is in this country.

Nevertheless, the finest parts of the Kentuckian’s character, and those which are the most severe, because

they are the truest, may be safely put down to the credit of Mr. Matthews himself. They must have been drawn from life. *They* were never made out at second hand; or got up, in a solitary chamber, out of novels, newspapers, and books of travels, as nine-tenths of the rest of his "trip to America" are.

Thus, nothing can be truer or bolder, than the canting of the Kentuckian about the "land of liberty—where every man has a right to speak his genuine sentiments"—and where, *therefore*, he is free to offer "fifty-five dollars for that are nigger"—being determined, beforehand, if he should be cheated, to "take the balance out of his hide." Nothing can be more resolute and cutting than this. The Americans deserve it; and I am exceedingly mistaken, if they would not immediately acknowledge the truth of it. The worst fault of Mr. Matthews, apart from his absurd credulity—is the tameness of his caricatures.—They want spirit; but perhaps that is not wholly unaccountable, since it is believed that he intends to "settle" in the United States. And yet there is bad policy in such daintiness. The Americans would respect him a thousand times more, if his whole entertainment were as true—however severe it might be—as are the two sketches alluded to.

It is a common thing, in the United States, to hear a high-spirited Virginian, or Carolinian, declaiming about Liberty, as if he were inspired, in the presence of his own slaves, a part of whom bear an alarming resemblance to the white children of the same family, upon whom they are waiting, perhaps, at the time, in a state of the most abject and pitiable submissiveness—within hearing, it is ten to one, of the overseer's lash—or the cries of some poor fellow undergoing punishment—and the DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, superbly framed, hanging up in front of him—while he is holding forth—wherein it is proclaimed to all the nations of the earth—that "*all men are born free and equal!*"

There is no exaggeration, therefore, in the character of the Kentuckian—boastful of Liberty; and speculating,

at the same time, in the flesh of his fellow-men, with a heartless and abominable indifference, at which I, for one, cannot laugh, notwithstanding the droop of the picture; because I know, to be true.

But a word or two of Brother Jonathan's "lingo." We laugh at him for pronouncing genuine, as if it were written genu-wine, forgetful of the fact, that the common people of England very generally say appo-sîte, giving the same sound to the vowel *i*; and that our public speakers, perhaps without one exception, say hostile, instead of *hostil*. We wonder, also, at the absurdity of the Yankee "had ought, and hadn't ought," which, after all, are not only pure English, like 'I had rather,' but in common use here, particularly about Coventry; and, in strict analogy with every other language, wherein the verb *to owe* can be found.

We chuckle at his "I guess," "considerable," and "pretty particularly,"—overlooking the fact, that guess is true old-fashioned English, for which "I presume," "I fancy," "I imagine," "you know," &c. &c. are awkward and feeble substitutes; that "darnation" is common through Kent; that "guess" in America, is never used so absurdly as people say, hardly ever at the end of a phrase; and that "pretty particularly damned," and all such phrases, are only a sort of Yankee, or Kentucky, flash language; so little known throughout the country, that multitudes in every direction have probably never heard, and would not understand it. It is, in fact, the slang of story-tellers.

We wonder, also, that the Yankees never give a direct answer; that they always reply to one question, by answering another; that they never say yes or no; and that they always begin their answer with some superfluous word.

But all these things, it should be remarked, are common to every people, polite or barbarous. Put what question you will, to a well-educated man or woman; and, whatever people may say to the contrary, you will rarely get a direct answer; and never, unless they are angry, or in haste, as direct an answer as might have been

given. Ask a well-bred Englishman, if you shall help him from a dish before you; and what will be his reply? Will it be yes or no?—or, will it, in truth, be capable of any grammatical interpretation, as a reply? Is it not—"I thank you"—"much obliged to you," or something of the same sort? So, a Frenchman will say "*bien obligé*," or "*mercie, monsieur*;" a German, "*Ich danke ihnen*," each and all seeking to avoid the rudeness of saying, directly, yes or no.

Ask an Irishman the way to St. Paul's, and his reply will be, "Is it St. Paul's ye'd have?" Put the same question to a Scot, and his reply will begin with, "Aweel?"—accompanied with a look, or word, or tone of shrewd interrogation. And so it is, in fact, with every people, particularly if they are sagacious, social, or situated in a part of the country where a stranger is rarely seen. Every one will have his money's worth. If he give information, he will have information in return.

As a people, take them altogether, the Americans talk a purer English than we—as a people. But then, there are not many Americans, who either speak or write so good and pure English, as multitudes of our countrymen do.

Let us not arrogate too much, however, our speakers are far from being scrupulously correct, either in language or pronunciation, let them take what authority they will. They, like our writers, are in the habit of coining and manufacturing words at pleasure; and some of our critics have more than once mistaken for Americanisms, pure old English, or English that had been sanctioned by our poets, (the worst authority, by the way, in the world, because the poets are, by inclination, habit, and necessity, the most licentious in the use of words;) and omitted by Dr. Johnson, or forgotten by ourselves.

Thus they have quizzed the Americans over and over again, for using the verb *to improve* (as it is the fashion to call such combinations,) in the sense of the words *to use*. It sounds very oddly to our ears, when we hear a New Englander talk about improving a house, when he only means to

occupy it. But the New Englander has a higher authority than is generally known, for this—no less than that of Alexander Pope himself, who says, while speaking of a lady at a theatre, that—

"Not a fan went *unimproved* away."

Let us farther recollect, that our spoken language, and our written language, are two different things. Our English, when written, is the same, throughout the whole British empire; but, when spoken, it varies at almost every furlong. In America, it is not so. The same language is both written and spoken, in the same way, by the same people.

I shall now run a short parallel between the Americans and the English. We are an old people. The Americans are a new people. We value ourselves on our ancestry—on what we have done; they, on their posterity, and on what they mean to do. They look to the future; we to the past. They are proud of Old England as the home of their forefathers; we, of America, as the abiding place of western Englishmen.

They are but of yesterday as a people. They are descended from those, whose burial places are yet to be seen: we, from those, whose burial-places have been successively invaded by the Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman, until they are no longer to be distinguished from the everlasting hills.

As a whole people, the Americans talk a better English than we do; but then, there are many individuals among us who speak better English than any American, unless we except, here and there, a well-educated New Englander; and a few eminent public speakers, like the late Mr. Pinkney, who was minister to this Court: and Mr. Wirt, the present attorney-general of the United States, who will probably succeed Mr. Rush in the same capacity; and, then, there are a multitude among us who speak a better English than is common among the well-educated men of America, although they do not speak the best English, such as the few among us do.

I have heard a great deal said about the habits of cleanliness in England



and America; and I have sometimes laughed very heartily at the reciprocal prejudices of the English and American women.

I have heard an English woman complain of a beastly American for spitting into the fire: and I have heard an American woman express the greatest abhorrence of an Englishman, for spitting in his pocket-handkerchief;—or, for not spitting at all, when he happened to mention that well-bred men swallowed their saliva. A spitting-box is a part of the regular furniture of every room in America, although smoking is now entirely out of fashion there.

An American will not scruple to pick his teeth or clean his nails, if he should think it necessary—anywhere, at any time—before a lady. An Englishman would sooner let them go dirty.

An American never brushes his hat—very rarely his coat; and his hair, not once a-week. An Englishman will brush the first with his coat-sleeve, or a silk handkerchief, whenever he puts it on or off: and the two latter, every time that he goes out. The American is laughed at for his personal slovenliness, in England, and the Englishman for his absurd anxiety, in America. Such is national prejudice.

The Englishman is more of a Roman; the American more of a Greek, in the physiognomy of his face and mind; in temper, and in constitution. The American is the vainer; the Englishman, the prouder man of the two. The American is volatile, adventurous, talkative, and chivalrous. The Englishman is thoughtful, determined, very brave, and a little sullen. The Englishman has more courage; the American more spirit. The former would be better in defence, the latter in attack. A beaten Englishman is formidable still—A beaten American is good for nothing, for a time.

The countenance of the Englishman is florid: not sharply, but strongly marked; and full of amplitude, gravity, and breadth; that of an American has less breadth, less gravity, less amplitude, but more vivacity, and a more lively character. The expression

of an Englishman's face is greater; that of the American, more intense.

In the self-satisfied, honest, hearty, and rather pompous expression of an English face, you will find, when it is not caricatured, a true indication of his character. Other people call him boastful, but he is not. He only shows, in every look and attitude, that he is an Englishman, one of that extraordinary people, who help to make up an empire that never had—has not, and never will have, a parallel upon earth. But then, he never tells other men so, except in the way of a speech, or a patriotic newspaper essay.

And so, in the keen, spirited, sharp, intelligent, variable countenance of an American, you will find a correspondent indication of what he is. He is exceedingly vain, rash, and sensitive: he has not a higher opinion of his country, than the Englishman has of his; but then, he is less discreet—more talkative, and more presumptuous: less assured of the superiority, which he claims for his country; more watchful and jealous; and, of course, more waspish and quarrelsome, like diminutive men, who, if they pretend to be magnanimous, only make themselves ridiculous; and being aware of this, become the most techy and peevish creatures in the world.

The Englishman shows his high opinion of his country by silence; the American his, by talking: one, by his conduct; the other by words: one by arrogance, the other by superciliousness.

The Englishman is, generally, a better, braver, and a nobler minded fellow, than you might be led to believe from his appearance. The face of an American, on the contrary, induces you to believe him, generally, a better man than you will find him.

But then, they are so much alike; or rather there are individuals of both countries, so like each other, that I know many Americans who would pass everywhere for Englishmen; and many Englishmen who would pass anywhere for Americans. In heart and head, they are much more alike, than in appearance or manners.

An Englishman, when abroad, is

reserved, cautious, often quite insupportable, and, when frank, hardly ever talkative; not very hasty, but a little quarrelsome nevertheless: turbulent, and rather overbearing, particularly upon the continent. At home he is hospitable, frank, generous, overflowing with honesty and cordiality, and given to a sort of substantial parade—a kind of old-fashioned family ostentation.

But the American is quite the reverse. Abroad, he is talkative, noisy, imperious; often excessively impertinent, capricious, troublesome, either in his familiarity, or in his untimely reserve; not quarrelsome,—but so hasty, nevertheless, that he is eternally in hot water. At home, he is more reserved; and, with all his hospitality, much given to ostentation of a lighter sort; substitute—finery and show.

An American is easily excited; and of course, easily quieted. An Englishman is neither easily quieted, nor easily excited. It is harder to move the latter; but once in motion, it is harder to stop him.

One has more strength and substance; the other more activity and spirit. One has more mind, more wisdom, more judgment, and more perseverance, the other more genius, more quickness of perception, more adventurousness.

The Englishman's temper is more hardy and resolute; that of the American more intrepid and fiery. The former has more patience and fortitude, the latter more ardour. The Englishman is never discouraged, though without resources: the American is never without resources, but is often disheartened. Just so is it with the female character.

An American woman is more childish, more attractive, and more perishable: the English woman is of a healthier mind, more dignified, and more durable. The former is a flower—the latter a plant. One sheds perfume; the other sustenance. The Englishwoman is better fitted for a friend, a counsellor, and a companion—for the mother of many children, and for the partnership of a long life. But the American woman, particularly of the south, is better fitted for love than

counsel:—child-bearing soon destroys her. A few summers, and she appears to have been born a whole generation before her husband. An Englishwoman has more wisdom; an American more wit. One has more good sense; the other more enthusiasm. Either would go to the scaffold with a beloved one: but the female American would go there in a delirium; the Englishwoman deliberately, like a martyr.

And so, too, is the American to be distinguished from the Irishman. The Irish are a gallant, warm-hearted, headlong people; eloquent, feeling, hasty, and thoughtful; great dealers in the superfluous. So are the Americans. But, then, the feeling of the Irish, like their eloquence, is rich, riotous, and florid; while that of Americans is more vehement, argumentative, and concentrated. The declamation of the American is often solemn and affecting—often too dry for endurance; generally too cold and chaste for enthusiasm; and sometimes exquisitely extravagant.

The Irishman is a hurrying, careless, open-hearted fellow, as likely to do wrong as right, in a moment of exultation. But nothing can be more tiresome than the pleasantry of an American, when he feels disposed to be very facetious. There is nothing of that voluble drollery, that uninterrupted flow of sentiment, fun, whim, and nonsense, in his talking, which we find in that of an Irishman at such a time.

The chivalry of an Irishman has a headlong fury in it which is irresistible. It is partly constitutional, and often miraculous. But it differs about as much from the chivalry of an American, as that does from the deep, constitutional, collected bravery of the Englishman, or the profound strange fervour of the Scot.

An American would make a dozen fortunes while a Scot was making one; but then the American would often die a poor man, over head and ears in debt—the Scot never. An American finds it harder to keep a fortune, a Scot harder to make one.

A Scot would do the same thing over and over again all his life long,

to obtain a competency for his children. An Irishman would sooner be shot at once a-week at the distance of ten paces. An American would do neither; but, if there were any new worlds to explore, or serpents to catch, that would 'pay well,' he would go to the bottom of the ocean after them in a contrivance of his own.

Everybody has read of Smollet's Irishman, who desired his companion, while he knelt down, and hammered the flint of his pistol, which had missed fire, to "fire away, and not be losing time;" and everybody has acknowledged, that, whether true or false, it was perfectly natural; but could only be believed of an Irishman.

So, too, it is told of an Englishman, that his house having taken fire—containing all he was worth—finding that he could be of no use in putting it out, he went, and sat down upon a neighbouring hill, and took a drawing of it. Such a story would never have been invented of an American.

And so, too, the well-known anecdote of the young Scot, whose coolness in such an emergency, is a capital specimen of the moral sublime.—"Where are ye gangin, lad?"—"Bock again." Nothing can be more absolutely Scotch. I would trust to it in the hottest fire of another Waterloo.

But I know something of an American quite as characteristic—"Can you carry that battery, sir?" said an American general to Colonel Miller, in the

heat of battle.—"I'll try—" and the battery was immediately carried at the point of the bayonet.

But, in this answer, there was not a little of that affectation of Spartan dryness, which I have often met with in the Americans. Commodore Perry and Macdonough gave a fine specimen of it in their official communications; probably thinking of Lord Nelson's despatch from Trafalgar.

Not long since, I met with an amusing example of this national vanity of which I have been speaking in the Americans. General Jackson was one of the candidates for the presidency. The papers were ringing with his name; and, go where I would, in some parts of the country, I could hear nothing but what related to the "hero of New Orleans."

Among others, a German undertook to convince me, that, if General Jackson should become President of the United States, his name alone was so terrible to the rest of the world, that they would have nothing to fear in America. I remember his very words, "*So gross*," said he, "*ist der Ruf seines namens, durch die ganze zivilisirte welt, dass keine nation es wagen würde uns zu beleidigen, wenn er am Ruder des staats stünde!*"

Let it be remembered, that, in drawing this parallel, I have only given the general character of an Englishman and American. Exceptions, of course, continually occur. X. Y. Z.

#### THE MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR HER BOY.

MY child was beautiful and brave!

An opening flower of Spring—

He moulders in a distant grave,

A cold, forgotten thing—

Forgotten! ay, by all but me,

As e'en the best beloved must be—

Farewell! farewell, my dearest!

Methinks 't had been a comfort now

To have caught his parting breath,

Had I been near, from his damp brow

To wipe the dews of death—

With one long, lingering kiss, to close

His eyelids for the last repose—

Farewell! farewell, my dearest!

I little thought such wish to prove,

When cradled on my breast,

With all a mother's cautious love,

His sleeping lids I prest—

Alas! alas! his dying head

Was pillow'd on a colder bed—

Farewell! farewell, my dearest!

They told me vict'ry's laurels wreathed

His youthful temples round;

That "Vict'ry!" from his lips was breathed

The last exulting sound—

Cold comfort to a mother's ear

Who long'd his living voice to hear!—

Farewell! farewell, my dearest!

E'en so thy gallant father died,

When thou, poor orphan child!

A helpless prattler at my side,

My widow'd grief beguiled—

But now, bereaved of all in thee,

What earthly voice shall comfort me?—

Farewell! farewell, my dearest!

Blackwood's Ed. Mag.



## THE HEIRESS OF FALKENSTEIN.

(La Belle Mag.)

**P**ILE above pile arose the snow-crowned Alps; the desert waste, in sublime but appalling grandeur, presented one unvaried hue. A dazzling whiteness overspread the surface of the earth, an image of beauty and of desolation. The brilliant colouring of the glacier was buried beneath a fleece of newly-fallen snow, the mountain torrent was hushed into silence, and where of late the stream had gurgled lay a sullen column of ice. The very air was frozen, and not a passing breath indicated that nature was awake: her operations seemed for awhile suspended, as though she had yielded her dominion to the chilling hand of death. It appeared as if no living thing could exist in a wilderness so dreary, a region so cold and cheerless: the hear lay close in his den far below this deserted eminence; it was high above the haunt of the wolf, and even the chamois had withdrawn to a distant lair; but the horrid stillness was broken by the hoarse scream of a vulture, which, perched upon a rock in the scent of blood, anticipated her foul repast, and, toiling up the winding path, her keen eye tracked a knight on horseback. The jaded charger stumbled at every step, whilst the rider looked round in search of some human habitation, and ever and anon cast his eyes upon the earth, despairing that the exhausted strength of the animal he rode would bear him to the haunts of men. Paralyzed by cold, and overcome by fatigue, the wearied creature paused; its feet seemed rooted to the spot, and, incapable of farther effort, it remained immoveable. The knight dismounted. "Faithful companion of my exile!" he exclaimed, "my last and truest friend, I must leave thee here to perish. Thou art unequal longer to wrestle with the death that awaits thee, and perchance at a few yards distance from thy lifeless corse I also shall meet the destruction that threatens to be inevitable. Ill-omened wretch!" he continued, "in vain dost thou whet thy beak, and snuff with grim delight the tainted air; I will de-

prive thee of thy promised prey. At least, my gallant steed, this hand, which has so often curbed thy generous pride, shall preserve thy body from pollution until the fast-approaching storm shall cover thee with its dreary winding sheet, and hide thee from the devouring fiends of this lone wilderness." Then, darting a javelin at the vulture, she fell, shrieking, from the rock, and dyed the snowy surface on which she rested with her blood.

The knight speeded onwards, and, armed with courage and resolution, he for some time manfully surmounted the difficulties which opposed his progress: but the density of the gathering clouds increased, and a heavy fall of snow added to the perils which surrounded him. Still he persevered, but he began to feel sensible that his strength was flagging fast: a few more efforts, another struggle, and he must sink overpowered upon the frozen earth. "Holy St. Francis!" he exclaimed, "I thank thee, that, since my death is decreed, thou hast not permitted me to fall by the hand of my enemies. Oh, I had dreamed of triumphs and of victory over yon false and faithless crew. Visions of glory, ye are fading fast! Another and more fortunate competitor shall—but away with earthly hopes and mundane expectations; my hour is come, the saints whom I have served receive my soul!" Again he strove to advance, but he was compelled to relinquish the attempt, and in another moment his wearied limbs lay stretched upon the snow. For a short time he retained a consciousness of his situation, but oblivion rapidly approached—his senses and his breath failed him, and he became inanimate as the rocks of the surrounding wilderness. Life, however, was not yet extinct; the lambent flame still played about his heart, like the last flickering of a decaying lamp, and the dog of the desert, that most affectionate and intelligent friend of the human race, guided by the exquisite sense with which the lavish

bounty of nature has provided him, made his way through the drifting snow to the spot where the stiffening body reposed. This canine preserver was followed by an aged but athletic man; the dog scraped away the snow from the traveller, and his companion chafed the cold forehead, and applied a strong cordial to the lips. This timely aid aroused the fainting spirits of the knight: revived by the draught, and reanimated by the warmth imparted by his welcome visitors, he was soon enabled to proceed to the friendly shelter which they offered. Leaning on the arm of the hermit, for such he seemed, and following the sagacious brute who could alone discern the proper path, he soon arrived at a romantic dwelling, wherein the ingenuity and labour of man had combatted successfully with the hostility of the clime, and where comfort smiled in despite of the devastation which reigned without.

It was not, however, until the succeeding day that the tempest-beaten wanderer discovered all the charms of his asylum. The hermitage was spacious, furnished with many of the luxuries of a splendid though rude age, and well supplied with food and fuel. A stout female peasant of the mountains, the dog, the old man, and a fair young girl, delicate and tender as the zephyr which wantons over an eastern vale, were the sole inhabitants. Carloman, the rescued knight, beheld this lovely vision with amazement: though clad in a simple dress, and sequestered in the wildest and most unfrequented haunts of the snow-crowned Alps, she wore the impress of nobility upon her brow, and her language and demeanour forcibly assured the admiring stranger that in her he saw no obscure or low-bred personage. The accomplishments of knighthood were evident in him, and there needed no question to convince his hosts that he came of honourable lineage. It was seldom that so distinguished a pair had met in such an humble residence, and Carloman felt an anxious desire to learn the cause which had deprived the glittering circle of a court of the

noble maiden so well calculated to adorn the splendid scene.

When the occupations of Michael were over for the day, and he was at liberty to attend upon his guest, he invited the knight to take a seat beside the blazing hearth. Adelheid had already drawn towards the fire, and Carloman wanted no other inducement to accept the offered chair which was placed opposite to so much beauty. "Sir Knight," said the hermit, "though living in this lone spot, and encountering the fury of the elements rather than the tyranny of man, we are not uninterested in the passing events of the world below us. You appear to be late from Germany, our native land; what tidings do you bear concerning the state of the empire?" "The friend of peace," returned Carloman, "as I infer from your habit, you will grieve to learn that the wildest anarchy prevails in the distracted country I have left." "Then," said Michael, sighing, "Lodowic, the tyrant of Bavaria, has effected his ambitious purpose." "By treachery and force," responded the knight, "by secret machinations and open rebellion, he has forced the Emperor Wenceslaus to fly; usurping the supreme authority, the electors who refuse to lend their sanction to his elevation are kept in close confinement, and threatened with death." "And where," cried Adelheid, "is the noble and the good Wenceslaus? the liege Lord of Germany, in what country has he found an asylum?" "Gentle lady," replied Carloman, "an outcast and a fugitive, the few friends whom his misfortunes have left him know not at this moment whether he be alive or dead." "Alas, father!" said Adelheid, "although I might well disregard my own sorrows in sympathy for the deeper calamities which have befallen our illustrious monarch, yet will a selfish anxiety intrude. Shall I be safe, even amid these rocks and everlasting snows, from the now widely extended power of the inhuman Lodowic?" "Our retreat," returned Michael, "is, I trust, a secret, nor can the ambitious tyrant of the hour

be so securely seated on a throne as not to find sufficient employment for his time and thoughts in his own immediate affairs. We are in all probability forgotten amid higher cares." "Thou too then," said Carloman, "art a sufferer from this bold abandoned man?" "His ward," replied the hermit; "her trusting father left her an orphan to his care: he abused the trust, and would have forced her to wed a menial whilst he secured her wealth. Though young and almost friendless, she disdained the sacrifice. Resentment at her disobedience to his commands determined him to effect her ruin; and, to rob her of her life, he preferred a malicious charge against her, absurdly accusing her of a design to poison him: though it would have been easy, before an unprejudiced tribunal, to vindicate her innocence, yet, surrounded by creatures devoted to her guardian's will, her only chance of safety rested in immediate flight. An old, an humble, yet a faithful servant of her father, I became the happy instrument to effect her deliverance from persecution. The jewels which decorated her person sufficed to purchase the comforts as well as the necessities of life, and here we hope to remain unmolested until the fall of the villain Lodowic shall enable the heiress of Count Falkenstein to assert and recover her rights."

It was many days ere the inclemency of the season would permit the knight to depart. Deeply interested in the fate of the charming Adelheid, he entreated to be allowed to wear her colours; and never had the hours speeded so rapidly with the fair exile, as when Carloman, seated by her side, related the dangers he had passed, the scenes he had witnessed, and the deeds of martial valour which he had seen accomplished. He sang to her the songs of Italy; in that chill region of eternal frost she felt the influence of its sunny skies and laughing vallies; and, though her lips refused to give utterance to the wish, her heart whispered the exquisite felicity which might be found in some vine-sheltered cottage, deeply embowered 'mid the clustering Appe-

nines, where, remote from grandeur and from wealth, love should rear an altar and a throne. She knew not, she inquired not the prospects of Carloman; but her own inheritance, the wide and rich domain of Falkenstein, she would gladly relinquish for so sweet a home, if his bright smile and tender glance were beaming there. At length came the hour of parting: a thousand promises of a quick return were breathed by the stranger knight, a thousand vows of eternal constancy were returned by the weeping maiden. Carloman pursued his journey, and Adelheid was left to experience all the miseries of solitude. For the first month she was absorbed in pleasing recollections of past delights, every word that he had spoken was treasured in her memory, and fancy brought him again to her side: the next was filled with joyful expectations of his speedy arrival; but as week after week wore away, and he came not, the sickening pang of hope deferred subdued the buoyancy of her spirits, and she became a prey to gnawing grief. No longer able to divert her mind by her wonted occupations, she wandered about like a spirit of the mountains, as fair and as fragile as the frozen mist which a breath might dissolve. The agonies of disregarded and unrequited love were not, however, the only miseries she was destined to endure. The hermitage was invaded by a hostile crew; her faithful attendant, Michael, was slain at her feet; and the shrinking and defenceless victim was borne by armed men from her Alpine retreat, and hurried to the banks of the Rhine, where a vessel was stationed, destined for the city of Worms, in which she was compelled to embark. It was here that the usurper, Lodowic, held his court; and within its gloomy towers the hapless orphan committed to his care anticipated perpetual imprisonment. She had, however, too highly exasperated the savage heart of the tyrant by her flight, for him to rest satisfied with what he deemed so light a punishment. Without comprehending the extent of his designs, she had evaded



them by withdrawing from his castle : his brutal soul had felt the power of her charms, and the possession of her lands contented him not. Unskilled in the softer arts, he resolved to force her to purchase her forfeited life by compliance with his wishes ; and to apprise her of the extent of his power and the extremity of her danger, he determined to convict her in an open court.

The great hall of the palace, misnamed of justice, was thronged when the gentle Adelheid was led to the judgment-seat of Lodowic of Bavaria. Friendless and forlorn, her fair hair hanging dishevelled over her shoulders, and mingling its silken tresses with the white folds of her flowing veil, she stood alone in the midst of a crowd of armed men, and listened in fearful amazement to the charges which were brought against her. The mockery of a trial was soon concluded. Accused of a conspiracy and attempt to murder, of leaguings with traitors and rebels, the imputation was sufficient when the sovereign will was known. Adelheid was found guilty, but, ere the passing of her sentence, her judges inquired of her whether she had aught to say in her defence. Adelheid looked anxiously round the assembly ; the love of life, the apprehension of personal violence, swelled her heart with an earnest desire of preservation ; her eyes glanced wildly from stranger to stranger, and just as she was withdrawing them in despair from that cold and heartless multitude, they caught the azure-tinted scarf which she had wound round the arm of Carloman. It streamed from the shoulder of a knight, and, clasping her hands, she advanced a step, exclaiming, "I demand a champion !" In an instant the armed warrior who bore the silken token darted into the centre of the floor, and, flinging his gauntlet on the ground, offered battle in the cause of Adelheid de Falkenstein, to any and to all who dared accept his gage. Lodowic gazed upon this unexpected defender with a gloomy eye, and giving a sign to one of his hardiest retainers, Philip Swartzburg, of the

crimson plume, commanded his esquire to take up the glove. The heralds prepared the lists for the encounter, and, hushed into deep silence, the numerous spectators awaited the termination. The struggle was deadly, and its event for some time doubtful. The most intense and eager interest prevailed, for many were touched by the youth and beauty of the fair Adelheid, whilst Lodowic and his infuriated partisan were devoured by inward rage, since they had deemed not that any present would venture to espouse the quarrel of one who, it was evident, had incurred the resentment of the powerful. Alarmed lest this bold example should be followed by others, in defiance of his acknowledged will, Lodowic resolved at any risque to crush the unknown champion. He watched for some manifest advantage on the part of Philip to put an end to the battle ; but the knight of the blue amulet allowed not his adversary to gain the ascendant ; and at the moment that he himself had nearly wrested the sword from the hand of his antagonist, the tyrant suddenly commanded the heralds to interfere and adjudge the victory to the crimson warrior. A low murmur of indignation ran through the hall at this infringement of the laws of chivalry. "Treason !" cried Lodowic ; "What, ho ! my guards ! secure the leader of you factious crew." The ready instruments of the usurper's will advanced, but the knight, planting himself in an attitude of defence, and raising the vizor of his helmet so that the noble lineaments of his countenance were exposed to view, exclaimed, "On your allegiance, hold ! My friends ! my subjects ! 'tis Wenceslaus, your sovereign, commands. Now, now is the fitting time to drag the enslaver of Germany from his ensanguined throne, and wrest the sceptre of its ancient kings from his unrighteous hand. He tramples on your rights, wreaks his accursed will on helpless woman, and denies the warrior the privileges of knighthood. Come on, all ye who love your suffering country, and I will break its

chain!" The cries of "Long live the rightful emperor! the elected of the nobles!" resounded through the hall. Swords were drawn and weapons clashed; a brief and murderous combat ensued; the blood of Lodowic dyed the floor, and his ermined mantle was soiled by the trampling feet of an exasperated multitude; but Adelheid heard not the shouts or the loud acclaims of victory; she saw not the fall of her prostrate foe, and the triumph of virtue and Wenceslaus; for the moment that her listening ear drank in the fatal words which, in her lover, had revealed the emperor of princely Germany, her heart sank; she saw at one glance the immeasurable distance which had suddenly arisen between them; and, unable to bear the idea of losing the beloved object who even now had testified the purity and the fidelity of his affection, she fell insensible to the ground.

The newly-restored monarch pursued his triumphant course to Ratisbon. Adelheid, by his tender assiduities, recovered her health, and to all appearance her happiness. She made one of the brilliant procession which ushered in the sovereign to this renowned city, and conducted by her royal lover to a mimic Eden, she lived surrounded by all the luxuries which wealth could purchase or fancy invent. Smiles sat on her lips, but weight oppressed her soul. She could not but feel and express joy at the happy fortune of one so dear, and who so well deserved the throne which he had reascended; yet anxiety concerning her own fate destroyed her heart's repose—for, what was she to hope? and could she dare aspire to share the crown of an anointed king?

Thoughts and anxieties of a similar nature frequently passed across the mind of Wenceslaus. The time had been when perchance he might have bound the fair brow of the woman of his choice with an imperial diadem; but now that his authority was not firmly established, even if he should refuse to be guided by the advice of his counsellors, who urged him to strengthen his power by a foreign alliance, ought he to hazard the effu-

sion of blood for the gratification of his own wishes, offend his people, and raise up enemies by a match unequal and perilous in the present situation of affairs? He knew the disinterestedness of Adelheid's attachment, and he hoped that she would be satisfied with the impassioned devotion of his heart, nor wish to involve him in the horrors and the crimes of a civil war occasioned by a selfish determination to consult private feelings rather than the welfare of the state committed to his care.

Adelheid's suspense was not of long continuance. Depending upon a woman's weakness and a woman's love, Wenceslaus ventured to propose a union sanctioned only by the heart. More grieved than offended, she could not but see the impossibility of surmounting the obstacles which opposed her lover's wish to share his empire with her, yet was she not for one instant tempted to accept the offered alternative. The mildness of her rejection inspired him with hope that time and assiduity would overcome her scruples, whilst the generosity and fervour of his affection might have given an ambitious mind a strong expectation of securing its object. Adelheid was not quite proof against this feeling, but she too soon became aware of the inevitable ruin she should heap upon one so fondly beloved should she succeed in persuading him to adopt a measure that would irritate the whole of Germany against him, and she ceased even to wish to become his wife. Seated in the marble halls of the palace, where ten thousand perfumed tapers poured their blazing effulgence upon richly-wrought tapestry and columns of burnished gold; listening to the choral swells and dying falls of instruments and voices exquisitely mingled and harmonized, the thrilling harpings of the silver-stringed lute, and the winding melody of the oboe; surrounded by glittering cavaliers and lovely ladies moving lightly and gracefully in the dance, herself the object of an emperor's warm devotion, Adelheid felt the difficulty of denial and the danger of her situation. But, if amid

the splendours of a brilliant and crowded court the task were hard, how much more fortitude did it require to resist the pleadings of Wenceslaus, when, wandering together through the pleached alleys of her stately garden, where the moonbeams played coldly over the flushing blossoms, and only the murmur of a distant waterfall broke the delicious stillness of the night, he besought her to sacrifice the opinion of a rigid world to one who was ready to hazard his throne if she required so dangerous a proof of his affection? She wanted strength to resist the temptation, and she determined to fly from it for ever. Adelheid quitted the enchantments which threatened to enslave her, and sought an asylum in a convent.

This precipitate step deeply offended her lover. Stung with resentment, yet convinced that the tender creature, whose whole soul was centred in him alone, would soon repent her abandonment of his society, and pine for a renewal of that sweet intercourse which had formed their mutual happiness, he resolved to leave her to the solitude she had chosen until her own weariness should induce her to comply with his solicitations. Neither was he alarmed at the intention she expressed to take the veil, though his anger was kindled by what he deemed to be a threat, and with the pride of man he trusted to the year's probation. Adelheid was not unconscious of the danger of delay. Her struggles had been painful, threatening even the destruction of a life so little adapted to the endurance of tumultuous conflicts; and lest she should have striven in vain to obtain the victory over the secret wishes of her soul, she privately solicited a dispensation from the Pope. There were many of the princes of the empire, who, dreading the power of her charms upon their sovereign, encouraged her in her determination, and aided her in her plans; and so well were their measures taken, that the awful ceremony which was to separ-

ate her for ever from the world commenced ere Wenceslaus was apprized of the intended sacrifice. Crowned with flowers, decorated with jewels, and clad in a glittering robe, the self-immolated victim appeared before an admiring yet pitying multitude. Nothing of external pomp was omitted by the members of the church to give effect to the scene. Long processions of veiled nuns trod the vaulted aisles; the officiating priests were decked in splendid vestments; clouds of incense were wafted from golden censers; and the solemn peal of the organ came mixed with seraphic voices hymning songs of praise. Yet, though the influence of these powerful stimulants was felt, the votary alone enchained the attention of the gazing crowd. She was pale even to the paleness of Parian marble, but the tint of the rose was not required to perfect beauty so dazzling and so delicate. Her eyes had lost their radiance; yet in their melting loveliness they seemed softer, sweeter far, than when they darted beams like the stars of heaven.

Firmly adhering to her high-wrought purpose, though her quivering lip betrayed the emotions of her heart, she performed her allotted part with dignity, until the sudden arrival of the emperor disturbed the serenity of her brow. He had hastened to the church, and, forcing his eager way to the steps of the altar, he stood aghast at the near completion of her vows to heaven. Shorn of her bright tresses, her costly ornaments and roseate wreaths scattered beneath her feet, she gave to him and to the world a last fond look, then raised her eyes to heaven, and, falling prostrate on the floor, the attendant priests spread a pall upon her recumbent form. After the lapse of a few minutes they removed the sable and ominous covering; but Adelheid stirred not, breathed not, and a wild cry from the surrounding ecclesiastics announced to the gasping multitude—that she was dead.



## THE HIGHLANDS AND WESTERN ISLES OF SCOTLAND.

BY JOHN MACCULLOCH, ESQ.

OUR friend Dr. Macculloch is a never-failing source of amusement to us. By the by, we do not believe, though the ominous *Mac* is prefixed to his name, that he is a Scotsman; for, if he had possessed either nationality or clanship, he never could have drawn such pictures of bad inns and clumsy Highland gardening as our last *Gazette* exhibited. Nevertheless, the Scots may think of the old saying, "Fas est ab hoste docere;" and in this hope we add some of the author's accounts of Thurso, and the mode of stabling and grooming horses in that part of our Island called Caithness.

"Thurso harbour is a very indifferent one. The town itself is sufficiently respectable, and the situation is not unpleasing: but why should I trouble myself to describe Thurso, when you will find it all in the Book. Where you may also find, for aught I know to the contrary, how, when the people, in the time of Alexander II. complained of the oppressions of their bishop to the Earl of Caithness, his Lordship replied in a pet, 'go and seethe him, and sup him too if you like;' on which they put the unlucky prelate into a kettle, and made him into soup. - - -

"I was bound for Houna Inn. Houna Inn was the hotel and ferry-house for Orkney: there was a beautiful little circle in the map, marked Houna Inn, it was next door to John o' Groat's house, and every one spoke of Houna Inn, and Houna Inn was to be the end of my labours, and my horse had eaten nothing since he had left Tongue, and myself little more, and I expected a hotel like Quillac's. But the road was expended and gone. 'Where was Houna Inn?' 'There.' I saw six or eight black cottages scattered about the intermingled waste of corn and sand. I arrived at the worst of the whole. It was impossible it could be Houna Inn; the hotel and ferry-house to Orkney; the hospitium of those who may be detained a week for a fair wind; the beautiful little circle in Mr. Arrowsmith's map. I rode up to the door, and the dreadful

truth, as the novelists say, burst on my sight. To the door—neither man nor beast ever rode or walked to within five yards of the door of Houna Inn. He who would learn to value the blackest house that ever Ross and Sutherland saw, must come and sojourn among the Catti; let him come to Houna Inn. The ditch that surrounded it was broad, and liquid, and black; how deep it was I know not, for it had never been fathomed. My pony backed from it instinctively, worse than he would have done from a Sutherland bog. Three huge lumps of stone formed the access to the door: it was even difficult to step on them without falling in; but he who had fallen in would never have come out again to reveal the secrets of the deep. If I was the Earl of Houna Inn, I would blow it up, for my own credit.

"I fear we must give our Ostermanish ancestry the credit of this method of fortification, for I have seen the same in Shetland. If so, the much-abused Celts must have been a polished people in comparison; for, with the one exception of old Stornaway, no species or variety of Highland midden that I ever saw can be compared to Houna Inn.

"The affection of a farmer for his dunghill is pardonable; but, in a state of civilization, it is treated, like his cattle, not as his bosom friend: squared and dressed, and trimmed, as is just; and then consigned to its proper station, not admitted into the secretiora consilia; far less into the bosom of the family. In genuine Caledonian land, 'the sappy midden' is an object of far warmer affections; exhaling its 'steam of rich distilled perfumes' to the morning and evening nose, and occupying the place commonly reserved for the less profitable odours of the rose and honeysuckle. A few proprietors have lately attempted to get rid of this ornament, by compelling the small tenants to remove it from their doors; and where this had been attempted, I remember one 'town' where an old lady boasted 'that she had cheated the laird,

as she had ta'en the midden into the house.' In the old village of Stornaway, the inside of the house is the natural and hereditary place of the midden ; but were I to tell you how it is accumulated and managed, I should tell a tale little fitting for delicate ears and noses. *Pauca verba*, as Pistol says. In St. Kilda, the same manufacture is also carried on in-doors, but with some comparative regard to decency ; as the floor is only strewed with the daily ashes of the fire, among which the relics of fish and birds, and other '*varia materia*,' are suffered to accumulate, till, the depth becoming inconvenient, the Augean heap is carried off to the field, to make room for a new stratum. If we except the pig, man appears to be the only animal who is naturally fond of dirt, and in whom cleanliness, whether of person or dwelling, is matter of compulsion or effort. But I should beg the pig's pardon for the debasing comparison ; since he is solicitous about the cleanliness of his nest, at least.

"The stable at Houna, considering that it contained nothing at all, had no positive demerits : a rare case, I must admit. But if, after describing Mrs. Maclarty's kitchen, and after breakfasting, dining, and sleeping at her hotel, I were not to lead you into the stable of a Highland inn of this class, I should be unjust to the fair sex ; as it must be supposed that this department, however indirectly, is under the control and management of Mr. Maclarty, not of the lady. If you should succeed in reaching it, it must be through a pool of mud and water, and other indescribables, and it will be fortunate if there are some stepping-stones for yourself : more fortunate, if your horse does not trip on them, and souse you with the perfumes of this moat. If he is a tall horse, not understanding architecture, he will knock his head against the door-way ; and if you have the misfortune to carry a portmanteau, as may happen to single gentlemen, he will stick in the passage, and pull off the straps, which there is no saddler to mend. When you get in, you find two or three holes in the wall, for the sake

of ventilation ; so that, on Mr. Colman's system, he cannot catch cold. If you do not keep an eye on him, you will shortly find him swilling water out of a bucket, or in the nearest river ; and the next morning he is foundered ; and so are you. When he does want water, as there is seldom a pail, he is dragged out by the mane to this river ; and if he breaks his knees among the rocks and stones, he is used to it ; or else his fraternity is ; which is the same thing. It is reckoned politic here to suffer the mud to dry on his legs : and to pick or examine his feet would be troublesome. If the thatch is water tight, so much the better. A hayloft is a luxury : and as there is no stable lantern, the hay hangs down among the loose boards upon the candle ; but, being damp, there is no danger. The boy goes up to stir it about, and you are covered with dust and chaff. So is the horse : and as he is not wiped down, and there is no horse-cloth, that helps to keep him warm. Since the Scottish reformers pulled down the stalls in their churches, they have probably thought them unnecessary in their stables ; but a few saddles and pikes and poles and wheelbarrows and horse collars, with a stray pig, a hen and chickens, and a calf, serve, at the same time, to wedge him up, and to prevent him from being dull. It is likely that you will object to the society of half a dozen sharp-horned stirks and stots ; but what then ? If you think it prudent to tie him up, under these circumstances, or because the house is filled with Highland ponies justling and squabbling and kicking in every direction, there is no halter. You may use your bridle, which he will break ; or if you insist on a halter, a rope will be found before to-morrow, and made fast round his throat with a slip-knot ; so that it is not unlikely you will find him hanged the next morning. If there is a manger, probably the corn is put into it : but it is either full of holes, so that the oats run through, or so high that he cannot reach them. If there is a rack, the hay is thrown on the ground : which is a great saving ; because he will spoil half of it, and

that will serve for his bed. That, with his own produce, is probably the only bed he will get; but, being added to the former beds of former horses, it serves to keep him moist and cool. You begin by giving him hay; but as it is made of musty rushes and other matters, he refuses to eat it, expecting corn. But if you begin with corn, as that is musty too, he waits for the hay. It is probable that he will determine which is worst when he is hungry enough. A Highland ostler of this family is a great enemy to false delicacy: therefore begin your journey by bronzing your stirrups and bridle; it will save remonstrance. When you are about to depart in the morning, you must not be in haste; because your horse is neither fed nor watered, nor is likely to be, until you do it yourself. If he is a grey horse, you will find that he is turned green; and as he will become greener every day, since a curry-comb was never heard of in Mr. Maclarty's stable, the prudent thing is to paint him green before you begin. A whisp of straw might have been substituted, you will think, for the curry-comb: but the knave trusts that the next shower will do as well. The mane, of course, is matted by the fairies; for how else should it have become so inextricable that the fingers of this bare-headed kilted callan will not make it lie in any direction—even in a wrong one? If he possessed the luxury of either kind, it is probable he would use the one to straighten his own locks, and the other to claw his own hide. When your saddle and bridle are to be put on, you will find that they have been lying in the dirt all night, as there is no peg to hang them on: and, in a well-regulated stable, it is held matter of policy to keep some wild colt or filly loose, who walks about in the night, trying to purloin the hay and corn of his neighbours, having none of his own; so that, if you sleep near it, you are regaled with quarrelling and kicking and stamping all night. But it is time to lock the stable door: yet not till you have paid the breechless lout as much for doing nothing, as, in London, would have polished horse, bit, and stirrups, to the lustre of the

planet Venus; and twice as much for musty husks and mouldy rushes as would have procured all the luxuries of Mark-lane and the Haymarket."

This is, no doubt, extremely facetious; but one does not well know how much to take for fact and how much for fancy, amid the exaggeration. At this place, the Doctor goes on—

"I had almost forgotten that I was near John o' Groat's house, when I was reminded of it by a fisherman who wanted a shilling. When we came to John o' Groat's house, behold, like the lover's tomb at Lyons, no house was there. Who was John o' Groat, where did he live, what did he do, where was he born, married, or buried, when did he build the house, when was it pulled down, who had ever seen it, whose grandfathers and grandmothers, whose great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers had ever seen it. Nobody knew any thing, nobody had heard of any thing, except that a piece of green turf, as flat and as bare as the back of my hand, was John o' Groat's house. Why did they believe in John o' Groat; what did they believe of John o' Groat; who had told them of John o' Groat, and of John o' Groat's house; their godfathers and their godmothers. I congratulated myself that I had not come from London to see John o' Groat's house. If the tomb of Ajax and the tomb of Achilles, the *Æantion* and the *Achilleion*, had been no more than John o' Groat's house, Jacob Bryant would have had a better reason than he has ever yet shown for doubting of the war of Troy.

"Fame is a strange, capricious, unjust, unaccountable dame; not a whit more honest and reasonable than her sister Fortune. But of all her vagaries, the immortalization of a hero and a house that never existed is the foremost. After all, it is of no great consequence; for I dare say that Ajax and Achilles have fully as little enjoyment of their tombs in the Troad and their deeds in the *Iliad*, as John o' Groat has of his house and his fame on the coast of Caithness. It is all, equally, nothing. But you and I must be great noodles to be labouring for fame, each in his several vocation, for post-



humous fame too, when here is a name more immortal—at least than mine will be, without any trouble; and only a name; an immortal name without an owner; a *vox et præterea nihil*, which will nevertheless be heard of as long as that of Erostratus or of Empedocles. --

“As Wollaston said long ago, it is now only the five letters of Cæsar’s name of which we know, and which we admire; and those of John o’ Groat’s are as substantial.”

Pass we to another of the Doctor’s adventures while navigating Loch Broom.

“In the night (he tells his friend Sir W. Scott) I was roused by a great weight, tumbling, with vast commotion and outrage, into my birth. Concluding, very logically, that the ship had gone to pieces, I put out my hand in some alarm, and laid hold of a pair of horns. Half asleep, I thought I was already in the hands of Davy Jones; and both Davy and I were soon upon the cabin floor. It proved to be a goat, which the men had brought on board that we might be sure of milk for our breakfasts. Unluckily, when it came to be milked, it was discovered to be a he goat; such was the pastoral knowledge of our boatswain. The animal had found the deck cold, and had scrambled down the companion ladder, whence he thus proposed himself for my bedfellow. A bedfellow in a birth ought, however, to be somewhat more choice; as there are no means of lying “*extrema sponda*,” if you chance to disagree. Milk, of course, we obtained none from our horned friend; but he paid his passage, and his diet too by his harlequin tricks. His diet, it is true, was rather heterodox; as it consisted, except on holidays, of kippered salmon, brown paper, old hoops, carpenter’s chips, and pig-tail tobacco. The paper was plundered from my specimens; but the depredations on the fish became so serious, that we were obliged to hoist them into the shrouds out of his reach. His system of diet was somewhat extraordinary, it must be owned; but as the universal scavenger, at least of the vegetable creation, the goat seems to outdo even the hog. Indeed I never could discover any thing which our bearded companion would not eat, ex-

cept oakum, which always puzzled him. Nature has been very ingenious in inventing some animal or other to devour every thing, as if eating was the sole purpose of creation; to eat and to be eaten all the business of the universe: and if, as Mr. Humboldt says, (*credat*,) the Gourmets of the Oroonoko live on clay, as we of the Thames and the Tweed do on beef steaks and “singit sheep heads,” I do not despair of yet hearing of some creature who may feed, like the ostrich, on a comote of horse shoes and tenpenny nails, or perhaps on pureés of gray-wacké and granite. This most amusing and docile and intelligent of all the four-legged tribes has now, however, become rare in the Highlands, being rather suffered than encouraged. The Caprine population here, as in Wales, has undergone the same revolution which it experienced in former days at Capri. The gentlemen of Leeds have been the Tiberiuses of the bearded race, finding that it was all cry and little wool. In those happy days when the beaux and the dandies emulated lions in the length of their manes, when the gallant Lovelace could pathetically complain to his mistress that he had been obliged to wring the dews of the night from his wig, the goat received that respect which the persistence of his buckle merited, and bounded from rock to rock, nourishing his length of hair and careless of future shaving. But now, alas! their friends are all concentrated behind the bar and on the episcopal bench; and the wisdom of a few hundred Welsh beards is sufficient to clothe with sapience all the skulls which flourish in the several departments of Westminster. Such are the catenations of political economy. Often, in contemplating my friend Pogonatus, did I figure to myself the quirks and crotchets, the doubtings, the decisions, the special pleadings and replies and rejoinders and rebutters, that lay perdue under his shaggy coat, while he was unconsciously chewing his quid; only waiting for the fingers of the barber and a few yards of silk, to blaze forth in forensic fire or suffocate us in the murky obscurities of caustistical smoke; to empty our purses

without filling our heads, to get possession of our lands, and to bind us within the magic circle of that court which was unquestionably projected by Methuselah, when men 'were secure that

their lives would endure for a thousand long years.' "

With the fearful sound of the last two words in our ears, we again bid the learned and jocular Doctor adieu.

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(Mon. Mag.)

#### THE MISCELLANY.

##### INDIA-RUBBER BLOW-PIPE.

THE blow-pipe having become so interesting and important an instrument for experimental purposes, it may not be unacceptable to receive an account of a means of constructing self-acting blow-pipes of India-rubber, capable of affording a strong and uniform stream of air, during twenty-five to sixty minutes, according to the size of the jet. Select at a stationer's bottles of India-Rubber, varying in weight from half to three-quarters of a pound, preferring those of a dark hue; a strip of which, when pulled out, so as to become very thin, is almost transparent; and avoid those bottles of a browner colour, a strip of which cannot be pulled out so thin as is mentioned above without breaking. The bottles selected are to be boiled in water until quite softened, which usually occurs after a quarter of an hour's boiling. A short brass tube, having a stop-cock on its middle, and a screw-tap adapted to screw into a condensing syringe at one end; and having, near to the other end, a milled projecting rib outside, provided for each bottle; and, when these are cooled after the boiling, the ribbed end of a tube is inserted into the neck of each India-rubber bottle, and is firmly secured there, by lapping strong waxed thread above and below the rib.

The tube of one of the bottles is now screwed to the syringe, and air is forced in; after a few strokes of the syringe, a blister-like projection will be observed to form on that part of

the bottle which is the thinnest: and, as the forcing-in of air is slowly continued, the blister will be seen to enlarge, until it extends over the whole surface, and the bottle will usually then have acquired a diameter of fourteen to seventeen inches: in this state, the blow-pipe bottle being completed, it is unscrewed from the condenser, and the jet-pipe is screwed on in its place; and now the blow-pipe is ready for use: and immediately, on turning the stop-cock, the elastic contraction of the bottle will force out the air in a strong and steady jet, as has been mentioned above, which will continue until the bottle is reduced to about double its original size; when the condenser may be again applied, and the bottle be again distended as before, unless that several bottles have been prepared and charged at first, as is mentioned above. When no longer wanted, the bottles should be emptied of their air, and so may be kept for any length of time ready for charging; only observing, that if at any time a bottle has lost its pliability, and become hard by keeping, it must be immersed for a short time in boiling water before applying the syringe. The great portability, and the length and steadiness of action, of this blow-pipe, are its great recommendation: it may be used with any of the gases, even explosive mixtures of oxygen and hydrogen, the accidental explosion of which would merely hurt and destroy the bottle, without occasioning further mischief.

Z. A.

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##### PAVING OF STREETS—MACADAM'S ROADS, &c.

Granite stone, which is used for paving cart-ways of streets, is the hardest and most durable material which can be generally used; but the unevenness of the pavement, and the expense of keeping it in something

like order, are the great objections to the present pavement. Could it be kept as even as when first laid, no better road could then be made in narrow streets, whence there is much traffick.

The new system of breaking large stones into small pieces, will not do so well in confined streets, where there is much traffick, for the frequency of opening the ground to repair pipes, would always keep the road in a state of old and new, or firm and loose. Not only that, but if not kept wet the dust would be a greater annoyance than the present rough pavement.

What makes the present paved streets the most objectionable, is, that they are continually in a state of hills and holes. The pavement does not become so from wear; the stones have not wore away, for you may invariably see, in every street where there is much traffick, that about a week or two after new pavement is done, it is as uneven as almost any of the old.

Now this I think, may be remedied by a more careful and judicious mode in arranging and squaring of the stones, and in fixing them down. In the first place, the present way of arranging them is, to put together little and big ones, just as may happen; one may be twelve inches in length and the next one only six. The one which stands only upon six inches of ground, will sink further in with a heavy weight than the other, which stands on twelve inches.

In the second place, there is not much attention paid to the squaring of the bottom part, or bed of the stone. Now, suppose two stones to be together of an equal size, the one quite square, or flat, at the bottom, and the other to be pointed like a wedge, would not an equal weight on the top press one further into the earth than the other?

In the third place, the present way of fixing them down is, first, to loosen the ground on which they are to be fixed. If one of them should be much deeper than another, then to scratch away the loose ground, so as the top

of the stone may be fixed even with the others. If another should happen to be not so deep as the general run, more loose ground is to be added, so as to raise it up to an equal level. Then comes the rammer to beat them down firm: a slight blow sinks the stone which has the most loose dirt under, and it takes, perhaps, three or four heavy ones to knock down the one which has little or none under it. Now, with an equal weight on these, for instance, a loaded waggon, will not the first stone which has had but a slight ramming sink much more than the other? Why, in fact, the present system of paving is nothing more than putting the ground into a hard and soft, or hills and holes, and placing stones upon it to prevent our seeing or believing that it is so.

Now, the amendments in paving which I suggest, are first, to leave off ramming the stones, and to ram the ground instead on which the stones are to be placed to precisely the same form that you intend the top of the pavement to be; second, to place together all the stones which are exactly of one size; fourth, the bottom, or bed, to be perfectly flat or square; then set them on this hard-rammed ground, and you will seldom see paving in hills and holes.

For example, suppose that such squared stones were placed on the top on any good hard road without at all loosening of it, would not the pavement be firmer and less likely to sink in holes than if the ground were pecked up and the stone rammed? Recollect, the knocking of them down does not make them harder; it is only done to make the ground harder on which they stand. Surely, then, it would be more effectually done by beating it down hard before the stones are put upon it.

Aug. 11, 1824.

#### ANTI-ANIMAL SOCIETY.

A new society of Christians has been formed at Manchester, one of whose tenets is to *abstain entirely from every kind of animal food*, which they consider themselves bound to do, from their particular interpretation of the command, "*Thou shalt not kill.*"

One curious thing has resulted from this carcinophobia of new Christians, which ought to be recorded. They have all found their health, strength, and intellect improved by the new regimen, which many religious persons have ascribed to the Divine fa-



your as a reward for their conscientious abstemiousness, but which physiologists more rationally attribute to the curative effects of a natural diet, and the temperance it necessarily entails in other respects.\* The society is said to be rapidly increasing, and when we reflect on the blood-thirsty character of most sects of fanatics, we may rejoice that there is at least one

sect whose tenets are unconnected with cruelty. They form a good antithesis to the savage acts of the infernal mode of expelling the devil, resorted to in Ireland. We have lately heard an authentic account of a young woman who sacrificed her own aged grandmother, killing her herself, as a sort of expiation: this happened near Geneva, and not long ago.

### THE SEA-MARK.

*From the German of Goethe.*

DARK on yon ancient turret stands

A hero's shade on high—

Who as the vessels sail beneath,

Thus bids them oft good bye :

“ These sinews once were strong and bold,

My swelling heart was up ;

And there was marrow in my bone,

And liquor in my cup.

“ And half my life I chose the storm,

And half in ease to dwell ;

And you, blithe ship, and you, blithe crew,

Be glad to do as well.”

### NEW SPECIES OF ANIMAL.

Mr. Marion has found in the island of Manilla, a species of reptile, of the family of the Agamoides, which has the faculty of changing colour, like the cameleon. Its head is triangular, pretty large in proportion to the body ; the tail long and slender ; along the back, the crest or rid is formed of soft scales, and under the throat is a goitre. The feet have toes detached, and very unequal ; the scales are mostly triangular, imbricated and especially those of the tail. The iris is blackish, bordered with a little white circle about the pupil. The animal is very active, and feeds on insects. When the author first came into possession of it its colour, for 24 hours, was a delicate green, whether held in the dark, or exposed to the sun,—

whether kept motionless, or in a state of agitation : but next morning, on removing it from the inside of a bamboo, where it had been placed, its colour throughout had changed to carmelite ; when exposed to the air, this colour gradually disappeared, and the animal resumed its green robe. On this ground, certain brown lines were soon after visible : the animal was then replaced in the bamboo, but, on drawing it out, it had acquired a blueish-green colour, and it was only in the open air that the brownish tints returned ; and at length, without any variation of form or position, the brown colour gave place to a uniform green, intermingled, however, with some brownish streaks. When laid on green or red substances, no grain of colour was observed.

### PASTEBOARD ANATOMICAL FIGURES.

Mr. Auzoux, a young physician of Paris has invented a method of studying the anatomy of the human body superior to that by any imitation with wax. The flexibility of the wax renders it fit to represent the surface of

objects ; but, the interior parts, which are most wanted for inspection, cannot be surveyed by it. Of course, waxen figures are better adapted to the museum than the amphitheatre. Mr. Auzoux, with a composition re-

\* This circumstance ought to be known to the new society for preventing cruelty to animals, lately formed in London under the patronage of Mr. Buxton, and who meet regularly at Slaughter's Coffee-House.

sembling pasteboard, can imitate the human frame, including all its organs, its internal and external parts, with exact fidelity. The upper parts are easily displayed, according to the rules adopted in dissection, and the interior are moveable with the like facility. The artificial structure may thus be decomposed into a thousand different pieces, and readily put together again, by means of numerical cyphers attached. The only objection to this process is, that the shades and colouring are not so well shown as on wax, but this it is thought may be surmounted. The most minute organs,

the nerves, muscles, veins, all the vessels, are completely and correctly exhibited. In anatomical pathology, the effects of any malady will not only be visible on the surface, but the ravages made by it in the interior of the body and the alterations thereby effected. With the aid of variable pieces, the accoucheur may contemplate the different stages of pregnancy, &c. Comparative anatomy, veterinary medicine, and many who are not professionally obliged, and from the fetid scent, cannot attend dissections, will derive no small advantage from this invention.

### THE PLEASURES OF BRIGHTON.

#### A CIVIC SONG.

HERE'S fine Mrs. Hoggins from Aldgate,  
Miss Dohson and Deputy Dump,  
Mr. Spriggins has left Norton-Falgate,  
And so has Sir Christopher Crump.  
From Shoreditch, Whitechapel and Wapping,  
Miss Potts, Mr. Grub, Mrs. Keats,  
In the waters of Brighton are popping,  
Or killing their time in its streets.  
And it's O! what will become of us?  
Dear! the vapours and Blue-  
Devils will seize upon some of us  
If we have nothing to do.

This here, ma'am, is Sally, my daughter,  
Whose shoulder has taken a start,  
And they tell me, a dip in salt water  
Will soon make it straight as a dart :—  
Mr. Banter assured Mrs. Mumps,  
(But he's always a playing his fun,)  
That the camel that bathes with two humps,  
Very often comes out with but one.  
And it's O! &c.

And here is my little boy Jacky,  
Whose godfather gave me a hint,  
That by salt-water baths in a crack he  
Would cure his unfortunate squint.  
Mr. Yellowy's looking but poorly,  
It isn't the jaundice, I hope;  
Would you recommend bathing? O surely,  
And let him take—plenty of soap.  
And it's O! &c.

Your children torment you to jog 'em  
On donkeys that stand in a row,  
But the more you belabour and flog em,  
The more the cross creatures won't go:

T'other day, ma'am, I thump'd and I cried,  
And my darling roar'd louder than me,  
But the beast wouldn't budge till the tide  
Had bedraggled me up to the knee!  
And it's O! &c.

At Ireland's I just took a twirl in  
The swing, and walk'd into the Maze,  
And, lauk! in that arm-chair of Merlin  
I tumbled all manner of ways.  
T'other night Mr. Briggs and his nevy  
To Tupper's and Walker's would go,  
But I never beheld such a levee,  
So monstrously vulgar and low!  
And it's O! &c.

On the Downs you are like an old jacket,  
Hung up in the sunshine to dry;  
In the town you are all in a racket,  
With donkey-cart, whiskey, and fly.  
We have seen the Chain Peer, Devil's Dyke,  
The Chalybeate Spring, Rottingdean,  
And the royal Pagoda, how like  
Those bedanb'd on a tea-board or screen!  
And it's O! &c.

We have pored on the sea till we're weary,  
And lounged up and down on the shore  
Till we find all its gaiety dreary,  
And taking our pleasure a bore.  
There's nothing so charming as Brighton,  
We cry as we're scampering down,  
But we look with still greater delight on  
The day that we go back to town.  
For it's O! what will become of us,  
Dear! the Vapours and Blue-  
Devils will seize upon some of us  
If we have nothing to do.

### STEAM AND RAILWAYS.

A great social revolution appears to be on the eve of taking place from new application of the powers of steam. Some years since we described in this miscellany the loco-motive steam engines of BLENKINSOP, and

gave a graphic representation of them. Since that time they have been used in all the great collieries to convey coals from the pits to the place of shipment. The principle is an iron railway with pinions, so cast at the

same expense as plain, while the wheels of the engine are cast with teeth to work in the pinions; such wheels being cast at the same expense as plain ones. Wheels thus turned by a ten-horse power, have, like gas-fixing animals working with their feet, purchase sufficient to transport fifty tons of coal, six or eight miles per hour, and to ascend, if necessary, the 100th of the length, or seventeen yards in a mile, while they would move less weights twelve or fourteen miles per hour. The principle is obviously capable of extension; and at length a line of thirty miles in Durham having been prepared in this manner, the idea has been caught by public spirited persons in those focuses of enterprise, Liverpool and Manchester, and a similar road is planned between those towns, in which Manchester will represent the colliery of Liverpool. The Durham engineer, Mr. Stephenson, has made a survey which reduces the turnpike road distance from thirty-six to thirty-three miles, and the canal

distance from fifty to thirty-three, while the time will be reduced a full half. Such prepared roads seem therefore likely to supersede both canals and turnpike roads between places of great intercourse and definite distance; and already another is suggested from Birmingham to Liverpool! On our part, we would recommend others from London to Brighton, &c. to Holyhead, and through York to Edinburgh, with branches to Glasgow and all the great towns. Here is an opening for the advantageous employment of capital, combined with immense public advantages. Bold as is the project, it is not less so than many other applications of science which we have from time to time suggested and recorded in this miscellany, and which we have had the pleasure to live and see realized. The economy both of time and money would be so great, that all England would soon be united as one great metropolis, and its inhabitants enjoy a sort of personal national obliquity.

#### WHO IS THE AUTHOR OF "THE BEGGAR'S PETITION"?

SIR,—I regret that a variety of engagements has prevented me from sending earlier in the present month a communication, invited by one of your respectable correspondents, which is now at your service.

For the satisfaction of your friendly correspondent Investigator, I now transcribe a copy of "the Beggar's Petition," as it was *originally written* by the Rev. Thomas Moss, from Shaw's "History of Staffordshire," vol. ii. p. 238: a neatly executed engraving, of a decrepit old man leaning upon crutches, is prefixed.

#### THE BEGGAR.

—*inopemque paterni*  
*Et lavis, et fundi.* Hor.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,  
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,  
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,  
Oh! give relief, and heaven will bless your store.

These tatter'd clothes my poverty bespeak,  
These hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years,  
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek  
Has been the chapel to a stream of tears.

Yon house, erected on a rising ground,  
With tempting aspect, drew me from my road:  
For plenty there a residence has found,  
And grandeur a magnificent abode.

Hard is the fare of the infirm and poor!  
Here craving for a morsel of their bread,  
A pamp'rd menial forc'd me from the door,  
To seek a shelter in a humbler shed.

Oh take me to your hospitable dome,  
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold!  
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,  
For I am poor, and miserably old.

Should I reveal the source of every grief,  
If soft humanity e'er touch'd your breast,  
Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,  
And tears of pity could not be repress.

Heaven sends misfortune,—why should we repine?  
'Tis heaven has brought me to the state you see;  
And your condition may be soon like mine,—  
The child of sorrow and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,  
Then like the lark I sprightly hail'd the morn;  
But, ah! oppression forc'd me from my cot,  
My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter! once the comfort of my age!  
Lur'd by a villain from her native home,  
Is cast abandon'd on the world's wide stage,  
And doom'd in scanty poverty to roam.



My tender wife ! sweet soother of my care !  
 Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,  
 Fell,—lingering fell,—a victim to despair,  
 And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,  
 Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your  
 door,  
 Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,  
 Oh ! give relief, and heaven will bless your store.

I am not able to communicate any additional information concerning the time when this poem was written. It deserves consideration, however, that the friend of Mr. Moss, whose letter has been quoted in the first page of this volume, and who declared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. lxx. p. 41, "that he had authority to state, that he wrote it about the age of twenty-three,"

referred the readers of that article to Mr. Moss himself, who was at that time "Minister of Trentham," for the truth and confirmation of his statement. I judge from personal recollection of him, that he was about seventy years of age at the time of his decease; and have ascertained, by a certificate copied from the register of burials, that the Rev. T. Moss was interred in the cemetery adjoining to the parish church of King's Swinford, in the county of Stafford, on the 11th of December, 1808. It is to be lamented that no memorial distinguishes the spot where he reposes, as he was not only admired as a poet, but also deservedly esteemed as a man of exemplary character, and as an acceptable preacher.

#### MASTICATION AND DIGESTION.

Discharges of blood from the lungs have lately been prevalent, and have in some instances excited more alarm on the part of the patient and his friends than has been due to the occasion. When the consumptive disposition is not strongly marked, when the hæmorrhage soon subsides, without being followed by hurried pulse or hurried respiration, and when the individual finds himself rather relieved than made worse in his feelings by the occurrence, the accident ought not to be considered, as it is too apt to be, a necessary indication of and prelude to a break-up of constitution, and a coming on of consumption.

Some cases of disturbance in the stomach and bowels, not quite reaching to the height of cholera, have been clearly traced to taking meals with careless and *gourmand* rapidity. At this season of the year, when the stomach is morbidly alive to excitation, and the biliary secretion has more than usual susceptibility to deranged action, hurried meals, with copious draughts, ought especially to be abstained from. It is a curious fact, that while every one almost is aware

that though mastication is important, very few, indeed, act up to the knowledge which in this particular even feeling imparts. But let it be recollected by the more than commonly careless in this respect, that the inconvenience which the stomach suffers, from being obliged to perform the office of mastication as well as digestion does not end with the moment. Many more die of mere indigestion than is generally imagined; and, where chronic disorganization is the result of even temperate intemperance, you may repent and call for aid as you will, but it will be found that the time for repentance and for succour is gone by. Large draughts at dinner, under the notion of the solvent property of drink, will do more harm than good. The writer does not subscribe to the position that "man is not a drinking animal (a position, by the way, which has been advocated with much ingenuity and eloquence), but he thinks, nay, he knows, that a well-masticated meal requires but little of fluid to aid its solution, and that much drink of any kind rather tends to distention than digestion.

Sept. 1, 1824.

#### CURING OF SAGE FOR THE CHINA MARKET.

The *Monthly Review*, in reviewing Phillips' *History of Vegetables*, 1822, respecting Sage, states "that the

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Dutch have been long in the habit of drying sage leaves to resemble tea, for which they collect not only their own,

but also great quantities from the south of France. They pack them in cases and take them out to China; for every pound of sage they get in exchange four pounds of tea, the Chinese preferring it to the best of their own tea." If this assertion be correct, and if it was possible that a similar trade could be carried on by the English (considering the greatness of the consumption of foreign tea), the

labour that would be caused by it would be extraordinarily great; the progress of drying and curling could be easily done, and it would employ both young and old in its preparation. Perhaps some of your numerous correspondents will be able to give further particulars respecting it through your Magazine, and whether it is or has been tried in England.

#### ALL I WISH.

A HEART full of bliss,  
And a head full of dreams,  
Where rapture that is,  
More enrapturing seems;—  
Joys waiting my need,—  
In their turns, night and day,—  
So well that I heed  
Not when either's away;—  
Soft arms for my sleep,  
Fresh lips for its breaking,

Kind eyes that will keep  
Watch o'er me till waking;—  
Sweet breezes at morn,  
Cool shadows at noon,  
Purple eves that are gone  
I may care not how soon.  
For the transports ensuing:—  
Fate, give me but these,  
And let others be wooing  
What honours they please.

#### GAELIC MELODIES.

While English literature has been recently enriched with Spanish and Russian Anthology, Welch Melodies, &c. it seems rather wonderful that no attempt has hitherto been made, or only very partially made, to translate the simple and pathetic ballads of the northern portion of our own island. It was certainly a matter of regret, that the lyric compositions of the Gael should remain buried in their vernacular dialect. "*Macpherson's Melodies from the Gaelic*," so far as they extend, may, therefore, be considered as a desideratum in English literature. We have extracted "*Roy's Wife*,"—not because we deem it the best in the collection, but to enable our readers to compare this ancient Gaelic song with the modern words to the same tune now so popular.

AIR—"Roy's Wife."

Chorus.

Will ye go to Aldavallich?  
Will ye go to Aldavallich?  
Sweet the mellow mavis sings  
Amang the braes of Aldavallich.

There, beneath the spreading boughs,  
Among the woods of green Glenfallich,  
Softly murmuring as it flows,  
Winds the pure stream of Aldavallich.  
Will ye go to Aldavallich, &c.

The first golden smile of morn,  
And the last beam that evening sheddeth,  
Both that echoing vale adorn—  
That brightly glows, this mildly fadeth.  
Will ye go, &c.

Short is there hoar winter's stay,  
When spring returns like Hebe blooming;  
Hand in hand with rosy May,  
With balmy breath the air perfuming  
Will ye go, &c.

Brushing o'er the diamond dew,  
While Phœbus casts a lengthen'd shadow,  
There the fairest maidens pu'  
The fairest flowers that deck the meadow.  
Will ye go, &c.

But there's a flower, a fairer flower  
Then ever grew in green Glenfallich,  
The blooming maiden I adore,  
Young blithesome May of Aldavallich..  
will ye go, &c.

Let me but pu' this evening rose,  
And fondly press it to my bosom;  
I ask no other flower that blows,—  
Be mine this modest little blossom.  
Will ye go, &c.

Besides the translations already mentioned, the volume contains an equal number of original songs, and imitations, from the Gaelic, which, for the most part, exhibit the same characteristic traits as the others. Our limits, however, only allow us to give the following extract from this division of the work:

## THE BANKS OF GARRY.

TUNE—"O'er the Moor among the Heather."

When rosy May embalmed the air,  
 And verdure fring'd the winding Garry,  
 Upon a dewy morn'g fair,  
 I met my lovely Highland Mary :  
 On the flowery banks of Garry,  
 By the silver-winding Garry,  
 When rosy May embalm'd the air,  
 I met my lovely Highland Mary.

Softly wav'd the birken tree,  
 The little birds were gay and airy ;  
 Sweetly flow'd their melody  
 Upon the gay green banks of Garry :  
 On the flowery banks of Garry,  
 By the silver-winding Garry,  
 Sweetly flow'd their melody  
 Upon the gay green banks of Garry.

But what were morn'g wet wi' dew,  
 And all the flowers that fringe the Garry,  
 When first arose upon my view  
 A beam of light, my Highland Mary !  
 On the flowery banks of Garry,  
 By the crystal-winding Garry ;  
 'Twould make a saint forget his creed,  
 To meet her by the winding Garry.

O speed thee, Time ! on swifter wings  
 Around thy ring, nor slowly tarry ;  
 Oh ! haste the happy hour to bring  
 That gives me to my Highland Mary !  
 On the flowery banks of Garry,  
 By the silver-winding Garry,  
 Take, Fortune, all the world beside,  
 I ask no more than Highland Mary.

## DANISH SUPERSTITIONS.

We have heard and seen much of the legends and popular superstitions of THE NORTH, but in truth, all the exhibitions of these subjects which have hitherto appeared in England, have been translations from the German. Mr. OLAUS BORROW, who is familiar with the Northern Languages, proposes, however, to present these curious reliques of romantic antiquity directly

from the Danish and Swedish ; and two elegant volumes of them, now printing, will appear in September. They are highly interesting in themselves, but more so, as the basis of the popular superstitions of England when they were introduced during the incursions and dominion of the Danes and Norwegians.

## THE VICEROY OF EGYPT.

The *Revue Encyclopédique* contains the following extract of a letter from Grand Cairo, dated Jan. 8, 1824 ; "I have visited the Pacha, Mohammed Aly ; he is about fifty years of age and has a very expressive physiognomy. He plyed me with a number of questions, in respect of the military force of the Persians, their regular troops, &c. and made inquiries as to the news of Bagdad. His interpreter is Er. Bogos, an American, who appears to possess great influence with him, and is considered as a very intelligent character. I visited the arsenal, the manufacture of printed cotton stuffs, the printing-office, &c. The Pacha has introduced into these and other establishments, all the European machinery. He has also erected a telegraphic line between Cairo and Alexandria ; by this conveyance, he receives and expedites intelligence from one city to the other in the space of an hour. An Englishman has brought here, from London, a steam-engine, and a drag to clean

rivers and to fish with, but these are not yet prepared for use. The Pacha is now building a national bank, and an establishment for coining money. His liberality is boundless to effect the accomplishment of his schemes, and the activity of his genius is no less remarkable. Europeans are particularly employed by him, and constitute the principal objects of his encouragement. He is, in a word, become above all prejudices. His conduct excites much jealousy among the Beys, but he has signified to them, that if they do not approve of his system they are at liberty to retire. He is now levying a numerous corps to be officered by Franks and Mamelukes, and recruits from peasants in the country, and with Arabs of Mount Libanus, whose chief has lately retired to Cairo ; and, being under the Pacha's protection, has engaged to procure a certain number of warriors of that tribe, which boasts of having never been conquered. The Pacha has, moreover, employed agents to furnish



him with nearly 500,000 European muskets. He has great projects in view, and unless intercepted by the treachery of the Turkish chiefs, he will no doubt finally succeed. The canal, that he has lately excavated near Foa, on the Nile, is about sixty miles in length, and is considered a noble undertaking. Mohammed has also on the banks of the Nile a very elegant

palace, in the Italian style. At present, he is decorating the fountains of his capital with lions, crocodiles, and columns of marble brought from Italy. The actual population of Cairo is about 300,000 inhabitants. The Pacha has erected in this city two colleges for the instruction of youth; he is also successfully propagating the vaccine inoculation."

### SACRED MELODY.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

There is a thought can lift the soul,  
Above the dull cold sphere that bounds it,—  
A star that sheds its mild controul  
Brightest when grief's dark cloud surrounds it,  
And pours a soft prevailing ray,  
Life's ills may never chase away!

When earthly joys have left the breast,  
And e'en the last fond hope it cherish'd  
Of mortal bliss—too like the rest—  
Beneath woe's withering touch hath perish'd,  
With fadeless lustre streams that light,  
A halo on the brow of night!

And bitter were our sojourn here  
In this dark wilderness of sorrow,  
Did not that rainbow-beam appear,  
The herald of a brighter morrow,  
A gracious beacon from on high  
To guide us to Eternity!

### A NEW TRICK OF LEGERDEMAIN.

Venice was anciently famed for its admirable police. It happened one morning that a French nobleman, in taking a few turns in the square of St. Mark, had his pocket picked of a valuable family watch. Instantly on ascertaining his loss, he repaired to the police department, and expressed, with little discretion, and in unmeasured terms, his surprise that under its so much vaunted regulations, such an accident should have befallen him in the middle of the day, and in so public a place.

'Be careful how you speak of the police of Venice,' said the Commissary to whom he addressed himself; 'your quality as a foreigner will not shelter you, if your invectives should run to too great a length. Deposit here four zechins, and repair to-morrow morning, at eleven o'clock, to the spot where you lost your watch, with an assurance that it will be restored to you.' The Frenchman was punctual, and waited until two without any tidings of his watch. Still

more enraged than before, he again presented himself to the Commissary, venting the bitterest imprecations, and swearing by the Blessed Virgin, the devils in hell, and all the saints in Paradise, that he had been shamefully bubbled, having not only lost his watch, but his zechins, together with his time, which he held to be equally valuable. 'Look to your fob,' said the Commissary, and there, to his utter astonishment, Monsieur found *his watch*.

'You have to learn something further of the Venetian police,' added the Commissary, 'for which purpose here is an officer who will accompany you.' Having descended to a subterranean apartment, his guide led him, by several gloomy, vaulted passages, in crossing which he became more and more anxious as to what was to befall him, to a chamber, dimly lighted by a lamp, where, in a recess, the curtain of which was drawn aside for his inspection, suspended by a cord he saw the *thief*.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

(New Mon.)

### DINNER IN THE STEAM-BOAT.

"They fool me the top of my bent."—*Shak.*

"COME, Mrs. Suet, Mrs. Hoggins, Mrs. Sweatbread, Mrs. Cleaver! dinner's ready; shall I show you the way down to the cabin? we mustn't spoil good victuals though we are sure of good company. Lauk! what a monstrous deal of smoke comes out of the chimney. I suppose they are dressing the second course; every thing's roasted by steam, they say,—how excessively clever! As to Mrs. Dip, since she's so high and mighty, she may find her own way down. What! she's afraid of spoiling her fine shawl, I reckon, though you and I remember, Mrs. Hoggins, when her five-shilling Welsh-whittle was kept for Sunday's church, and good enough too, for we all know what her mother was. Good Heavens! here comes Undertaker Croak, looking as down in the mouth as the root of my tongue: do let me go out of his way; I wouldn't sit next to him for a rump and dozen, he does tell such dismal stories that it quite gives one the blue devils. He is like a nightmare, isn't he, Mr. Smart?"—"He may be like a mare by night," replied Mr. Smart, with a smirking chuckle, "but I consider him more like an ass by day.—He! he! he!" Looking round for applause at this sally, he held out his elbows, and taking a lady, or rather a female, under each arm, he danced towards the hatchway, exclaiming, "Now I am ready trussed for table, liver under one wing and gizzard under the other."—"Keep a civil tongue in your head, Mr. Smart; I don't quite understand being called a liver—look at the sparks coming out of the chimney, I declare I'm frightened to death."—"Well, then you are of course no longer a liver," resumed the facetious Mr. Smart; "so we may as well apply to Mr. Croak to bury you."—"O Gemini! don't talk so shocking; I had rather never die at all than have such a fellow as that to bury me."—"Dickey, my dear!" cried Mrs. Cleaver to her son, who was leaning over the ship's side with a most woe-begone and emetical expression of countenance, "hadn't

you better come down to dinner? There's a nice side of a round o' beef, and the chump end of a *line* o' mutton, besides a rare hock of bacon, which I dare say will settle your stomach."—"O mother," replied the young Cockney, "that 'ere cold beef-steak and inguns vat you put up in the pocket-handkerchief, vasn't good I do believe, for all my hinsides are of a work."—"Tell 'em it's a holiday," cried Smart.—"O dear, O dear!" continued Dick, whose usual brazen tone was subdued into a lackadaisical whine, "I vant to reach and I can't—vat shall I do, mother?"—"Stand on tip-toe, my darling," replied Smart, imitating the voice of Mrs. Cleaver, who began to take in high dudgeon this horse-play of her neighbour, and was proceeding to manifest her displeasure in no very measured terms, when she was fortunately separated from her antagonist, and borne down the hatchway by the dinner-desiring crowd, though sundry echoes of the words "Jackanapes!" and "impertinent feller!" continued audible above the confused gabble of the gangway.

"Well, but Mr. Smart," cried Mrs. Suet, as soon as she had satisfied the first cravings of her appetite, "you promised to tell me all about the steam, and explain what it is that makes them wheels go round and round as fast as those of our one-horse chay, when Jem Bell drives the trotting mare."—"Why, ma'am, you must understand—" "Who called for sandwiches and a tumbler of negus?" bawled the steward—"Who called for the savages and tumbling negres?" repeated Mr. Smart.—"Yes, ma'am, you saw the machinery, I believe—(capital boiled beef) there's a thing goes up and a thing goes down, all made of iron; well, that's the hydrostatic principle; then you put into the boiler—(a nice leg of mutton, Mrs. Sweetbread)—let me see, where was I?—In the boiler, I believe. Ah! it's an old trick of mine to be getting into hot water. So, ma'am, you see they turn all the smoke that comes from the fire on to the wheels, and

that makes them spin round, just as the smoke-jack in our chimnies turns the spit; and then there's the safety-valve in case of danger, which lets all the water into the fire, and so puts out the steam at once. You see, ma'am, it's very simple, when once you understand the trigonometry of it."—"O perfectly, but I never had it properly explained to me before. It's vastly clever, isn't it. How *could* they think of it? Shall I give you a little of the sallad? La, it isn't dressed; what a shame!"

"Not at all," cried Smart, "none of us dressed for dinner, so that we can hardly expect it to be dressed for us. He! he! he!"—"Did you hear that, Mrs. H.?" exclaimed Mrs. Suet, turning to Mrs. Hoggins, "that was a good one, warn't it? Drat it, Smart, you *are* a droll one."

Here the company were alarmed by a terrified groan from Mr. Croak, who ejaculated, "Heaven have mercy on us! did you hear that whizzing noise?—there it is again! there's something wrong in the boiler—if it bursts, we shall all be in heaven in five minutes."—"The Lord forbid!" ejaculated two or three voices, while others began to scream, and were preparing to quit their places, when the steward informed them it was nothing in the world but the spare steam which they were letting off.—"Ay, so they always say," resumed Croak with an incredulous tone and woe-begone look; "but it was just the same on board the American steam-boat that I was telling you of—fifty-two souls sitting at dinner, laughing and chatting for all the world as we are now, when there comes a whizz, such as we heard a while ago—God help us! there it is once more—and bang! up blew the boiler—fourteen people scalded to death—large pieces of their flesh found upon the river, and a little finger picked up next day in an oyster-shell, which by the ring upon it was known to be the captain's. But don't be alarmed, ladies and gentlemen, I dare say we shall escape any scalding as we're all in the cabin, and so we shall only go to the bottom smack! Indeed we *may*

arrive safe—they do sometimes, and I wish we may now, for nobody loves a party of pleasure more than I do. I hate to look upon the gloomy side of things when we are all happy together (here another groan,) and I hope I haven't said any thing to lower the spirits of the company."

"There's no occasion," cried Smart "for I saw the steward putting water into every bottle of brandy." The laugh excited by this *bon mot* tended in some degree to dissipate the alarm and gloom which the boding Mr. Croak had been infusing into the party; and Smart, by way of fortifying their courage, bade them remark that the sailors were obviously under no sort of apprehension. "Ay," resumed the persevering Mr. Croak, "they are used to it—it is their business—they are bred to the sea."—"But they don't want to be bread to the fishes, any more than you or I," retorted Smart, chuckling at his having the best of this nonsense.

"Well," exclaimed Mrs. Sweetbread, "I never tasted such beer as this—flat as ditch-water; they should have put it upon the cullender to let the water run out; and yet you have been drinking it, Smart, and never said any thing about it."—"Madam," replied the party thus addressed, laying his hand upon his heart, and looking very serious, "I make it a rule never to speak ill of the dead.—I am eating the ham, you see, and yet it would be much better if I were to let it exemplify one of Shakspeare's soliloquies—Ham-let alone."—"La! you're such a wag," cried Mrs. Hoggins, "there's no being up to you; but if you don't like the ham, take a slice of this edge-bone—nothing's better than cold beef."—"I beg your pardon, Madam," replied the indefatigable joker—"cold beef's better than nothing—Ha! ha! ha!"

"How do you find yourself now, my darling?" said Mrs. Cleaver to her son, who had been driven below by a shower, and kept his hat on because, as he said, his "hair was quite vet."—"Vy, mother, I have been as sick as a cat, but I'm bang up now, and so peckish that I feel as if I could



heat any thing.”—“Then just warm these potatoes,” said Smart, handing him the dish, “for they are almost cold.”—“I’ll thank you not to run your rigs upon me,” quoth the young Cockney, looking glumpish, “or I shall fetch you a vipe with this here hash-stick. If one gives you a hinch, you take a hell.”—“Never mind him, my dear,” cried his mother, “eat this mutton-chop, it will do you good; there’s no gravy, for Mr. Smart has all the sauce to himself. Haw! haw! haw!”—“Very good!” exclaimed the latter, clapping his hands, “egad! Ma’am, you are as good a wag as your own double chin.” This was only ventured in a low tone of voice, and, as the fat dame was at that moment handing the plate to her son, it was fortunately unheard. Dick being still rather giddy, contrived to let the chop fall upon the floor, an occurrence at which Mr. Smart declared he was not in the least surprised, as the young man, when first he came into the cabin, looked uncommonly chop-fallen. Dick, however, had presently taken a place at the table, and begun attacking the buttock of beef with great vigour and vivacity, protesting he had got a famous “happetite,” and felt “as ungry as an ound.”—“I never say any thing to discourage any body,” said Mr. Croak, “particularly young people; it’s a thing I hate, but t’other day a fine lad sate down to his dinner in this very packet, after being sea-sick, just as you may be doing now, when it turned out he had broke a blood-vessel, and in twelve hours he was a corpse, and a very pretty one he made.”

“I’m not going to be choused out of my dinner for all that,” replied the youth, munching away with great industry, and at the same time calling out—“Steward! take away this porter-pot, it runs.”—“I doubt that,” cried Smart.—“I say it does,” resumed Dick, angrily, “the table-cloth is all of a sop.”—“I’ll bet you half-a-crown it doesn’t.” Done! and done! were hastily exchanged, when Mr. Smart, looking round with a smirk, exclaimed—“Ladies and gentlemen, I appeal to every one of you whether the pot has not been perfectly still, and nothing has been running but the beer.” This elicited

a shout at poor Dick’s expense, who sullenly muttered, “I’m not going to be bamboozled out of an ’alf-crown in that there vay, and vat’s more I vont be made a standing joke by no man.”—“I don’t see how you can,” replied his antagonist, “so long as you are sitting.”—“Vy are you like a case of ketchup?” cried Dick, venturing for once to become the assailant, and immediately replying to his own inquiry, “because you are a sauce-box.”—“Haw! haw!” roared his mother, “bravo, Dick; well done, Dick! there’s a proper rap for you, Mr. Smart.”—Somewhat nettled at this joke, poor as it was, the latter returned to the charge by inquiring of Dick why his hat was like a giblet-pie? and after suffering him to guess two or three times in vain, cried “because there’s a goose’s head in it,” and instantly set the example of the horse-laugh in which the company joined. Finding he was getting the worst of it, Dick thought it prudent to change the conversation, by observing that it would luckily be “’igh water in the ’arbour when they arrived.”—“Then I recommend you by all means to use some of it,” said the pertinacious Mr. Smart, “perhaps it may cure your squint.”

Both mother and son rose up in wrath at this personality, and there would infallibly have been a *bourrasque* (as the French say) in the hold, but that there was just then a tremendous concussion upon the deck, occasioned by the fall of the main-boom, and followed by squeaks and screams, of all calibres, from the panic-stricken company at the dinner-table. “Lord have mercy upon us!” ejaculated Croak with a deep groan, “it’s all over with us—we are going to the bottom—I like to make the best of every thing—it’s my way, and therefore hope no lady or gentleman will be in the least alarmed, for I believe drowning is a much less painful death than is generally supposed.”

Having run upon deck at this juncture for the purpose of ascertaining the nature of the accident, which he found to be unattended with the smallest danger, the writer cannot detail any more of the conversation that ensued.

## DANISH TRADITIONS AND SUPERSTITIONS.

(Mon. Mag.)

*Balder's Hill.*

NOT far from the village of Tune, in the district of Roskilde, is the mountain in which Balder is reported to have been buried. Saxo asserts, that once when several countrymen, under the guidance of a professor of the black art, went to this hill for the purpose of digging up a treasure, it seemed to them, when most busied at the work, that a foaming flood, with much noise, was precipitating itself down from the top of the hill; whereupon, in the greatest terror, they cast away their spades, and each sought for safety in flight.

*Hanebiærg.*

In the parish of East Lygum, in Slesvig, is a height called Hanebiærg, and not far from it is a fairy-moss. A young peasant once lay down upon this moss, and slept so long, that he awoke very late at night, when he heard around him the most enchanting music, and, looking up, he perceived two fairy maidens, who skipped and danced about, and asked him, in the mean time, several questions, in order to make him speak; but he knew well that there would be danger in doing so, and was silent. Then, suddenly changing their manner, they sung in menacing tones:—

This instant rise, and speak to us,  
Thou young and handsome swain,  
Or we with knives thy breast will rip,  
And cut thy heart in twain.

He was much terrified when he heard this, and was just going to speak; but a cock at that moment crowed from the top of the neighbouring hill, and the fairies immediately vanished; from which circumstance the hill is called Hanebiærg (Cock's hill).

*The Seals.*

It is a common belief in Ferroe, that the seal every ninth night casts off its skin, assumes a human shape, and dances and amuses itself after the human fashion, until it resumes its skin, and becomes a seal again. It

chanced once that a man passed by while this was taking place, and when he saw the skin, he took it up, and hid it. When the seal, who was a female, could not find her skin to creep into, she was obliged to continue in her human shape; and, as she was comely to look at, the same man made her his wife, had several children by her, and lived with her very comfortably. But, after the lapse of a long time, the woman found her concealed skin, and could do then nothing less than creep into it, and become a seal again.

*Holy-cross Church.*

Directly over against the pulpit of Onsbergh Church, in Samsoe, is a table, on which is fastened a crucifix, with the following inscription:—“This gilded crucifix was found tied round the neck of a drowned man, who came floating to the shore near Isle Mode, in the parish of Tranbiørn. When the people wished to convey the body to the church-yard, four horses could not stir the cart in which it was placed, nor could they draw the same body to Kolbye Church. But, when they turned towards Onsbergh Church, two horses easily dragged it there. It was buried on the eastern side of this church, which takes its name from the said gilded cross, being called at this time *Hellig-kors Kirke* (Holy-cross Church), 1596.”

*The Shopkeeper of Aalborg.*

Once when a raging fire broke out in the town of Aalborg, and the flames had just seized the warehouse of a shopkeeper, so that his whole property was on the point of being consumed, he snatched his weights and measures from the counter, and, with these in his hand, he hurried into the middle of the street, crying, “In case, O God! I have ever with weight and measure robbed and cheated any one, then let the fire consume my house; but, if I have always acted with pro-

bity and integrity, preserve then my goods and dwelling." And no sooner had he said this than the fire died away, and his house escaped. He caused this inscription to be placed over the door, "I was on the brink of a precipice, but I did not fall down. Anno 1663, d. 11 Augusti."

#### *Tordenskiold's Grave.*

In that part of the church-wall of Holm which looks towards the sea, close by the grave of Tordenskiold, is a stone that will not keep fast in the wall, but is every now and then falling out. "That is Tordenskiold," says the peasant; "who is coming again to thresh the Swedes."

#### *Norvig Church.*

A boor of Norvig, in Oddsberred, had a great desire to see what was passing in the church at midnight. He therefore crept slyly in, and seated himself in one of the pews. He remained there till it was deep night, when the church was suddenly illuminated; he then heard the doors open, and, immediately after, he saw four tall, steel-clad men walk in, bearing on their shoulders a coffin. They halted in the middle of the aisle, raised the flag-stones, and deposited the coffin beneath. After all this was done, they went away.

There is no doubt that the famous Mark Stig was secretly buried by his followers somewhere in North Zealand: and Pontoppidan remarks, in his "*Marmora Danica*," that many think he was buried in this church.

#### *The Dragon of Aalborg.*

Two miles from Aalborg lie several hillocks, which are called *Osthiern Bakker*. Among these, very many years ago, a dragon had his nest, and by his rapacity caused a great dearth in the neighbourhood. Thither came a man who knew how to deal with such reptiles, and he promised to destroy the dragon. He first caused a great wood pile to be raised, and, when this was set fire to, he mounted a powerful horse, and rode past the dragon's nest. The dragon followed him wherever he went, and they came

in this manner at length to the blazing pile. The man immediately leapt his horse over the pile, and the dragon crept after him completely through the flames. He made the leap a second time; and a second time the dragon crawled after him: and when he had rode seven times, unscorched and unhurt, over the pile, the dragon, in attempting to creep through it the seventh time, was entirely consumed.

#### *The Mountain Imps.*

In Kund-hill, near the plain of Thyrsing, lives an elf, who has several children. When the sun is gone down, they are frequently seen, with much noise and laughter, to creep up to the summit, and then let themselves roll down one after another. They continue their sport late at night.

#### *King Waldemar's Chase.*

King Waldemar loved Tovelill, a lady of Ryggen; and he was so strongly afflicted when she died, that he would not forsake her body, but caused it to be carried along with him wherever he went. This became very disagreeable to all those who were about the king, and on that account a courtier, profiting by a favourable opportunity, examined the body, in order to discover what it was that bound the king to it with so powerful an attachment. He at last perceived on her finger a magic ring, which her mother had given her in order to secure the king's love. The courtier took the ring, and immediately the king's infatuation towards the body disappeared, and he allowed it to be interred. But mark the consequence: all the king's love was transferred to the courtier, who was now in possession of the ring; so that he granted him every thing that he asked for, and would scarcely trust him from his sight; which constraint at last became irksome to the youth, and, as he knew what was the cause of it, he dropped the ring into a pond, as he one day rode through the grove of Gurra. From that moment the king began to find himself better in this particular grove than in any other place; he caused the Castle of Gurra to be built, and hunted night and day in the wood.



He was frequently heard to say, that God might keep heaven to himself, if he were only permitted to hunt in Gurra ; and, after his death, God punished him by fulfilling his wish.

He now rides every night from Burra to Gurra, and is through the whole district known by the name of the Flying Huntsman. When he approaches, one hears, first a horrid howling, bellowing, and whip-cracking, in the air, and then every person ought to turn out of the path, and conceal himself behind the trees. Then comes the whole route. Foremost of all run the coal-black dogs, snuffing the ground, and with long glowing tongues lolling from their throats. Then appears "Wolmar," seated upon his white horse, and generally carrying his head under his left arm. When he meets any body, especially if it happens to be an old man, he commands him to hold his dogs, and sometimes leaves him standing with the hounds for many hours, or, at other times, he will presently afterwards fire a shot, and, when the hounds hear that, they burst their bands, and scamper off. When he goes away in this manner, the gates are heard slamming-too after him ; and in many places, where there is a straight passage through a house, he gallops in at the one and out of the other door, and no bolts are so heavy that they do not spring back at his approach. He frequently rides through Ibsgaard, in Oddsberred ; and there is in Roskilde a house where the doors are now always left standing open during the night ; for, previously to that, he frequently broke the locks to pieces. In certain places, it frequently happens that he takes his course over the house, and in the neighbourhood of Herlufsholm there is a cottage whose roof is in the middle considerably sunk, because he has passed over it. In North Zealand he has another Gurra, in which stand some ruins, which are called Waldemar's Castle. It is here customary for the old women, on the eve of St. John's day, to station themselves in the paths, and to open the gates for him, Half a mile from Gurra lies Woldemar's height, surrounded by water. According to tradition, six

black monks, mumbling psalms, pass slowly every midnight across the island. Between Sollerood and Nærum, he hunts with his hounds and horses along a road which takes its name from him.

When he has thus made a circuit, he reposes himself by turns in all the princely residences scattered through the country. He takes particular pleasure in stopping at Valloe-burgh, where there is a chamber appropriated to him, in which stand two beds ; in the same apartment are likewise two strong chests, which, being once opened, were found to be filled with strong round pieces of leather, "for better money there was not in King Waldemar's days." A subterranean passage connects Valloe-burgh with Tallosegaard, in the bailiwick of Holbeck : here he likewise has a sleeping-room, and maidens and people, dressed in the fashion of the times when he lived, are frequently seen making the beds. A countryman, who would not believe that the king came by night to this place, had the audacity to keep watch there ; but, about midnight the spectre-monarch entered, saluted him in a friendly manner, and said, "I will reward you for this kind visit," and at the same time chucked him a gold coin ; but, when the fellow caught at it, it burnt a round hold through his hand, and fell to the ground a fiery coal. We may easily judge what he suffered from this fiendish gift. But it frequently happens, that when old men or women have for many hours held the phantom's hounds, he casts something to them which looks like a coal, and is therefore generally disregarded ; but, if it be picked up and examined, it is found to consist of the purest gold.

The following is one of this remarkable personages adventures :—

Late at eve they were toiling on Harribee bank,  
For in harvest men ne'er should be idle,  
Towards them rode Waldemar, meagre and lank,  
And he linger'd, and drew up his bridle.

"Success to your labour, and have ye to-night  
Seen any thing pass ye in reaping ?"  
"Yes, yes," said a peasant "I saw something white"  
Just now through the corn-stubble creeping."

"Which way did it go?"—"Why, methought to the beach."

Then off went Waldemar bounding ;  
A few moments after they heard a faint screech,  
And the horn of the hunter resounding,

Then back came he, laughing in horrible tone,  
And the blood in their veins ran the colder,  
When they saw that a fresh-slaughter'd mermaid  
was thrown  
Athwart his proud barb's dappled shoulder.

Said he, "I have chas'd her for seven-score years,  
As she landed to drink at the fountains."  
No more did he deign to their terrified ears.  
But gallop'd away to the mountains.

### *The Sunken Castle.*

In the neighbourhood of Londonborg is a lake, the bottom of which no one living has ever yet been able to find. and concerning this same lake goes a very strange story. Many centuries ago there stood, in the same place where the lake now is, a large old castle. There is no other trace remaining of it now than a carriage-way, which formerly led to the castle-gate, but which loses itself now beneath the waters of the lake. This is the story:—It happened one Sunday evening, when the master was from come, that the servants of the castle were drinking and amusing themselves ; and they carried their pastime so far, that they took a swine from the sty, dexterously dressed it up, put a hat upon its head, and laid it in their master's bed. When this was done, they despatched a hasty messenger to the nearest priest, entreating him to home and give the sacrament to their master, who, they said, was lying at his last gasp. The priest came immediately to the castle, and, as he dreamt of no trick, he read prayers over the swine ; and as he presented the sacrament all present began to laugh, and the swine snapped it out of his hands. Whereupon he, in the utmost horror, hurried away, but forgot to take his book along with him ; and, as he rushed out of the last gate, the castle-clock struck twelve, and immediately the building shook and trembled in all its gables, and when he turned round it was already sunk, and the lake came foaming and bellying up from the abyss. Stupified with fear and wonder, he could not

stir from the spot ; and, as he stood gazing, a little stool came floating to the top of the water, and upon it lay the book which he had forgot to bring out of the castle.

### *The Man and his Shadow.*

One evening, when the moon shone bright in the heavens, a man went out into the fields ; and, as he walked along, his eyes fell by chance on the long handsome shadow which he cast behind him in the moonshine ; and, as he plumed himself upon it, a little dwarfish man advanced to him, and said, "That is a noble shadow of yours ; will you sell it to me." Thereupon the man burst into loud laugh ; but when the dwarf repeated his request, and showed him several lovely white ducats, he began to think him in earnest, and the bargain was soon struck. Then the little man took the shadow, rolled it carefully up, put it in his pocket, and went his way. The man went likewise home, and was at first rather melancholy at his loss ; but the lovely white ducats soon consoled him. A short time after this, he went out with his wife into the fields, and saw how finely the corn looked waving in the clear moonshine ; and, as they now walked along the fields, the wife suddenly exclaimed, "See what a shadow I have,—observe its length and breadth ; but you, man, have no shadow : what is the reason of that ?" The man endeavoured to evade this question, but the wife was continually harping upon it. Time after time, the neighbours and the children came to see whether he had any shadow, and then they all avoided him ; so that, unable at last to bear the universal scorn and contempt, he made away with himself.

### *Mermen.*

In the year 1619, King Christian the Fourth, sent two state-counsellors (Sir Oluf Rosenspar and Sir Niels Holo,) to Norway, for the purpose of holding a court-day ; and it chanced, on their return, that the crew of the vessel caught, and drew on-board, a merman, in shape and features just like any other man ; he staggered

about for a long time upon the deck, but at last he lay down as if he had been dead; and when one of the bystanders exclaimed, "What a wonderful God that must be who has human creatures even in the water;" the merman answered, "Yes; and if you knew all I do, you would say so indeed; but, if you do not let me this moment return to the water, neither ye nor your ship shall ever reach the land." Thereupon he would not speak another word; but was placed

in the boat, out of which he sprang himself.

The year after, when the state counsellor, Christopher Ulfeld, was sent with a ship to Gulland, a merman, having black hair and a long beard, approached them on their way; he seemed to have great curiosity, and observed the ship and those that were in it very closely; but when one of the sailors flung him out a shirt in sport, he ducked under, and was no more seen.

### THE FATA MORGANA.

(Mon. Mag.)

THE CONCHOLOGIST'S COMPANION; COMPRISING THE INSTINCTS AND CONSTRUCTIONS OF TESTACEOUS ANIMALS, &c. &c. BY THE AUTHOR OF THE WONDERS OF THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM, &c.

**T**HIS unpretending volume will be received with much pleasure by those whose taste leads them to the study of natural history: especially by the more juvenile students, for whose use it is principally designed. It is a judicious and entertaining compilation from larger and more scientific works on the same subjects, interspersed with descriptions of natural scenery from the pen of the compiler, who appears to be an ardent lover of nature. The following extract from the description of the coral, which contains also an account of that singular phenomenon the *fata morgana*, will give a good idea of the style in which the work is written.

"This elegant production is common to the shores of Great Britain; but the finest specimens are brought from the Persian Gulf, Red Sea, Africa, Bastions of France, islands of Majorca and Corsica, and from the coasts of Provence and Catalonia. A large fishery also subsists in the Straits of Messina, where the shell collector had lately an opportunity of not only seeing the method employed by the Sicilian fishermen in bringing up the coral, but also La Fata Morgana, that beautiful aerial phenomenon, which the credulous natives imagine to be produced by fairies or invisible beings,

It was summer, early in July, the morning calm and delightful; the winds were hushed, the surface of the bay remarkably smooth—the tide at its full height, and the waters elevated in the middle of the channel. The sun had just surmounted the hills behind Reggio, and formed an angle of forty-five degrees on the noble expanse of water which extends before the city. Suddenly the sea that washes the Sicilian shores presented the aspect of a range of dark mountains; while that on the Calabrian coast appeared like a clear polished mirror, which reflected and multiplied every object existing or moving at Reggio, with the addition of a range of more than a thousand giant pilasters, equal in altitude, distance, and degree of light and shade. In a moment they lost half their height, and bent into arcades, like those of a Roman aqueduct. A long cornice was then formed on the top, and above it rose innumerable castles, which presently divided into towers, and shortly afterwards into magnificent colonnades. To these succeeded a sweep of windows; then came pines and cypresses, and innumerable shrubs and trees; in shadier scenes

'Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor nymph  
Nor Faunus haunted.'

"This glorious vision continued in full beauty till the sun was considerably advanced in the heavens; it then van-

'That in the colours of the rainbow live,  
Or play it' the plighted clouds.'



ished in the twinkling of an eye; and instead of pilasters, groves, and colonnades, the shell collector saw nothing but the mountains of Reggio, Messina, and a beautiful expanse of water, reflecting its cultivated shores, and the cattle that were grazing on its banks.\*

"A new scene was now presented to his attention. It consisted of a number of boats skimming rapidly over the transparent water, each of which was tipped with vivid light; and a fleet of more than twenty small vessels, with their sails expanded to catch the breeze. They were employed in the coral fishery, which is carried on from the entrance of the Taro to the part of the Strait opposite to the church of the Grotto, or through a tract of six miles in length, and to the distance of three miles from Messina. Each vessel was

manned by eight men, who separately moored them above a range of submarine rocks, and then proceeded to bring up the branches of coral by means of an instrument formed of two poles of wood, crossing each other at right angles, and having a piece of net fastened on the under side; a large stone having been previously fixed at the points where the poles cross each other, in order to facilitate the descent of the instrument; and a cord strongly tied round the middle. Each of the fishermen held one of these instruments in his hand, and by the help of a companion, guided the net to those places where the coral was supposed to grow, which was then enclosed in the meshes of the net, broken off, and immediately drawn up."

## VARIETIES.

Original Anecdotes, Literary News, Chit Chat, Incidents, &c.

### INHABITANTS AND HABITATIONS OF THE MOON.

Professor Gruithausen in Munich has now published the first-third of his essay on the many plain indications of inhabitants in the moon, and especially of a colossal building. The *Munich Gazette* relates some of the most remarkable results derived from a great number of observations made last year. They answer three questions—1. To what latitude in the moon are there indications of vegetation?—2. How far are there indications of animated beings?—3. Where are the greatest and plainest traces of art on the surface of the moon? With respect to the first question, it appears from the observations of Schroter and Gruithausen that the vegetation on the moon's surface extends to 55 degrees South latitude, and 65 degrees North latitude. Many hundred observations have shown in the different colours, and monthly changes of the parts, evidently covered with plants, three kinds of phenomena, which cannot possibly be explained, except by the process of ve-

getation. To the second question, it is answered that the indications from which the existence of living beings is inferred, are found from 50 degrees North latitude to 37 degrees, and perhaps 47 degrees South latitude. The answer to the third question relates to the observations pointing out the places in the moon's surface, in which are appearance of artificial causes, altering the surface. The author here examines the appearances that induces him to infer that there are artificial roads in various directions, and he also describes the great colossal edifice, resembling our cities, on the most fertile part, near the moon's equator. It is remarkable that it stands accurately, according the four cardinal points, and that the main lines are in angles of 45 and 90 degrees, and a building resembling what is called a star redoubt, is attached to it, which the discoverer *presumes* to be dedicated to religious purposes; and as the Selenites can see no stars in the day time (their atmosphere being so pure) he thinks that they worship the stars, and consider the earth as a natural clock. The Essay is accompanied by several plates.

\* For a further description of a *La Fata Morgana*, consult *Travels in the Two Sicilies*, by Swinburne.

## BEETHOVEN.

Beethoven is the most celebrated of the living composers in Vienna, and in certain departments the foremost of his day. His powers of harmony are prodigious. Though not an old man, he is lost to society in consequence of his extreme deafness, which has rendered him almost unsocial. The neglect of his person which he exhibits gives him a somewhat wild appearance. His features are strong and prominent; his eye is full of rude energy; his hair, which neither comb nor scissors seem to have visited for years, overshadows his broad brow in a quantity and confusion to which only the snakes round a Gorgon's head offer a parallel. His general behaviour does not ill accord with the unpromising exterior. Except when he is among his chosen friends, kindness or affability are not his characteristics. The total loss of hearing has deprived him of all the pleasure which society can give, and perhaps soured his temper.—Even among his oldest friends, he must be humoured like a spoiled child. He has always a small paper book with him, and what conversation takes place, is carried on in writing. The moment he is seated at the piano, he is evidently unconscious that there is anything in existence but himself and his instrument; and, considering how very deaf he is, it seems impossible that he should hear all he plays. Accordingly, when playing very *piano*, he often does not bring out a single note. He hears it himself in the “mind's ear.” While his eye, and the almost imperceptible motion of his fingers, show that he is following out the strain in his own soul through all its dying gradations, the instrument is actually as dumb as the musician is deaf. He seems to feel the bold, the commanding, and the impetuous, more than what is soothing or gentle. The muscles of the face swell, and its veins start out; the wild eye rolls doubly wild; the mouth quivers, and Beethoven looks like a wizard overpowered by the demons whom he himself has called up.—*Tour in Germany in 1820, 21, & 22.*

## PLUM PUDDING.

This is one of the relics of barbarous cookery—a compilation of grossness, gastronomically unscientific, and pre-eminently unwholesome. Sugar, dough, and fat are its basis, and in such proportion that its lighter ingredients have not power to redeem its crudity.—No wonder John Bull is dyspeptic, hypochondriacal, and suicidal, when plum-pudding and malt-liquor occupy his stomach so often. Boiled dough is the food of his youth—solid, stone-like dough;—and when he grows up, he mollifies his mess with sugar and raisins; scarcely a day passes without a wedge of his favourite dish—plum-pudding; and then he mopes and drinks his ale, until a sufficient portion of the narcotic portion of his beverage nods him down to sleep. And yet John wonders why he suffers from indigestion! Leave off plum-pudding. The French, who know better than we do the science of cookery, laugh at us for patronizing it.

*Thermometrical Observations.*

A gentleman perceiving a man swallowing liquor from a thermometer, enquired of a bystander the reason of such a strange proceeding; to which he replied, “Oh! he is getting intoxicated *by degrees.*”

*The Human Heart.* 8vo. 10s. 6d.

This volume, which is a collection of tales, written with considerable talent, would have been a much more pleasing work had the author not filled it so very full of horrors. He appears to be never satisfied unless he is lacerating “the human heart” with some appalling narrative, either conjured up by his own imagination, or selected from the darkest pages of history. Thus the second tale, “Thou shalt not do evil that good may come of it,” is the well-known story of Col. Kirk's infamous treachery and violence to the sister of one of his prisoners. It does not argue any great sense in the writer of his own powers, when he thus resorts to the *horrible*, for the purpose of infusing an interest into his stories; nor, indeed, is this the best mode of accomplishing such an object; for our own parts,

we rather turn with distaste from these pictures of death and destruction and despair. We regret that the author of these tales has not selected more pleasing themes for his pen, as he appears to possess talents and feelings which would enable him to produce a much more agreeable work.

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The *Brisbane River* lately discovered, and the largest yet known in New Holland, empties into Moreton Bay, in lat. 28°, and is there three miles broad; but at about twenty miles from its mouth, it is crossed by a ledge of rocks, on which the tide rises only twelve feet at high water: at fifty miles from the sea the tide rose four and a half feet, and ran upwards of four miles per hour: its usual depth from hence to the sea is three to nine fathoms. This river comes from the S. W., in the direction of the Macquarie Marshes, distant about three hundred and fifty miles, of which it is the probable outlet: a supposition which seemed confirmed by the banks of the Brisbane, showing no marks of floods, more than seven feet above a low state of water.

The *Hives of Bees taken out to New South Wales* by CAPT. WALLACE, were five of them thriving well, and had thrown off many swarms, although the greater part of these had escaped into the woods; where they are multiplying fast, owing to the country and climate being so favourable to their propagation. It seems probable therefore, that wild honey and wax, as well as that raised in hives, may become ere long articles of export from the colony.

The *British Asiatic Journal* of November contains a remarkable article, a sort of prediction, found in the text of the philosopher Confucius, announcing, in a manner very distinct, that they were to expect from the west (this is in reference to China) a saint, or holy one, that would instruct men in the whole of their duties, and stamp perfection on the principles and practices of religion. These curious texts, which have already obtained some publicity from the labours of Mr. Abel Remusat, appear here, in Chinese

characters, with an English and Latin version, corresponding, verbatim, to each character.

The *Calcutta Gazette* reports some interesting discoveries by Mr. Moorcroft, in his progress through certain elevated and imperfectly-known regions bordering on India. Vast quantities of timber suited to ship-building; a whiter and more productive kind of wheat than any known in Britain; several sorts of barley, more productive, and containing more valuable properties for malting than those cultivated in England; a plant that cures the rot in sheep, of which disease the late Dr. Bakewell asserted, that hundreds of thousands died every year in Britain; a hardy variety of hay, with which waste moors and heath-covered commons may be cultivated, so as to afford winter-food for an additional million of English sheep. The quality of this food is such as to fatten them in half the time they would require on any known forage now in use; a breed of mountain sheep, of which an English cottager may keep three with more ease than he can maintain a cur-dog: a little farmer may keep a small flock of them on the waste produce of his farm. This breed has been secured, and provision made for keeping a stock of them for three years.

In 1818, Yuenke, Governor of Canton, and Ke Foo Yuen, Deputy Governor, wrote to the Emperor to solicit his authority for the composition of a topographical description of the Province of Canton, assigning as a reason that what was composed ninety years before, was become very defective and inaccurate. The Emperor approved the project, and the work was undertaken under the direction of twenty-seven persons of different ranks and talents, and submitted to the general surveillance of the Governor. Four years have been occupied in the composition and printing of this book. It is now about to appear in a hundred volumes, under the title of *Kwang-tung-tung-che*, or General Topography of China.

#### CURE FOR THE TOOTH-ACHE.

Take a table-spoonful of any kind of spirits, and the same quantity of sharp vinegar, and a tea-spoonful of common salt;



mix them well together; hold the liquid in the mouth, so that it can enter the cavity of the tooth, and it will give immediate relief.

#### MATTER.

M. BORY DE SAINT VINCENT has lately read to the Society of Natural History, and to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, a curious memoir on Matter, considered with reference to Natural History.

In consequence of the great errors which result from the use of microscopes of more extensive power, M. de Saint Vincent has confined himself in his observations to microscopes which magnify a thousand times. In penetrating by these instruments into the invisible world (to use his own expression,) matter has constantly presented itself to him in five states, perfectly distinct; states which he by no means considers as primordial and elementary, but which, however they may be themselves constituted, form, by their combinations, the greater part of existing beings. To each of these classes of corpuscula, he gives a characteristic name, conformable to its most remarkable properties, and classes them in the following order:—MUCOUS MATTER, LIVING MATTER, VEGETABLE MATTER, CRYSTALLISABLE MATTER, EARTHLY MATTER.

MUCOUS MATTER shows itself in water submitted to the prolonged operation of air and light. It coats the stones which lie at the bottoms of brooks and rivers, and renders them very slippery. It is sensibly unctuous to the touch; and sometimes acquires the consistence of a jelly. Aquatic animals are more or less covered with it; and M. Bory de St. Vincent thinks the viscosity of sea water is chiefly attributable to it.

LIVING MATTER, according to M. de Saint Vincent, is composed of globules, perfectly round, which are the *monas termo*, of Muller. These globules are in constant agitation, and move with the greatest swiftness. Their appearance precedes, by a shorter or a longer time, that of the animals called *infusiores*. They incorporate themselves with mucous matter, give it a certain consistence, and convert it into membranes which seem to require nothing, in order to constitute living bodies, but a nervous network, the manner of the introduction of which will probably never be discovered.

VEGETATIVE MATTER discloses itself in all kinds of water, even in distilled. It colours, with an agreeable green, the liquid in which it is formed, and the bodies which are immersed in that liquid. M. Bory de Saint Vincent attributes to it the greenish hue of packed oysters. The particles of vegetative matter are compressible, oval, and transparent, but of a greenish hue, motionless, preserving their colour, but losing their form in drying.

CRYSTALLISABLE MATTER is the fourth result of the spontaneous decomposition which takes place in infusions. It is an assemblage of translucent particles, hard, angular, and flat; which approach one an-

other by molecular attraction, and not by any motion belonging to themselves.

EARTHLY MATTER is composed of hard, opaque, polyedrous or rounded molecules; the form and colour of which are not changed by alterations of wet and dryness.

M. Bory de Saint Vincent thinks that, with this small number of materials, endowed with invariable properties, Nature is enabled to produce the prodigious variety of beings which people the universe, all subjected to simple and uniform laws. He entirely denies the transformation of animals into vegetables, and reciprocally, even in microscopic beings.

#### CEMENT FOR GLASS OF CHINA.

Garlic, stamped in a stone mortar, the juice whereof when applied to the pieces to be joined together, is the finest and strongest cement for that purpose, and will leave little or no mark, if done with care.

#### NEW WORKS.

Canova's Works, complete, 2 vols. imp. fol. 4l. 4s.; imp. 4to. 6l. 6s.—Robinson's Illustrations of Mickleham Church, roy. 4to. 25s.; imp. 4to. 2l. 2s.—Rhodes's Peak Scenery, or the Derbyshire Tourist, 8vo. 14s.—Hawker's Instructions to young Sportsmen, 3d edit. roy. 8vo. 30s.—Beauvillier's Art of French Cookery, 12mo. 7s.—The Philomathic Journal and Literary Review, No. 1. 5s.—The Human Heart, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Nichols' Arminianism and Calvinism compared, 2 parts, 8vo. 20s.—Voltaire's Philosophical Dictionary, Vol. IV. 18mo. 8s.—Preston on the Law of Legacies, 8vo. 14s.—Woolrych on the Law of Rights of Common, 8vo. 14s.

The compilers of the Percy Anecdotes having announced a Collection of Histories of the capitals of Europe, have commenced their design with the *History of London*. It appears to be a collection carefully made, of the most interesting facts which are to be found in the various Histories of London, to which are subjoined details relative to its present state. The materials of the work are, therefore, unexceptionable, but it chiefly recommends itself by the neatness and elegance of its typography, and particularly by some highly-finished engravings by Cooke, made after drawings by Neal. If the other capitals are exhibited in as good taste, the work will be an acquisition to our cabinet libraries.

A contribution to military history has been published in the *Journal of an Officer, written during the Siege of Quebec*, in 1775-6. The narrative is circumstantial and very interesting, and it is enriched by notes, a supplement, and preface, by Mr. Short, who in spite of circumstances, continues to call the Americans revolutionists and rebels. We cannot wonder that the *Journal* should be mingled with such feelings, but the sentiments of the editor are not in keeping. He does not seem to be aware of the maxim, that no glory can be gained in a war which is not both just and necessary.

## ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

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## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

## COUNTRY CHURCHYARDS. No. III.

WITHIN a short distance of my own habitation stands a picturesque old church, remote from any town or hamlet, save that village of the dead contained within the precincts of its own sequestered burial-ground. It is however the parish church of a large rural district, comprising several small hamlets, and numerous farms and cottages, together with the scattered residences of the neighboring gentry; and hither (there being no other place of worship within the parish boundary) its population may be seen for the most part resorting on Sundays, by various roads, lanes, heath tracks, coppice and field-paths, all diverging from that consecrated centre. The church itself, nearly in the midst of a very beautiful church yard, rich in old carved headstones, and bright verdure, roofing the nameless graves—the church itself stands on the brow of a finely wooded knoll, commanding a diversified expanse of heath, forest, and cultivated land; and it is a beautiful sight on Sundays, on a fine autumn Sunday in particular, when the ferns are assuming their rich browns, and the forest trees their exquisite gradations of colour, such as no limner upon earth can paint—to see the people approaching in all directions, now winding in long straggling files over the open common, now abruptly disappearing amongst its innumerable shrubby declivities, and again emerging into sight through the boles of the old oaks that encircle the churchyard, standing in their majestic beauty, like sentinels over the slumbers of the dead. From two several quarters across the heath, approach the more

condensed currents of the living stream; one, the inhabitants of a far distant hamlet, the other, comprising the population of two smaller ones, within a shorter distance of the church. And from many lanes and leafy glades, and through many field-paths and stiles, advance small groups of neighbours, and families, and social pairs, and here and there a solitary aged person; who totters leisurely along, supported by his trusty companion, his stout oak staff, not undutifully consigned by his neglectful children to that silent companionship, but willingly loitering behind to enjoy the luxury of the aged, the warmth of the cheerful sun-beams, the serene beauty of nature, the fruitful aspect of the ripening corn-fields, the sound of near and mirthful voices, the voices of children and grandchildren, and a sense of quiet happiness, partaking surely of that peace which passeth all understanding.

And sometimes the venerable Elder comes, accompanied by his old faithful helpmate; and then they may be seen once more side by side, her arm again locked within his as in the days of courtship; not, as then, resting on his more vigorous frame, for they have grown old and feeble together; and of the twain, the burthen of years lies heaviest upon the husband, for his has been the hardest portion of labour. In the prime of life, during the full flush of his manly vigour, and of her healthful comeliness, he was wont to walk sturdily onward, discoursing between-whiles with his buxom partner, as she followed with her little ones; but now they are grown up into men and wo-

men, dispersed about in their several stations, and have themselves young ones to care and provide for; and the old couple are, as it were, left to begin the world again, alone in their quiet cottage. Those two alone together, as when they entered it fifty years ago, bridegroom and bride—alone, but not forsaken—sons, and daughters, and grandchildren, as each can snatch an interval of leisure, or when the labours of the day are over, come dropping in under the honeysuckle porch, with their hearty greetings; and many a chubby great-grandchild finds its frequent way to Grannum's cottage; many a school truant, and many a "toddlin' wee thing," whose little hand can hardly reach the latch of the low wicket, but whose baby call of "flitherin' noise an' glee" gains free and fond admittance. And now they are on their way together, the old man and his wife.—See!—they have just passed through the last field-gate leading thitherward to the church. They are on their way together towards the house of God, and towards the place where they shall soon lie down to rest "in sure and certain hope," and they lean on one another for mutual support; and would it not seem still, as they are thus again drawn closer together as they approach nearer to the term of their earthly union, as if it were a type and token of an eternal re-union in a better and a happier state? I love to gaze upon that venerable pair,—ay, even to note their decent, antiquated Sabbath raiment—what mortal tailor—no *modern one to be sure*—can have carved out that coat of indescribable colour—something of orange tawny with a reddish tinge—I suspect it has once been a rich Devonshire brown, and perhaps the wedding-suit of the squire's grandfather, for it *has had* a silk lining, and it *has been* trimmed with some sort of lace, gold probably, and there adown each side are still the resplendent rows of embossed, basket-work gilt buttons, as large as crown-pieces—it must have been the Squire's grandfather's wedding-suit. And how snowy-white, and how neatly plaited is the single edge of his old dame's plain mob cap, surmounted by that little

black poke bonnet, flounced with rusty lace, and secured upon her head, not by strings, but by two long black corking-pins. That bit of black lace, of *real* lace, is a treasured remnant of what once trimmed her mistress's best cloak, when she herself was a blithe and buxom lass, in the days of her happy servitude; and the very cloak itself, once a rich mode silk of ample dimensions, now narrowed and curtailed to repair with many cunning engraftings, the ravages of time—the very cloak itself, with a scrap of the same lace frilled round the neck, is still worn on Sundays, through the Summer and Autumn, till early frosts and keener winds pierce through the thin old silk, and the good red-hooded cloak is substituted in its stead. They have reached the church-yard wicket; they have passed through it now, and wherefore do they turn aside from the path, a few steps beyond it, and stop and look down upon that grassy hillock? It is no recent grave, the daisies are thickly matted on its green sod, and the heap itself has sunk to a level nearly even with the flat ground. The little head-stone is half-buried too, but you may read thereon the few words, the only ones ever engraven there—"William Moss, aged 22." Few living now remember William Moss. Few at least think of him. The playmates of his childhood, the companions of his youth, his brothers and sisters, pass weekly by his lonely grave, and none turn aside to look upon it, or to think of him who sleeps beneath. But in the hearts of his parents, the memory of their dead child is as fresh as their affections for their living children. He is not *dead to them*, though, eight-and-twenty years ago, they saw that turf heaped over his coffin—over the coffin of their eldest born. He is not dead to them, and every Sabbath-day they tarry a moment by his lowly grave, and even now, as they look thereon in silence, does not the heart of each parent whisper as if to the sleeper below,—“My son! we shall go to thee, though thou shalt not return to us.”

Look thou yonder under those arching hawthorns! what mischief is confederating there, amongst those sun-



burnt, curly-pated boys, clustering together over the stile and about it, like a bunch of swarming bees? The confused sound of their voices is like the hum of a swarm too, and they are debating of grave and weighty matters; of nuts ripening in thick clusters down in Fairlee Copse, of trouts of prodigious magnitude leaping by the bridge below the Mill-head; of apples—and the young heads crowd closer together, and the buzzing voices sink to a whisper—"Of cherry-cheeked apples hanging just within reach of one who should climb upon the roof of the old shed, by the corner of the south wall of Squire Mills's orchard." Ah Squire Mills! I would not give sixpence for all the apples you shall gather off that famous red-streak to-morrow. But who comes there across the field towards the stile? a very youthful couple—Sweethearts, one should guess, if it were not that they were so far asunder, and look as if they had not spoken a word to each other this half hour. Ah! they were not so far asunder before they turned out of the shady lane into that open field, in sight of all the folk gathering into the churchyard, and of those mischievous boys, one of whom is brother to that pretty Fanny Payne, whose downcast looks, and grave, sober walk, so far from the young miller, will not save her from running the gauntlet of their teasing jokes as she passes—and pass she must, through the knot of conspirators. Never mind it, Fanny Payne! Put a good face on the matter, and above all, beware of knitting up that fair brow into anything like a frown, as you steal a passing glance at that provoking brother of yours; it will only bring down upon you a thicker shower of saucy jests.—See! see! that little old man, so old and shrivelled, and lean and wizened, and mummy coloured; he looks as if he had been embalmed and inhumed a century ago, and had just now walked out of his swathing bands, a specimen of the year one thousand seven hundred and ten. His periwig is so well plastered with flour and hog's lard, that its large sausage side curls look as durably consistent, as the "eternal buckles cut in Parian stone" that have immortaliz-

ed Sir Cloudesley Shovel; and from behind dangles half-way down his back, a long taper pig-tail, wound round with black ribbon, the which, about half-way, is tied into an elegant rosette.—On the top of that same periwig is perched a diminutive cocked hat—with such a cock! so fierce! so triangular! the little squat crown so buried within its triple fortification! The like was never seen, save in the shape of those coloured sugar comfits called cock'd-hats, that are stuck up in long glasses in the confectioners' windows, to attract the eyes of poor longing urchins; and his face is triangular too, the exact centre of his forehead where it meets the periwig, being the apex thereof—his nose is triangular—his little red eyes are triangular—his person is altogether triangular, from the sloping narrow shoulders, to where it widens out, corresponding with the broad square fantail flaps of that green velvet coat. He is a walking triangle! and he carries his cane behind him, holding it with both hands wide apart, exactly parallel with the square line of his coat-flaps. See! he is bustling up to join that small group of substantial farmers, amongst whom he is evidently a person of no small consequence; they think him, "as one should say, Sir Oracle," for he knows every fluctuation of stocks to a fraction—criticizes the minister's discourses—expounds the prophecies—explains all about the milleniums and the number of the beast—foretells changes of weather—knows something of physic and surgery—gives charms for the ague and rheumatiz—makes ink—mends pens, and writes a wonderful fine hand, with such flourishes, that without taking his pen off the paper, he can represent the figures of Adam and Eve, in the involutions composing the initial capitals of their names! He is "Sir Oracle," and not the less so, because people do not exactly know what he has been, and where he comes from. Some think he has been a schoolmaster—others conjecture that he has been a doctor of some sort, or a schemer in mechanics, about which he talks very scientifically—or in the funds—or in some foreign commercial concern, for he has

certainly lived long in foreign parts, and is often heard talking to his old grey parrot in some outlandish tongue, and the bird seems to understand it well, and replies in the same language.

There are not wanting some, who suspect that he has not been always in his perfect mind; but however that may be, he is perfectly harmless now, and has conducted himself unexceptionably ever since he came to settle in the village of Downe, ten years ago. In all that time he has never been known to receive within his dwelling any former friend or kinsman, and he has never stirred beyond the boundary of the parish, but to go once a-year to the banker's in the nearest town, to receive a small sum of money, for which he draws on a mercantile house in Lombard Street. He boards and lodges with a widow, who has a neat little cottage in the village, and he cultivates the finest polyanthus and auriculars in the flower-plot, of which she has yielded up the management to him, that were ever beheld in that neighbourhood. He is very fond of flowers, and dumb animals, and children; and also the children in the place love him, and the old white Pomeranian dog, blind of one eye, who follows his master everywhere except to church. Now you know as much as I or any one knows of Master Jacob Marks, more, perhaps, than was worth telling, but I could not leave such an original subject half-sketched.

Behold that jolly-looking farmer and his family approaching up the green lane that leads from their habitation, that old substantial-looking farm-house yonder, half embowered in its guard-dian elms.

They are a portly couple, the farmer and his wife! He, a hale, florid, fine looking man, on whose broad open brow time has scarcely imprinted a furrow, though it has changed to silky whiteness the raven hue of those locks, once so thickly clustered about his temples. There is a consciousness of wealth and prosperity, and of rural consequence, in his general aspect and deportment; but if he loves the good things of this world, and prides himself in possessing them,

there is nothing in the expression of his countenance that bespeaks a selfish and narrow heart, or a covetous disposition. He looks willing to distribute of his abundance, and greetings of cordial goodwill, on both sides, are exchanged between the farmer and such of his labourers as fall into the same path, in their way to the church. Arm-in-arm with her spouse marches his portly helpmate, fat, florid, and, like himself, "redolent" of the good things of this world, corn, and wine, and oil, that sustaineth the heart of man, and maketh him of a cheerful countenance.

A comely and a stately dame is the lady of Farmer Buckwheat, when, as now, she paces by his side, resplendent in her Sunday-going garb, of ample and substantial materials, and all of the very best that can be bought for money. One can calculate the profits of the dairy and the bee-hives, the pin-money of the farmer's lady—not to mention his weightier accumulations—by the richness of that black satin cloak and bonnet, full trimmed with real lace, and by the multitudinous plaits of that respectable-looking snuff-coloured silk gown and coat.

It is true, her old-fashioned prejudices would have been in favour of a large double silk handkerchief, pinned neatly down, and a flowered chintz gown, drawn up through the pocket-holes over a white quilted petticoat; but the worthy dame has two fair daughters, and they have been brought up at a boarding-school, and they have half-coaxed, half-teazed their Ma'a out of such antiquated vulgar tastes, though even those pertinacious reformists have been obliged to concede the point of a pelisse in favour of the satin cloak. But when they have conceded one point, they have gained at least two. See, the old lady's short sleeves, neatly frilled just below the elbow, are elongated down to the wrists, and finished there by a fashionable cuff, out of which protrudes the red, fat, fubsy hand, with short dumpty fingers nubbed between, broad and turning up at the tips, looking as if they had been created on purpose to knead dough, press curds,



and put up butter ; and, lo ! on the fore-finger of the right hand a great garnet ring set in silver, massy enough for the edge of a soup tureen. It is an heir-loom from some great-grand-mother, who was somehow related to somebody who was first cousin to a "*Barrow-knight*," and was herself so very rich a lady—and so the misses have rummaged it out, and forced it down upon their Ma'a's poor dear fat finger, which sticks out as stiffly from the sensation of that unwonted compression, as if it were tied up and poulticed for a whitlow ; and the poor lady, in spite of all hints and remonstrances, will walk with her gloves dangling in her hands, instead of on them ; and altogether the short pillow arms cased up in those tight cearments, with both hands and all the fingers spread out as if in act to swim, look, for all the world, like the fins of a turtle, or the flaps of a frightened gosling. Poor worthy dame ! but a sense of conscious grandeur supports her under the infliction of this fashionable penance. And then come the Misses Buckwheat, mincing delicately in the wake of their Pa'a and Ma'a, with artificial flowers in their Leghorn bonnets, sky blue spencers, fawn-coloured boots, flounces up to their knees, a pink parasol in one hand, and a pocket-handkerchief dangling from the other ; not neatly folded and carried with the handsome prayer-book in the pretty fashion that so well becomes that fair modest girl, their neighbour's daughter, whose profound ignorance of fashionable dress and manners is looked on as quite pitiable, "poor thing !" by the Misses Buckwheat. For what are *they* intended, I wonder ! For farmers' wives ? To strain milk, churn butter, fat pigs, feed poultry, weigh out cheeses, and cure bacon hogs ? Good lack ! They paint landskips ! and play on the piano ! and dance quadrilles ! and make bead purses ! and keep Albums ! and doat on Moore's Melodies and Lord Byron's poems ! They are to be "tutored," or companions, or—something or other—*very genteel—Ladies*, for certain, anyway. So they have settled themselves, and so the

weak, doating mother fondly anticipates, though the father talks as yet only of their prosperous establishment (all classes talk of establishing young ladies now,) as the wives of wealthy graziers, or substantial yeomen, or farmers, or thriving tradesmen. But he drinks his port wine and follows the hounds. And then bringing up the rear of the family procession, lounges on its future representative, its sole son and heir. And he is a smart buck, far too genteel to walk arm-in-arm with his sisters ; so he saunters behind, cutting off the innocent heads of the dangling brier-roses, and the tender hazel shoots, with that little jemmy switch, wherewith ever and anon he flaps the long-looped sides of his yellow topped boots ; and his white hat is set knowingly on one side, and he wears a coloured silk handkerchief knotted loosely round his throat, and fastened down to the shirt bosom by a shining brooch,—and waistcoat of three colours, pink, blue, and buff,—a grass-green coat, with black velvet collar, and on his little finger, (the wash leather glove is off on that hand,) a Belcher ring as thick as the coil of a ship's cable. Well done, young Hopeful ! That was a clever aim ! There goes a whole shower of hazel-tops. What a pity your shearing ingenuity is not as active among the thistles in your father's fields ! The family has reached the church-gate ; they are entering now ; and the farmer, as he passes through, vouchsafes a patronizing nod, and a good-humoured word or two, to that poor widow and her daughter, who stand aside holding the gate open for him, and dropping humble curtsies to every member of the family. The farmer gives them now and then a few days' work,—hoeing, weeding, or stoning, or, at hay or harvest time, on his broad acres ; but his daughters wonder "Pa'a should demean himself so far as to nod familiarly to such poor objects." *They* draw up their chins, flirt their handkerchiefs, and pass on as stiff as pokers. And last, in straggles Master Timothy—(He hates that name, by the by, and wishes his sponsors had favour-



ed him with one that might have shortened buckishly into Frank, or Tom, or—*Tim* wen't do, and his sisters scout the barbarous appellation, and have re-christened him "*Alonzo*." They would fain have bestowed on him the name of Madame Cottin's interesting Saracen, Malek Adhel, but it was impossible to teach their mamma the proper pronounciation of that word, which she persisted in calling "*Molly Coddle*")—In straggles Timothy Alonzo, but he is even more condescending than his papa, and bestows a very tenderly expressive glance at the widow's daughter, as she drops her eyes, with her last and lowest curtesy to him.

Well, they are gone by, thank Heaven! and the poor woman and her child follow at humble distance to their Master's house.—They will not always be abased there. The widow Maythorn and her daughter Rachel are a very poor, but a very happy pair. Her daughter is sickly and delicate, and folks say, in our country phrase, "hardly so sharp as she should be," but she has sense enough to be a dutiful child, to suffer meekly, to hope humbly, to believe steadfastly.—What profiteth other knowledge? The mother and daughter possess a little cottage, a bit of garden, and a cow that picks its scanty pasture on the waste. They work hard, they want often, but they contrive to live, and are content. The widow Maythorn and her daughter are a happy pair!—Yonder, winding slowly up that shady green lane, come the inmates of the parish work-house—the in-door poor. First, the master, a respectable-looking middle-aged man, with somewhat of pompous sternness in his deportment; but there is nothing hard or cruel in the expression of his eye, as ever and anon he looks back along the line of paupers, of all ages and sexes, so decently marshalled under his command. On the contrary, he hangs back, to speak a few words of hearty encouragement to that weary old man, who totters along so feebly on his crutches, under the burden of his fourscore years of toil and trouble, and the in-

creasing load of his bodily infirmities. And the grateful look of old Matthew, and his cheerful, "Lord love ye, master!" are eloquent vouchers, that for once, the man "armed with a little brief authority" abuseth not his trust. The mistress has less dignity, but more severity of aspect, as her sharp, quick glance runs back often and suspiciously along the line of females—and she calls them peremptorily to order, if their voices are heard too voluble; and she rebukes the straggling children, and denounces exemplary vengeance against those two detected urchins in particular—detected in the misdemeanor of skulking behind to pull those tempting clusters of almost ripe nuts, that peep so invitingly from the high hazel hedge. But her denunciations are not listened to, it should appear, with any very vehement demonstrations of dread. I believe o' my conscience, "her bark is waur than her bite;" and that half her terrors lie in that long, sharp, bowsprit nose, those little red gimblet eyes, and in the sound of a voice, shrill, cracked, and squeaking, like the tone of a penny trumpet. Very neat, decent, and respectable is the appearance of the long line of parish poor. They are all comfortably clad in whole and clean apparel; and even that poor idiot, who brings up the rear, straggling in and out of the file of children,—who can restrain his vagaries? Even he is clothed in good grey woollen, and a whole new hat, in lieu of the scarlet tatters, and old battered soldier's helmet, with its ragged red and white feather, in which he delights to decorate his poor little deformed figure on week-days, calling himself corporal, captain, general, or drum-major, as the whim of the moment rules his wayward fancy,—each grade, as he assumes it, the most honourable in his estimation. They are passed on, all of them—men, women, and children—the two culprits still lagging in the rear—I wager they have another pluck at the forbidden fruit, on their way back to the work-house.

More children still! marshalled in double files—boys and girls, three scores at least; each sex uniformly

clad; the master and mistress leading the van of their respective divisions.—That is the subscription charity school, and the children have just donned their new clothing, and—do but see! poor urchins! what hogs in armour some of them look like? good clothing it is—warm and decent, and of durable material;—thick grey frieze for the boys, with dark blue worsted hose, and black beaver hats—*black* hats at least; and for the girls, grogram gowns, and wild-boar petticoats—(reader, did you ever hear of such materials?) and stiff enough they are, Heaven knows; and as the things are all sent down ready made from a London warehouse, they are of necessity pretty much of the same size, as having the better chance to *fit*, or, at all events, to *do* for all. So you shall see a poor little boy muffled up in a coat, that looks like his grandfather's great-coat, the flaps of which dangle almost to the ground; the collar is turned half way down his back, or it would mount up so high as to bury his head, which is indeed already buried, under a hat, the brim of which rests upon his shoulders and the bridge of his nose; and when he hangs down his arms, you cannot see so much as the tip of his fingers peeping from within those long enormous sleeves. To complete the picture of comfort, he skuffs along in a pair of shoes, the stiff upper leathers of which reach up to the middle of his shins, and the poor little legs stick in them like two chumpers in a couple of butter churns. Altogether he looks like a dangling scarecrow set up in a corn-field.

But then, the little muffled man presents a fine contrast to his alongside mate. His long-tailed coat makes him a short jacket. His arms are squeezed through the sleeves, to be sure, but then they stick out like wooden pins on either side, with excessive tightness; and there, see, dangles half a yard of red, lean wrist, and all the blood in his body seems forced down into those great blue bony knuckles. It was a good hearty thump, certes, that jammed down that stiff skimming-dish of a hat, even to where it now reaches on his unlucky

pate. The great flat *unhemmed* red ears stick out from under it, like two red cabbage leaves; and for his shoes!—The blacksmith would have shod him better, and have inflicted less pain in the operation; for, see! his feet are doubled up in them, into the form of hoofs, and he hobbles along, (poor knave!) like a cat in pattens, or as if the smooth green lane were paved with red-hod flints. And the girls are not much better off; some draggle long trains after them, and have waists down to their hips; others are well-nigh kilted; and that long lanky girl there, Jenny Andrews, would reveal far more than a decent proportion of those *heron* legs of hers, were it not that she has ingeniously contrived to tie the wild-boar petticoat a reef below the grogram gown, thereby supplying the deficiencies of the latter. Well! they are all new clothed, however—spick and span—and all very proud of being so, even he of the crumpled-up toes, who will soon poke his way through those leathern fetters, and in the meantime, limps along in contented misery. “New clothes!” thinks he—“Good clothes! handsome clothes!” thinks Madam Buckwheat.—“Fine clothes! fashionable clothes!” think the Misses Buckwheat.—“Brave clothes! pretty clothes!” thinks the poor idiot, when Monday comes, and he is allowed to resume his old scarlet tatters. All are puffed up with the self-same species of conceit, variously modified, and so are many greater, and many finer folks than they—ay, and many wiser ones too—many more talented. Witness Goldsmith, in his peach-blossom coat, and Johnson, (who ridiculed the poor poet's puerile vanity,) in his gala suit of fine brown broad-cloth. One spread his tail like a peacock, and strutted about to show off its gaudy colours; the other, arrayed like the bird of wisdom, in grave and sombre plumage, was equally proud of the dignity it conferred, and oraculously opined, that a gentleman was twice a gentleman in a full dress suit. Vanity! vanity! thou universal leaven! from what human heart art thou absolutely excluded?

Hark! the trampling of horses, and

the sound of wheels. The Squire's carriage sweeps round the corner of the churchyard. He and his family arrive thus early, that the horses may be stabled in that long low shed, appropriated for the purpose, and the servants ready to enter the church at the same time with their master, and to partake with him of the benefit and comfort of the confession and absolution. Some people seem to consider those parts of the service as a mere prelude, a sort of overture as hacknied, and about as solemn, as that to *Lo-doiska*; and if they reach their pews by the time they are half over, it is well. As for the servants; what can it signify to them? There alights another carriage load—and another—and another—and the comers in a car, and in two tax-carts, and on sundry steeds; and there the patrician party is congregating together round the great east door; and there stands the clerk, with hat in hand, peering down the vicarage-lane, under the pent-house of his other shading hand, for the first glimpse of the minister. Now! he descries the white face of the old roan mare. Another look, to be sure; it is indeed that sober-footed palfrey, bearing her reverend burthen, and then he turns hastily into the bell-fry; and immediately the cracked chimes subside into a few quick single

strokes, announcing the near approach of the clergyman, and the speedy commencement of divine service. That fine ruddy lad, with the white smock-frock, has been immoveably posted at the churchyard wicket for the last half hour. His patience will accomplish its purpose; he is the first to start forward, (hat in hand, and smoothing down his glossy yellow hair,) to receive the bridle of the old man, which the vicar resigns into the hands of careful Will, with the usual charges, and a smile, and a few words of kind notice. The minister has passed into the vestry; the clerk has followed him; a few more strokes, and the bell ceases; a few more seconds, and the churchyard is left to its lonely silence, and to its quiet occupants; and the living are gathered together within those sacred walls, to hear the words of eternal life, on the surety whereof, the sleepers without (with whom they must one day lie down in the dust) have been committed to their narrow beds “in sure and certain hope.”

But my discourse purported to be of Churchyards only; and I have rambled from the text. No matter; I am come (as we all must) to the churchyard at last, and my next chapter shall be of “graves, and stones, and epitaphs.”

#### BALLAD.

##### I.

Oh! for that manly soul of old,  
Who sung with heart-felt glee:—  
“My love, it is my vessel bold,  
My mistress—is the sea.  
Let landsmen say each shining wave  
May death be, while we rove;  
'Tis true, but dearer far that grave,  
Than woman's fickle love.  
Swell on, thou breeze, and fleet unfold  
My sails' white wings to flee;  
My love, it is my vessel bold,  
My mistress—is the sea.

##### II.

“Oh! what can be a lovelier sight  
Than yon concave of blue,  
The waves all sparkling in the light  
The beams of golden hue?  
My canvass shines like purest snow,  
My streamers in the sun

Seem crimson wings, and to and fro  
The shrieking sea-birds run.  
Long, long may I o'er ocean roll'd,  
Sing on with heart-felt glee,  
My love, it is my vessel bold,  
My mistress—is the sea.

##### III.

“From boy to man, I learn'd to prize  
The freedom of the deep;  
I've sail'd beneath far sultry skies,  
I've seen the snow-drift's heap.  
No woman's love allur'd my heart  
From its accustom'd rest,  
The joys to meet, and pangs to part,  
Lie unwak'd in this breast.  
I would not change for heaps of gold  
This life that suits the free;  
My love, it is my vessel bold,  
My mistress—is the sea.”



## HEART'S EASE.

1.

I used to love thee, simple flow'r,  
To love thee dearly when a boy ;  
For thou did'st seem, in childhood's hour,  
The smiling type of childhood's joy.

2.

But now thou only mock'st my grief  
By waking thoughts of pleasures fled ;  
Give me—give me the withered leaf;  
That falls on Autumn's bosom—dead.

4.

For that ne'er tells of what has been,  
But warns me what I soon shall be ;  
It looks not back to pleasure's scene,  
But points unto futurity.

4.

I love thee not, thou simple flow'r,  
For thou art gay and I am lone—  
Thy beauty died with childhood's hour—  
The *heart's* ease from my path is gone.

## CONTRASTED SCENES.

IT has ever been considered an interesting task to contrast the scenes and circumstances of human life, occurring at distant intervals. I would make these contrasts more immediate, and show that one day, nay a few hours, which are often the epitomes of the longest existence, may produce events as violently opposed to each other as if they had been divided by a thousand years. The joy-expectant lover has seen his young bride fall dead at the altar ;—the mother who rocked her babe to sleep in her arms has found it ere an hour has elapsed lifeless on her bosom, passing away from the earth and its unhappiness without a sigh, but leaving its frantic parent to agony and despair. The aged man, whose boys were the support and luxury of his existence, has by some dire calamity been suddenly deprived of them, and followed their bodies to the grave, with tottering steps and heart-broken feelings. The lips of the sensualist have turned cold upon the glowing cheek of his paramour, and found poison in the cup which seemed mantling with pleasure and with hope. We may reverse the picture, and see the husband come back to his weeping wife, who had mourned for him as dead ; the supposed criminal on the eve of an ignominious death proved innocent, and restored to the presence and affection of his friends and relatives ; the bankrupt in hope and fortune by some unexpected change exalted to

joy and prosperity ; and the drowning wretch caught as he is sinking for the last time into the wide-mouthed waters. These reflections are conjured up by the remembrance of circumstances which, although they happened many years ago, can never be obliterated from my mind. I will state them. It was a cold but fine afternoon in November that I was travelling on horseback in one of the most retired and romantic parts of England. As evening drew on, a sense of loneliness and danger began to creep over me—for there is a startling something in solitude which I have no doubt all have felt, but which most people are ashamed to acknowledge, even to themselves. I was on a rough and unfrequented road far distant from the habitations of men, and yearned to see a human being and hear the sound of a human voice. The night came on—stormy and dark. The winds raised their loud voices, like the curses of the tempest, over the distant waters. The clouds hung gloomily above like shrouds over nature's dead serenity, and the owl shrieked to the sleepless echo of the hills. I put spurs to my horse and galloped on until I found, from the increasing darkness, that I could neither see the road which I had traversed, nor the one on which I was proceeding. Prudence taught me to change my pace, and I walked my horse cautiously, fearing every moment, as I did not know the road, that I was on the edge of some precipice,

or that some broken stump or fallen tree lay in my way. No painful did my sensations become at last, that I made up my mind to dismount, and lie down on the road until morning. I groped about, and at length found a tree, to which I fastened the bridle, and seated myself at a little distance from my only companion. The few minutes that I remained there were like hours. I endeavoured to think of other scenes which might banish the idea of that in which I was an unwilling actor; but all would not avail. The gloom of the present hung over the radiance of the past; and if a ray broke through for a moment, it was as instantly obscured again. I arose and loosened the bridle, for this inactive security was more annoying to me, than moving onward even under a sense of danger. I proceeded, however, as slowly as before, expecting that I must, in a short time, come to some small inn, or, at least, a road-side cottage. But I saw no light, and heard not even a dog bark in the silence of the night. On a sudden my horse started from his course and neighed loudly. I felt him trembling under me, and suspected that I was on the brink of some pit. I alighted, and with great difficulty held my horse whilst I groped about the spot from which he had just recoiled. As I moved my hands along the ground, my blood grew chill with horror, and my heart sickened within me. My right hand had passed over the cold face of some dead, perhaps murdered, person. I sank back and involuntarily clung to the neck of my horse. It was an action arising from fear and from a dreadful feeling of solitariness. In the absence of human sympathies there is a comfort in any living companionship. I found it so. The certainty that I had a breathing creature near me, although not of my own species, gave me courage. I went again towards the spot where the body lay, for the purpose of ascertaining whether the least symptom of life remained. I placed my hand upon the forehead—it was cold; I drew it across the mouth—there was not a breath; I pressed it upon the

heart—it was still. Warmth, and respiration, and motion had departed for ever, and only the mortal and drossy portion of man lay before me. There was no pulsation—no vitality. I knew not what to do. I thought if the poor wretch who was lying dead at my feet had been murdered, which appeared far from improbable, my having passed that way at night, and for no ostensible purpose as it might seem, would perhaps implicate me as an accessory to, or even a principal in, the crime; and a number of cases in which persons had been convicted on circumstantial evidence crowded upon my mind. The idea of being even examined as a witness agitated and perplexed me. My resolution, however, was soon taken. With great difficulty I got my horse forward, and rode on at a round trot, careless of the danger to which I had before been so sensitive, and determining to give the alarm at the first place to which I might come. I had gone on for about a quarter of an hour, when to my great joy and relief I beheld a light straight onwards, which seemed to be moving towards me. As it approached nearer I perceived that it proceeded from a lantern, which was held by a young man in a small cart, while another, a little older, guided the horse. On seeing me, they instantly drew up and asked in an earnest and anxious tone of voice whether I had seen anybody on the way, telling me at the same time that his father had gone with a neighbour to C—— that morning to collect some money and had not returned. The question made me shudder, for I immediately thought of what had so recently occurred, and I could not help imagining that it was the dead body of their father which I had left on the road behind me. My voice trembled as I told them of all that had happened, and I saw the faces of the poor lads turn pale as I recounted it. “Our dear father is dead!” cried the youngest, and burst into tears. “Nay! nay!” said his brother, “it’s ill weeping till there’s need o’t. He was to ha’ come back wi’ Johnny Castleton, and Johnny is

no' the man to leave him on the roadside, alive or dead." This seemed to comfort his brother, but it did not convince me. I had a presentiment hanging like a cloud about my heart, and I felt assured that a bitter trial awaited them. Although nearly exhausted, I willingly agreed to return with them. I rode beside the cart, until we came to the fatal spot; my horse started as before, and I called to them to stop, for I was a little ahead. The youngest sprang out, held the lantern to the face of the corse, and fell back with a loud shriek. I shall never forget the chill that ran through me when I heard the calm silence of the night broken by the cry of a son who mourned his father—the voice of the living calling to the dead. The winds had died away, and there was a dreary stillness over the whole scene. The pulse of nature was stopped: and it seemed as if her mighty heart had perished. The elder son did not shed a tear, but it was evident that he felt acutely what had befallen him. His was the deeper grief that tears could not obliterate:

A grief that could not fade away  
Like tempest clouds of April day;  
A grief that hung like blight on flowers,  
Which passeth not with summer showers.

As they both stood inactive, I took up the corse myself and placed it in the cart. There were, as far as I could judge, not the least signs of violence about it, and death seemed to have reached it in the midst of calmness and serenity, for a smile lingered even then on the pallid face, and the brow was unruffled and unknit. After a little while they got in the cart, and we went forward in silence. When we came near their dwelling, which was a small farmhouse, a short distance from the high road, I left them to break the melancholy tidings to their widowed mother; and, resisting their invitation to remain there, I rode on towards N—— ferry, which they told me was about a mile farther, and where there was a tolerable inn. They lent me their lantern, which I was to leave for them at the ferry-house, and I cantered along an almost straight

road until I came in sight of the inn. As I approached nearer, I heard sounds of mirth and revelry, and in the disturbed state of my feelings they came upon my ear like sportive music at a funeral, or a joyous song echoing from a house of mourning. Having seen my horse well provided for, I entered the public room, where there were several farmers drinking, smoking, and singing; their united powers appeared to have clouded the ideas and thickened the speech of them all, but of one in particular who had just been bawling out part of a song in praise of his greatest enemy—the bottle; but the combined fumes of the leaf and the liquor were upon his memory, and he stopped just as I entered the room. "Never break off in the midst of a good song, neighbour (cried a portly florid looking man who seemed to act as president among them,) never leave a jug or a song until there's not a drop left in the one nor a note in the other. Sing on, man! sing on." "Ay! it is an easy thing to say, Barney Thomson" (muttered the unsuccessful vocalist,) but the rest is clean out of my head." "Ye ha' sung well so far, and we'll ha' the end o't; (exclaimed Barney) —Come! I'll help ye on wi't:

A pipe of tobacco and ale of the best  
Are better, far better, than pillow and rest,  
Than pillow and rest, than pillow and rest,  
A pipe of—"

"Dang it (cried a little grazier-looking fellow who was nursing his knees at the fire) it's twelve pence wi' one and, a shilling wi' the other. Ye know the song, Barney, just as well as your neighbour, and no better. I have still a clear noddle, and I'll sing it to ye.

A pipe of tobacco and ale of the best  
Are better, far better, than pillow and rest;  
We'll smoke and we'll drink, if it be but to spite  
The devil who comes in the shape of the night.  
In ale, good ale, the fiend we'll drown,  
And empty our pipes on his raven crown.

Give me the mug, Tommy Barker, for I think it's ill singing wi' a dry throat. Gentlemen all, here's a merry season to yon and good cattle to me. And now for the next verse

A pipe of tobacco, and ale of —



No! no! that I gave before; let's see. Ay! ay! that's it—

We'll smoke and we'll drink —

It won't do, though I am sure I knew the whole song awhile agoe. It won't do!"

He said truly. He had not only forgotten the words, but was at each new attempt giving us a variation on the old air to which they were adapted. There was evidently a screw loose in the machinery of his brain, and his memory was out of order. He then tried another song, but with as little success; and at last the whole company began to sing what is called a Dutch medley, and I thought it time to escape from their company as fast as I could. I threw myself on my bed, but could not sleep. The scenes which I had lately witnessed, differing so widely from each other, yet happening in such close succession, still haunted me. The striking contrast of lonely agony and boisterous mirth; of dark secluded roads, and the light and cheerful parlour with its blazing fire and laughing inmates, kept me awake for some time; and when I at length fell into an un-

easy slumber, dreams of terror and anxiety oppressed me. The song of the toppers for a moment dwelt in my imagination, but their voices seemed to be dying away, and the cry of the youth who had lost his father burst upon my ear. I awoke in horror, and heard persons running to and fro beneath my chamber, and loud but agitated whispers, and then groans and frequent sobbings. I sprang from my bed, hastily dressed myself, and, on reaching the ground floor, found a scene offering as strong a contrast to the second I have described, as the second offered to the first. Of all those who but a few hours before had "made the Can their confidant," and laughed, and sung, and talked without a thought of sorrow; of all those who had spoken of finding eternity of life in the bowl and the ale cup, and oblivion of care in the fragrance of the tobacco leaf; of all those, one alone had escaped to tell the fate of his companions, who by their own carelessness and imprudence had perished, whilst crossing the river, miserably perished, in drunkenness and despair.

## ELEGY.

A SHADOW on my spirit fell,

When my bush's shouting from thee pass'd;

And sad to me thy mild farewell,

To me, who fear'd it was thy last;

And when I saw thee next a veil

Was drawn upon thy features pale.

They strew'd thee in thy narrow bed

With roses from thy own loved bower;

Like melting anguish Memory fled

Back to thy valued rural hours

And saw thee gently smiling round,

Where all to thee was Eden ground.

The God, whose presence met thee there,

Was with thee in thy slow decays;

He answered to her dying prayer,

Whose life had been a hymn of praise.

Thy God was nigh—thy Shepherd-God,

With comfort of his staff and rod.

I lay thee where the loved are laid:

Rest—till their change and thine shall come;

Still voices whisper through the shade;

A light is glimmering round the tomb;

The temple rears! the sleep is ended—

The dead are gone, the pure ascended!

## AMERICAN FINE ARTS—PECULIARITIES—PAINTINGS.

THERE is one quality in the North American character which is generally overlooked, and which I have never perceived in that of any other people to the same degree. It is a sort of serious versatility. The French have a greater, or rather a pleasanter sort, and accommodate themselves more readily to circumstances; and the ancient Greek had an excess of what we call versatility in his temper and power. But, in the Frenchman, it is more of a constitutional habit, a more trivial and less respectable property, than it is in the American; although, to my notion, a thousand-fold more agreeable. And, in the versatility of the Greek, there was always more of the bright, changeable caprice of genius—more of the spiritual, more of heroic audacity, and less of steady, invincible determination, than in that of the North American.

The Frenchman is never without resources, but then his resources are always of a light and brilliant character. It is the smallest possible coinage that *can* be made use of, which a Frenchman will contrive to disburse in any extremity. He would maintain himself, though he had been a general officer, or peer of the realm at home, if he were shipwrecked upon a foreign shore, by expedients of which none but a Frenchman would ever dream: nay, give him but one of the silver pennies which are distributed here on his Majesty's birth-day, and I would answer for him, in a strange country, if there were no other way, he would maintain himself by making plaster medallions of that little coin.

Throw him among savages, and he will teach them to dance, (not that I believe the story of Chateaubriand;) among wild beasts, and he will find some way of reconciling them to his presence, (where another man would make war upon them outright,) either by pulling thorns out of their feet, or dressing their manes: upon a desolate island, and he will grow old in carving

"L'Empereur" upon a cocoa nut, arranging coloured sea-shells into flowers, and birds with wings like butterflies; or in making clay models of every thing upon the island. The basket-maker in the fable was undoubtedly a Frenchman, and the spider that Robert Bruce beheld in the barn, was as undoubtedly a French spider; no other would ever have repeated the same experiment, precisely over and over again, so often.

We all know what the versatility of a Frenchman is; and when I call to mind what I have actually seen, nothing that could be said of their power to employ or maintain themselves would seem to be extravagant.

I have known a French prisoner spend every leisure hour, for many years, in manufacturing a line-of-battle ship, out of the little splinters of bone which he found in the soup. I have known another, who began by planting coffee trees, in St. Domingo, with his own hand—realized a princely fortune—lost it during some insurrection: began again—became very wealthy—lost that in the same way: narrowly escaped with his life, and a few dollars, to America: began to teach French, while he was precisely in the situation of George, in the Vicar of Wakefield, who set off to teach the Dutchmen English, and never recollected, until he had arrived in Holland, that, to teach them English, he himself should know something of Dutch—realized a little money, and laid it out in a law-suit—in the purchase of claims, which he spent about eighteen or twenty years in bringing to a determination—himself, a great part of the time, upon the water between America and France, with testimony which never failed, for many years, to be informal, inadequate, or inapplicable. But he prevailed after all, and is now independent. This was, perhaps, the most extraordinary case of what I have called serious versatility, in a Frenchman, that was

ever known. That a French prisoner of war, a good seaman, (for a Frenchman,) should employ himself, year after year, in miniature ship-building; substituting beef bone for oak timber, and converting what other men would hardly have had the patience or the power to make a tooth-pick of, into accurate and beautiful machinery, is no very surprising matter. There is a sort of serious pleasantry—a kind of busy, industrious trifling in it, altogether French; and very like what one would look for in the occupation of any Frenchman, after the quicksilver of his blood was precipitated by misfortune. It was only the mimicry of naval architecture. But that a West Indian—a planter—and, above all, a Frenchman, should venture to lay out the wreck of his whole fortune upon American justice, without understanding one word of American law; and before he could say in English, so as to be understood, “Your humble servant, sir,” is a thing so incredible, that, if I did not know the story to be true, I would not repeat it. Yet, such a speculation would have been quite in character for an American; perfectly reconcilable to the presumptuous versatility of his temper; for, when the spirit of adventure is disturbed in a genuine American, he appears to reckon upon miracles and phenomena, as other men do upon chances.

Thus, I have known two American partners in a large mercantile house. One had been educated for the bar; had practised at the bar; and was believed to be in the way to great authority, fell sick, consumed all his property, and went into business with another adventurer, who had made and lost, already, half a dozen fortunes: The other (of the two first named) had no education at all; had been put apprentice to a retail shopkeeper, at the age of twelve; and had grown up to manhood, in a course of adventure, that, in any country but this, would have been thought romantic and wonderful—as well as a complete disqualification for every kind of serious business.

These two, as I have said, were partners in the same house. They soon

extended their operations all over the United States; made money—speculated—and failed. A council was held between them. The younger of the two—he who had no education—spent several hours in determining whether he should become a soldier, (for he was weary of mercantile affairs)—go to India, and upset the British power there; or to South America, and help to revolutionize two or three empires in that quarter: a clergyman; (but upon that profession he hardly bestowed a second thought, after the reflection occurred, that, in America, there was neither rank, revenue, nor dominion, for the clergy;) a physician; a lawyer; an actor; an auctioneer; or a politician. The result was, that he concluded to become a lawyer—the law in America being the highway to the highest honours of the government—while his partner, at the same time, resolved to become a divine.

The first went forthwith to his room—laboured night and day for several years (supporting himself, in the meantime, by what nobody but an American, in such a situation, would have thought of—in America—his pen;) became distinguished; and is now a counsellor-at-law in the Supreme Court of the United States. And yet—hardly eight years have passed since he was a broken merchant, wholly uneducated and apparently helpless.

In the meantime, his partner pursued his own studies in his own way; and is now one of the most distinguished clergymen of the United States.

These are not solitary examples. If they were, they would not be worth mentioning. They are, in reality, things of common occurrence. Most of the distinguished men of the United States have gone through a “course of education,” more or less of the same kind. I could mention several, in various professions, at this moment; but, as my object is only to show what others have never seen, or not mentioned, in the character of our Transatlantic brethren, I shall only record one more, while giving a brief



account of the present state of the FINE ARTS in America, and particularly of PAINTING.

The FINE ARTS, generally, are neglected by the Americans. By this I mean, that they, the Americans, do not themselves cultivate them. They have foreign musical composers, and sculptors among them—(most of whom are indigent, or starving,) but none of their own. Capellono, the first sculptor of the King of Spain; and Causici, one of Canova's finest and most gifted pupils, both men of high talent, are actually in a state of abject dependance, now in America. Architecture is hardly in a better state. I know of no capital American architect; and the foreigners, who are unfortunately driven to America, in the hope of legislating for palaces, are, without exception, in a very precarious and unpleasant condition.

In fact—for we must deal plainly in these matters, whatever may be our partialities—I do not scruple to say, that the North American republic is one of the last countries in the world for refuge to a devotee of the fine arts, who may be, no matter for what reason, weary of the old world—particularly if he be a man of extraordinary power. A second or third-rate musical composer, performer, architect, sculptor, &c. &c. if he cannot get bread at home, will be able to get bread—but nothing more—in America. By bread, I mean, such a provision as will keep him alive, dependant, and wretched. If he be of the anointed few—the exalted—he will probably starve, die of a broken heart, or destroy himself; for such men will not barter their inspiration for bread; their immortality for a mess of pottage.

But enough of this for the present. Hereafter, there may be found a better occasion for dwelling on these points. I shall pass them over now, together with all that relates to the fine arts, except in the department of painting. In this the Americans have made a surprising proficiency; surprising, not only by comparison with what they have done in every other department; but surprising, (if we

consider their numbers, infancy, and want of encouragement,) when compared with what we ourselves have done, or any other people during the same period.

But then, the most celebrated of these *American painters* have been educated in this country; and some of them have been born here.

The following are the names of those, who have been, at one time or another, known in Great Britain or France, with a brief criticism on each.

COPLEY—HISTORICAL AND PORTRAIT PAINTER. He was an American by birth; a capital portrait painter, for the time; and, if I may judge by a small but very good picture, in the Blue-Coat School here, which I am told was painted by him, endowed with a decided and vigorous talent for historical composition.

WEST—HISTORICAL PAINTER, and late President of the Academy:—An American by birth; studied at Rome, and in London. He had great power; and a reputation much greater than he deserved. His fame will not increase; it will diminish. His composition is, generally speaking, confused—difficult of comprehension—and compounded, about in equal proportions, of the sublime and ordinary. He was prone to exaggeration; a slave to classical shapes; and greatly addicted to repetition. His capital pictures are often deficient in drawing; and yet, extraordinary as it may appear, his drawings are generally fine, and, in some cases, wonderful. His execution seldom equalled his conception. The first hurried, bold, hazy drawing of his thought, was generally the best; in its progress, through every successive stage of improvement, there was a continual falling off, from the original character, in the most material parts—so that what it gained in finish it lost in grandeur; and what it gained in parts, it lost in the whole.

Compare his drawing of DEATH UPON THE PALE HORSE, with his painting of the same subject. The first was exhibited in France many years ago; and was the astonishment of everybody. The latter, I should

be sorry to see exhibited anywhere. The drawing is worth a hundred of the painting. The group under the feet of the pale horse, and that of the lion and the horse at the left, are all that is worth preserving in the latter. The rest is feeble—common-place, or absolutely wretched. The fore-legs of the *pale horse*, like the fore-legs of almost every other horse that Mr. West ever painted, are too short. The character and position of the head, though altered from the drawing, are altered for the worse. The introduction of another figure, so important as the "*Gospel*," (I believe that is the one,) is injudicious, and the group at the extreme left, representing animal courage in a young man, is an unparalleled falling off, from the original drawing.

And so with several other pictures by this extraordinary man. The drawing of CHRIST HEALING THE SICK, is worth all the painted copies together—including that purchased by the Academy, and that in America.

By the way, it is not very judicious to exhibit such pictures, as are exhibited in the gallery of Mr. West,—for his first essays in the art. It is not judicious—because nobody can believe that they are what they are called; and because there are others much worse in existence, (and shown, too, in Philadelphia, America,) which were much more, probably, *among* the first of his essays. These things always do harm. Great pretension is quite sure to provoke severe examination. When Mr. Galt, in his "*LIFE OF WEST*," had the courage to say, no matter on what authority, that the *first* essay of Master Benjamin was in painting the portrait of a child asleep, and smiling; and that he succeeded in making a likeness, he did more to injure the substantial, fair reputation of Mr. West, than his bitterest enemy (if Mr. West ever had an enemy) could have done.

TRUMBULL—HISTORICAL AND PORTRAIT PAINTER. Mr. Trumbull is an American. He studied, however, and pursued his profession for a long time, in this country. He is now President of the New York Academy; and is

the person whom Congress have employed to paint a series of pictures connected with certain events of the American Revolution, at (if I recollect rightly) nine thousand dollars a-piece, (about two thousand pounds.) Three of these are completed; and, unless I except the first, (prints of which are now in this country,) called the "Signing of the Declaration," and which is only a respectable picture, they are among the greatest and most unaccountable failures of the age. The President may not be superannuated, but these pictures are. In fact, not to disguise the matter at all, one out of the three is contemptible; one tolerable; the other nothing extraordinary; and valuable only as a collection of tolerably well-arranged portraits. It is a great pity; every lover of the art must grieve to see the first efforts of a young country so unhappily misdirected. There were several painters in America, who would have made a magnificent affair of that which is handled like a tapestry-weaver by Mr. Trumbull.

Yet Mr. Trumbull *was* a man of considerable power. His well-known "*Sortie of Gibraltar*," the original sketch of which has lately been exhibited at the Suffolk Street Exhibition, was a very fine picture; but worth, it is true, every thing else that he has ever done. His portraits are no great things. They are bold and strong, but all of a family—all alike. And so are his historical pictures. His "*Battle of Lexington*" is partly stolen; his "*Death of Montgomery*," and "*Sortie of Gibraltar*," are only variations; and I remember one of his pictures, "*the Surrender of Cornwallis*," where a whole rank of infantry are so exceedingly alike, that you would suppose them to have been born at the same time, of the same parents.

REMBRANDT PEALE—HISTORICAL AND PORTRAIT PAINTER. Mr. Peale is an American. He studied and pursued the business of portrait painting in France. There are several painters in America of this name and family, but Mr. R. Peale is altogether superior to the others. One of his portraits attracted a good deal of admiration some

years ago, at Paris; and another (of Mr. Matthews the comedian) was lately exhibited in London. I have never seen it, but am told that it was a masterly thing. His portraits are beautifully painted, but rather cold, formal, and, until very lately, wanting in fleshiness. He has changed his manner, however, of late, and is now a very fine portrait painter.

His essays in historical painting are numerous, and quite wonderful, when we consider the disadvantages under which he must have laboured in America; with no models, no academy figures, no fellow-labourers, to consult; nobody even to mould a hand for him in plaster, and few to hold one, long enough for him to copy it, of flesh and blood. His "COURT OF DEATH," it is probable, will pay a visit here. It is a very large picture, and has parts of extraordinary power.

**ALSTON—HISTORICAL PAINTER.** Mr. Alston is an American; studied in London—at Rome; and is undoubtedly at the head of the historical department in America. He is well understood, and very highly appreciated, in this country, and should lose no time in returning to it. His "JACOB'S VISION" has established his reputation; but he owes to this country a debt which he will never pay if he remain at home. We have claims upon him here, for

"He is, as it were, a child of us;"

and his countrymen will never give him that opportunity which we would, if he were here.

Mr. Alston's faculties are a very uncommon union of the bold and beautiful; and yet, there is a sort of artificial heat in some of his doings, much as if it were latent, elaborated with great care, and much difficulty; not that sort of inward fervour which flashes into spontaneous combustion, whenever it is excited or exasperated.

**MORSE—HISTORICAL AND PORTRAIT PAINTER.** Mr. Morse is an American; studied in the Academy, in some degree, under Mr. West. His model of the dying Hercules obtained the medal here. His portraits

are powerful, free, and distinguished by masterly handling. He has done but little in history.

**SULLY—PORTRAIT AND HISTORY.\*** Mr. Sully, who is the "Sir Thomas Lawrence" of America, is an Englishman, born, I believe, in London. His father, when Master Sully was about five, went over to America with his whole family. Many years after, the son returned, and continued in London for a considerable time, pursuing the study of his art, and copying some fine old pictures for his friends in America. That over, he returned, and, after years of great assiduity, has become, without question, one of the most beautiful portrait painters in the world. His general style is like that of Sir Thomas Lawrence, by whom he has profited greatly; in fact, his composition, sentiment, and manner, are so much of the same character, now and then, that were it not for the touch, some of his portraits could not be distinguished from those of Sir Thomas. He is remarkably happy in his women. They have not so much of that elegant foppery which characterizes most of Sir Thomas Lawrence's females, but, then, they are not heroic, and, perhaps, not quite so attractive, or, if as attractive, for that were a hard question to settle, there is not that exquisite flattery in his pencil that we see in the pencil of Sir Thomas Lawrence, which, while it preserves the likeness, will make a heroine, or an intellectual woman, of anything; and yet there is flattery enough in the pencil of Mr. Sully to satisfy any reasonable creature. Nobody can feel more astonishment or pleasure than I do at the address and power of Sir Thomas Lawrence, in transforming the most absolute, and, I should think, sometimes the most unmanageable corporeal beings, into spiritualities; but, I confess, at the same time, that I cannot bear to meet any of his originals, after I have been looking at their pictures by him. My emotion, whenever I do, is unqualified astonishment,——

\* The "Passage of the Delaware," a copy of which is now in Scotland, (on a smaller scale,) is by Mr. Sully. It is a remarkably spirited picture.



astonishment, first, at the likeness ; and astonishment, secondly, that there should be a likeness between things that are so unlike when compared. How he contrives it I cannot imagine. I have seen a picture of his, indicating a fine, bold, poetical temperament ; a handsome and expressive countenance, a frame above the middle size, and, altogether, a princely fellow. I have met the original, whom I had never seen before ; been struck instantaneously by the resemblance, and yet the original was a paltry, diminutive, sordid-looking chap, with no more soul in his face than —, nay, nor half so much as I have seen in a fine Irish potato.

By the way—a remark occurs to me here, which may explain this phenomenon. A stranger will see a resemblance where a friend would not. The more intimate one is with any object, the less easily satisfied will he be with a drawing of it. Anybody may see a resemblance in a caricature, an outline, or a profile, while he who is familiar with the original, will see nothing in the same caricature, profile, or outline, but a want of resemblance. This would seem to explain a common occurrence in portrait painting. Strangers know the picture immediately, perhaps, or the original, (having seen the picture,) wherever they may happen to encounter it ; mere acquaintances burst into continual exclamation at the sight of it, while the intimate friends of the original are dissatisfied, exactly in proportion to that intimacy. Painters attribute this to the foolish partiality of affection or friendship ; the multitude, perhaps, to affectation, blindness, or want of judgment. "What!" they say, "when we, who are strangers, know the portrait at a glance, how is it possible that it cannot be a likeness!" They do not know that, because they are strangers, they cannot perceive the ten thousand deficiencies, or the innumerable delicacies of hue and expression, which go to make up a likeness to the eyes of love or veneration. The world see only the whole ; the intimate friends love to look at the parts, at the minia-

ture. It must be for the world, then, that a man has painted, if his pictures are such startling resemblances, that while we are ready to cry out with pleasure at the likeness, we are ready to cry out yet louder with astonishment, if we see the originals, that there should be any likeness.

**STEWART—PORTRAIT PAINTER.** Mr. Stewart is an American. He was a long time in this country, many years ago,—painted the principal nobility, and ranked, even then, among the first masters. He is old now, but unquestionably at the head of American painters. In fact they all bow to his opinion as authority. Some notion of his prodigious power may be gained from this fact. The best portrait in the Somerset Exhibition, this year, that of Sir William Curtis by Sir T. Lawrence, and that which is least after his own style, is exceedingly like the pictures of Stewart, so much so, indeed, that I should have thought it a Stewart, but for two or three passages, and the peculiar touch of the artist. There is, however, more breadth in Mr. Stewart's pictures than in those of Sir T. Lawrence, but much less brilliancy and gracefulness: Mr. Stewart hardly ever painted a tolerable woman. His women are as much inferior to those of Sir T. Lawrence, as his men are superior to the men of almost any other painter. His manner is dignified, simple, thoughtful, and calm. There is no splendour,—nothing flashy or rich in the painting of Stewart, but whatever he puts down upon canvass is like a record upon oath, plain, unequivocal, and solid.

**LESLIE—HISTORICAL AND PORTRAIT PAINTER.** Mr. Leslie was born in this country, (a circumstance not generally known ; ) went to America in his childhood ; attracted some attention there, while he was a clerk in a book-store, by a few spirited sketches of George Frederick Cooke, and some other actors ; was persuaded to return to this country and study the art of painting as a profession. He has been here twice, (in the whole, from ten to a dozen years,) and has now a reputation of which we, his

countrymen, as well as the Americans, have reason to be proud. His portraits are beautiful, rich, and peculiar; his compositions in history, graceful, chaste, and full of subdued pleasantry. There is nothing overcharged in the work of Mr. Leslie. If anything, there is too strict an adherence to propriety. His last picture *SANCHO BEFORE THE DUCHESS*, though very beautiful, is, nevertheless, rather tame as a whole. This, of course, proceeds from his constitutional fear of extravagance and caricature, which is evident in almost everything that he has done, or, perhaps it would be better to say, from his exceedingly delicate sense of what is classical. But that must be got over. A classical taste is a bad one, where men are much in earnest, or disposed to humour. Whatever is classical is artificial, and, of course, opposed to what is natural. One is marble, the other, flesh; one, statuary, the other, painting. No great man was ever satisfied with what is classical.

**NEWTON—PORTRAIT AND HISTORICAL PAINTER.**—Mr. Newton is an American, but born within our Canadas; a nephew of Mr. Stewart, (already mentioned,) and a man of singular and showy talent. He has been pursuing his professional studies in London for several years, and begins to be regarded as he deserves. His portraits are bold and well coloured, but not remarkable for strength of resemblance, or individuality of expression. But, then, they are good pictures, and, of the two, it is higher praise even for a portrait-painter, to allow that he makes good pictures, than that he makes good likenesses. It is easy (comparatively) to make a resemblance, but very difficult for any man to make a picture which deserves to be called good. All portrait-painters begin with getting likenesses. Every touch is anxious, particular, and painfully exact; and it is a general truth, I believe, that as they improve in the art, they become less anxious about the likeness; and more about the composition, colouring, and effect. Thus, the early pictures of

every great artist will be found remarkable for their accurate resemblance, and the later ones remarkable for everything else rather than for that quality. Their likenesses fall off as their painting improves.

Still, however, (the last remarks have no especial application to Mr. Newton,) some of this gentleman's portraits are not only good pictures, but striking likenesses.

In history, it is hardly fair to judge of him; for what he has done, though admirable on many accounts, are rather indications of a temper and feeling which are not yet fully disclosed, than fair specimens of what he could produce, were he warmly encouraged. His "author and auditor" is the best that I know of his productions; and a capital thing it is. The last, which was lately exhibited at Somerset House, is rather a fine sketch, than a finished picture. It is loose, rich, and showy; wanting in firmness and significance; and verging a little on the caricature of broad farce;—broad, pencil farce, I mean. For this, of course, he is excusable, with Moliere for his authority. It is a very good picture, to be sure, but not such a picture as he should have produced for the annual exhibition. He did himself injustice by it.

**C. HARDING—PORTRAIT PAINTING.** This extraordinary man is a fair specimen of the American character. About six years ago, he was living in the wilds of Kentucky, had never seen a decent picture in his life; and spent most of his leisure time, such as could be spared from the more laborious occupations of life, in drumming for a Militia company, and in fitting axe-helves to axes; in which two things he soon became distinguished. By and by, some revolution took place in his affairs; a new ambition sprang up within him; and, being in a strange place, (without friends and without money—and *with* a family of his own) at a tavern, the landlord of which had been disappointed by a sign painter, Mr. H. undertook the sign, apparently out of compassion to the landlord; but in reality to pay his bill, and provide bread for his chil-

dren. He succeeded, had plenty of employment in the "profession" of sign-painting; took heart, and ventured a step higher—first, in painting chairs; and then portraits. Laughable as this may seem, it is, nevertheless, entirely and strictly true. I could mention several instances of a like nature; one of a tinman, who is now a very good portrait-painter in Philadelphia, U. S. A. (named EICKHALT); another of a silversmith, named Wood, whose miniatures and small portraits are masterly; and another of a portrait painter named JARVIS, whose paintings, if they were known here, would be regarded with astonishment—All of whom are Americans. But, as they are not known here, and have not been here, to my knowledge, I shall pass them over, and return, for a minute or two, to Mr. Harding.

Mr. H. is now in London; has painted some remarkably good *portraits* (not pictures); among others, one of Mr. John D. Hunter, (the hero of Hunter's Narrative,) which is decidedly the best of a multitude; one

or two of H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, the head of which is capital: one of Mr. Owen, of Lanark; a portrait of extraordinary plainness, power, and sobriety; and some others, shown at Somerset House, and Suffolk Street.

Mr. H. is ignorant of drawing. It is completely evident, that he draws only with a full brush, correcting the parts by comparison with one another. Hence it is, that his heads and bodies appear to be the work of two different persons—a master and a bungler. His hands are very bad; his composition, generally, quite after the fashion of a beginner; and his drapery very like block-tin; or rather, I should say, this *was* the case; for there is a very visible improvement in his late works.

Thus much to shew what kind of men our American relations are, when fairly put forward. There is hardly one among the number of painters, above-mentioned, whose life, if it were sketched, as that of Mr. H. is, would not appear quite as extraordinary; and as truly American, in that property which I have chosen to call a serious versatility.

### NELL GWYNN.

[Written after viewing a Portrait (supposed to be of this celebrated beauty) by Sir Peter Lely, from the collection of R. Cracroft, Esq. in the Gallery of the Northern Society at Leeds.]

#### I.

BEAUTIFUL and radiant girl!  
We have heard of teeth of pearl,—  
Lips of coral,—cheeks of rose;—  
Necks and brows like drifted snows,—  
Eyes—as diamonds sparkling bright,  
Or the stars of summer's night,—  
And expression, grace and soul.  
But a form so near divine,  
With a face so fair as thine,—  
And so sunny-bright a brow—  
Never met my gaze 'till now!  
Thou wert Venus' sister twin  
If this shade be thine, NELL GWYN!

#### II.

Cast that carcanet away!  
Thou hast need of no display—  
Gems, however rare, to deck  
Such an alabaster neck!  
Can the brilliant's lustre vie  
With the glories of thine eye?  
Or the ruby's red compare  
With the two lips breathing there?—  
Can they add a richer glow  
To thy beauties? No, sweet, no!  
Though thou bear'st the name of one  
Whom 'twas virtue once to shun,  
It were, sure, to taste a sin  
Now—to pass thee by, NELL GWYN!

#### III.

But they've wronged thee,—and I swear  
By thy brow so dazzling fair,—  
By the light subdued that flashes  
From the drooping 'lids' silk lashes,—  
By the deep blue eyes beneath them,—  
By the clustering curls that wreath them,—  
By thy softly blushing cheek,—  
By those lips that more than speak,—  
Glossy white without a speck,—  
By thy slender fingers fair,—  
Modest mien—and graceful air,—  
'Twas a burning shame, and sin,  
Sweet, to christen thee NELL GWYN!

#### IV.

Wreath for aye thy snowy arms,  
Thine are, sure, no wanton's charms!  
Like the fawn's—as bright and shy—  
Beams thy dark, retiring eye;—  
No bold invitation's given  
From the depths of that blue heaven;—  
Nor one glance of lightness hid  
'Neath its pale, declining lid!  
No!—I'll not believe *thy* name  
Can be aught allied to shame!  
Then let them call thee what they will,  
I've sworn—and I'll maintain it still  
(Spite of tradition's idle din)  
Thou art not—canst not be NELL GWYN!



BLAKESMOOR.

I DO not know a pleasure more affecting than to range at will over the deserted apartments of some fine old family mansion. The traces of extinct grandeur admit of a better passion than envy; and contemplations on the great and good, whom we fancy in succession to have been its inhabitants, weave for us illusions, incompatible with the bustle of modern occupancy, and vanities of foolish present aristocracy. The same difference of feeling, I think, attends us between entering an empty and a crowded church. In the latter it is chance but some present human frailty—an act of inattention on the part of some of the auditory, or a trait of affectation, or worse, vain-glory, on that of the preacher—puts us by our best thoughts, disharmonizing the place and the occasion. But wouldst thou know the beauty of holiness?—go alone on some week-day, borrowing the keys of good Master Sexton, traverse the cool aisles of some country church—think of the piety that has kneeled there—the congregations, old and young, that have found consolation there—the meek pastor—the docile parishioner—with no disturbing emotions, no cross conflicting comparisons—drink in the tranquillity of the place, till thou thyself become as fixed and motionless as the marble effigies that kneel and weep around thee.

Journeying northward lately, I could not resist going some few miles out of my road, to look upon the remains of an old great house with which I had been impressed in this way in infancy. I was apprized that the owner of it had lately pulled it down; still I had a vague notion that it could not all have perished, that so much solidity with magnificence could not have been crushed all at once into the mere dust and rubbish which I found it.

The work of ruin had proceeded with a swift hand indeed, and the demolition of a few weeks had reduced it to—an antiquity.

I was astonished at the indistinction of every thing. Where had stood the

great gates? What bounded the courtyard? Whereabout did the out-houses commence? a few bricks only lay as representatives of that which was so stately and so spacious.

Death does not shrink up his human victim at this rate. The burnt ashes of a man weigh more in their proportion.

Had I seen these brick-and-mortar knaves at their process of destruction, at the plucking of every pannel I should have felt the varlets at my heart. I should have cried out to them to spare a plank at least out of the cheerful store-room, in whose hot window-seat I used to sit, and read Cowley, with the grass-plat before, and the hum and flappings of that one solitary wasp that ever haunted it, about me—it is in mine ears now, as oft as summer returns—or a pannel of the yellow room.

Why, every plank and pannel of that house for me had magic in it. The tapestried bed-rooms—tapestry so much better than painting—not adorning merely, but peopling the wainscots—at which childhood ever and anon would steal a look, shifting its coverlid (replaced as quickly) to exercise its tender courage in a momentary eye-encounter with those stern bright visages, staring reciprocally—all Ovid on the walls, in colours vider than his descriptions. Actæon in mid sprout, with the unappeasable prudery of Diana; and the still more provoking, and almost culinary coolness of Dan Phœbus, eel-fashion, deliberately divesting of Marsyas.

Then, that haunted room—in which old Mrs. Battle died—whereinto I have crept, but always in the day-time, with a passion of fear; and a sneaking curiosity, terror-tainted, to hold communication with the past.—*How shall they build it up again?*

It was an old deserted place, yet not so long deserted but that traces of the splendour of past inmates were everywhere apparent. Its furniture

was still standing—even to the tarnished gilt leather battledores, and crumbling feathers of shuttlecocks, in the nursery, which told that children had once played there. But I was a lonely child, and had the range at will of every apartment, knew every nook and corner, wondered and worshipped everywhere.

The solitude of childhood is not so much the mother of thought, as it is the feeder of love, and silence, and admiration. So strange a passion for the place possessed me in those years, that, though there lay—I shame to say how few rods distant from the mansion—half hid by trees, what I judged some romantic lake—such was the spell which bound me to the house, and such my carefulness not to pass its strict and proper precincts, that the idle waters lay unexplored for me; and not till late in life, curiosity prevailing over elder devotion, I found, to my astonishment, a pretty brawling brook had been the *Lacus Incognitus* of my infancy. Variegated views, extensive prospects—and those at no great distance from the house—I was told of such—what were they to me, being out the boundaries of my Eden?—So far from a wish to roam, I would have drawn, methought, still closer the fences of my chosen prison; and have been hemmed in by a yet securer cincture of those excluding garden walls. I could have exclaimed with that garden-loving poet—

Bind me, ye woodbines, in your twines;  
Curl me about, ye gadding vines;  
And oh so close your circles lace,  
That I may never leave this place;  
But, lest your fetters prove too weak,  
Ere I your silken bondage break,  
Do you, O brambles, chain me too,  
And, courteous briars, nail me through.\*

I was here as in a lonely temple. Snug firesides—the low-built roof—parlours ten feet by ten—frugal boards, and all the homeliness of home—these were the condition of my birth—the wholesome soil which I was planted in. Yet, without impeachment to their tenderest lessons, I am not sorry to have had glances of some-

thing beyond; and to have taken if but a peep, in childhood, at the contrasting accidents of a great fortune.

To have the feeling of gentility, it is not necessary to have been born gentle. The pride of ancestry may be had on cheaper terms than to be obliged to an importunate race of ancestors; and the coat-less antiquary, in his unemblazoned cell, revolving the long long line of a Mowbray's or De Clifford's pedigree—at those sounding names may warm himself into as gay a vanity as those who do inherit them. The claims of birth are ideal merely: and what herald shall go about to strip me of an idea? It is trenchant to their swords? can it be hacked off as a spur can? or torn away like a tarnished garter?

What, else, were the families of the great to us? what pleasure should we take in their tedious genealogies, or their capitulatory brass monuments? What to us the uninterrupted current of their bloods, if our own did not answer within us to a cognate and correspondent elevation?

Or wherefore, else, O tattered and diminished 'Scutcheon—that hung upon the time-worn walls of thy princely stairs, *BLAKESMOOR*!—have I in childhood so oft stood poring upon thy mystic characters—thy emblematic supporters, with their prophetic "Resurgam"—till, every dreg of peasantry purging off, I received into myself Very Gentility?—Thou wert first in my morning eyes: and, of nights, hast detained my steps from bedward, till it was but a step from gazing at thee to dreaming on thee.

This is the only true gentry by adoption; the veritable change of blood, and not, as empirics have fabled, by transfusion.

Who it was by dying that had earned the splendid trophy, I know not, I inquired not; but its fading rags, and colours cobweb-stained, told, that its subject was of two centuries back.

And what if my ancestor at that date was some *Dametas*—feeding flocks, not his own, upon the hills of Lincoln—did I in less earnest vindicate this once proud *Ægon*?—repay-

\* Marvell, on Appleton House, to the Lord Fairfax.

ing by a backward triumph the insults he might possibly have heaped in his life-time upon my poor pastoral progenitor.

If it were presumptuous so to speculate, the present owners of the mansion had least reason to complain. They had long forsaken the old house of their fathers for a newer trifle; and I was left to appropriate to myself what images I could pick up, to raise my fancy, or to soothe my vanity.

I was the true descendant of those old W—s; and not the present family of that name, who had fled the old waste places.

Mine was that gallery of good old family portraits, which as I have traversed, giving them in fancy my own family name, one—and then another—would seem to smile, reaching forward from the canvass, to recognize the new relationship; while the rest looked grave, as it seemed, at the vacancy in their dwelling, and thoughts of fled posterity.

That Beauty with the cool blue pastoral drapery, and a lamb—that hung next the great bay window—with the bright yellow H—shire hair, and eye of watchet hue—so like my Alice!—I am persuaded, she was a true Elia—Mildred Elia, I take it.

From her, and from my passion for her—for I first learned love from a picture—Bridget took the hint of those pretty whimsical lines, which thou mayst see, if haply thou hast never seen them, Reader, in the margin.\*

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\* "High-born Helen, round your dwelling,  
These twenty years I've pac'd in vain:  
Haughty beauty, thy lover's duty  
Hath been to glory in his pain.

High-born Helen, proudly telling  
Stories of thy cold disdain;  
I starve, I die, now you comply,  
And I no longer can complain.

These twenty years I've lived on tears,  
Dwelling for ever on a frown;  
On sighs I've fed, your scorn my bread;  
I perish now you kind are grown.

Can I, who loved my beloved  
But for the scorn 'was in her eye,'  
Can I be moved for my beloved,  
When she returns me sigh for sigh?

But my Mildred grew not old, like the imaginary Helen.

Mine too, BLAKESMOOR, was thy noble Marble Hall, with its mosaic pavements, and its twelve Cæsars—stately busts in marble—ranged round: of whose countenances, young reader of faces as I was, the frowning beauty of Nero, I remember, had most of my wonder, but the mild Galba had my love. There they stood in the coldness of death, yet freshness of immortality.

Mine too thy lofty Justice Hall, with its one chair of authority, high-backed, and wickered, once the terror of luckless poacher, or self-forgetful maiden—so common since, that bats have roosted in it.

Mine too—whose else?—thy costly fruit garden, with its sun-baked southern wall; the ampler pleasure-garden, rising backwards from the house, in triple terraces, with flower-pots now of palest lead, save that a speck here and there, saved from the elements, bespake their pristine state to have been gilt and glittering; the verdant quarters backward still; and, stretching still beyond, in old formality, thy firry wilderness, the haunt of squirrel, and the day-long murmuring woodpigeon—with that antique image in the centre, God or Goddess I wist not; but child of Athens or old Rome paid never a sincerer worship to Pan or to Sylvanus in their native groves, than I to that fragmental mystery.

Was it for this, that I kissed my childish hands too fervently in your idol worship, walks and windings of BLAKESMOOR! for this, or what sin of mine, has the plough passed over your pleasant places? I sometimes think that as men, when they die, do not die all, so of their extinguished habitations there may be a hope—a germ to be revived.

ELIA.

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In stately pride, by my bed-side,  
High-born Helen's portrait hung;  
Deaf to my praise, my mournful lays  
Are nightly to the portrait sung.

To that I weep, nor ever sleep,  
Complaining all night long to her—"Helen, grown old, no longer cold,  
Said—"you to all men I prefer."



## SIGHTS OF LONDON.

## THE ORAMAS.

I PERAMBULATE the streets every morning, as you well know, for the exercise of my body and eye-sight, with my hands in my breeches pockets, and my legs in a pair of inexpressibles, popping my poll into every curiosity-shop that hangs out a good bill of fare for a hungry inquisitor. These places, you know likewise, are at present generally dignified with heathen-Greek compound names, which puzzle a plain Englishman to pronounce,—*jaw-breakers*, as we term them,—all ending in the same word, *orama*, and all meaning as much as this—Here is a great sight, good people! tell out and ye shall see it. Shillings are not half so plentiful with me as shop-keepers' bills, but I have nevertheless spent some in this way lately, and you shall have the benefit of my experience. Though too mad a fellow to mind any thing past or independent, I am the more inclined to do this as you sent me a letter-full of compliments, and five guineas, (by no means the least agreeable part of your correspondence) for my "Peep into the Piccadilly Museum." So much by way of preamble.

The Panorama of Pompeii, in the Strand, is not worth climbing up Bow Steeple to see, but that in Leicester Fields is. They belong to the same pair of proprietors, were drawn by the same draughtsman, I believe, and may have been painted by the same painter, provided he was not the same man at the two different performances. This might have been easily managed. For instance, I am the same man that I was when I wrote my "Fugitive Poems," which were published by the present Sheriff Whittaker, of Avemary, and had vast circulation through all the pastry cooks in the city, to the great emolument of no one. The first of the aforesaid Oramas is, as I hinted, pretty enough: there is, indeed, a group of dancers on the foreground, designed I suppose to enliven the dead imagery around them, which put me in mind of the figures on my grandmother's bed-

hangings, where a flock of shepherds and shepherdesses are kicking up their heels to the edification and amusement of several bullfinches, who are piping open mouthed within arm's length amidst the chintz evergreens of the pattern. Many a time I gazed at these mute "tuneful warblers," and the figurantes before them, when I was a little chubby snubby fellow, (being always a mischievous ill-conditioned whelp, I was idolized by my grandmother, and indeed by all the pious old people in the parish,)—and now that I am a man I gazed at the group in the Panorama with equal astonishment if not admiration. The scenery however may be put into the other scale; there is something (as we *Reviewers* say)—redeeming in it. One likes also to see the relative appearance of the volcanic and ante-volcanic places: a forest of modern trees growing on the top of an ancient city! The hanging gardens of Babylon were nothing to this. In that part of Pompeii now at the Strand there is not much excavation to be seen, and what is to be seen is not much worth seeing. A Temple of Venus and Bacchus appears in comparative shape and preservation (Love and Wine we know will stand as long as men are mortal.) The twin Panorama in the Fields is better worth money and seeing. Here are the remains of more old Roman houses than would build a city with cock-tail mice (*coc-tilibus muris*) for all the Lazzaroni in Naples. There is the groundwork of a huge Theatre remaining in fine form and dimensions: Covent Garden and Old Drury might serve as *vomitoria*, or entrances to it. What a barbarous, luxurious, ferocious, refined, brutal, omnipotent people were those descendants of the shepherd-robbers! Who would think that Cicero could write, and a gladiator fight within a brick wall of each other? The Fives-Court is a place of elegant amusement compared to a Roman arena. Some of the moun-

tain-scenery in this *orama* reminds me of another *orama* which I will treat of presently—the Diorama : it is beautiful.

The next curiosity-shop I popped into was a Glass Exhibition within a handful of doors of the Strand Pompeiiorama. I saw a glass-case full of poodle-dogs, seventy-fours, landaus, handbaskets, and several other gimcracks, nailed to a door-post with "only a shilling;" on the board beside it. Walked in, up, on, round, out. By the bye, this is not a fair account of my peregrinations through the glassery. I staid there poring over the brittle machinery till I was almost cracked myself, and like Locke's lunatic was afraid to sit down lest I might break myself in pieces. Along with a parcel of very well-behaved gentlemanly old ladies I beheld the whole operation of glass-blowing; and I assure you, Editor, in that brief space of time I learned more of this noble art than I shall ever attempt to practise. Seriously; it is an exhibition very well worth a wise man's fooling away a few hours in seeing. The proprietor, who presides at the furnace, blew us up several times—minikin decanters, wine-glasses, goblets, and tin cans, in a much shorter time than any one could empty them, besides several flower-baskets and false curls for the ladies. There was also a *glass-wig* in a glass-case there (and a balloon in a bottle,) which I contemplated with much satisfaction; every hair of it is as fine and elastic as hair itself. Baldness will no doubt in a few ages be universally propagated, it being for the most part an hereditary disease; and there is some consolation in knowing that, in such a deficiency of hair, we can have glass-wigs and frontlets for the price of them. The curls are drawn off from the vitreous fluid on a wheel,—seven hundred yards (I think) of glass hair being wound off in a minute. One great advantage in a wig of this material would be that it could be melted up into a fresh wig whenever one chese it, and moreover could not be easily blown off the head, except when it was actually blowing. A word from the THE LONDON

is, I know, enough to set all London afire; so I beg leave to recommend this Orama to all those who have eyes in their heads and shillings in their pockets. One powerful inducement to sight-seeing people to visit the Glass Exhibition is this,—every one gets at his or her final exit, besides the gape-seed and glass-blowing, the full value of his or her admittance-money in the manufacture itself. The proprietor, at my departure, *blew me a dog*,—wrapping him up in cotton, and enclosing him in a shaving-box, all of which I conveyed into my waistcoat-pocket. A young friend of mine, to whom I presented my new-found-glass dog, in teaching him to "give the paw," broke off one of his legs, but the gentleman aforesaid very politely *blew it on again*. He added, that he should be happy to blow on a leg for me whenever I wished it. Upon the whole, the only thing wanting to this exhibition is an impudent name; modest merit never did at any time, and its scarcity in the present age has not in any degree enhanced its reputation. Instead of calling his curiosity-shop merely what it is,—a Glass Exhibition, I should advise the proprietor to call it a *Hyalorama* (or a *Hyalourgeiorama*, which looks uglier and better): he would by this means infallibly seduce more people from the straight road of the Strand into his museum, than if he were to blow up a house for every customer that asked him.

But the Peristreplic Panorama is that which pleased me best,—as well by the terrors of its name as of its subject. *Peristreplic Panorama!* What a world of mysterious magnificence is contained in those two tremendous titles! how sublime and unintelligible! how agreeably cacophonous to the common ear, and how super-syllabically sonorous to the lugs of learning!—As I strolled one evening through the mazes of Spring Gardens, I heard the Peristreplic music shaking the tiles off the neighbouring houses; (there is a trumpeter in the band, by the bye, who would blow the cupola off St. Paul's if

he exerted himself beneath it,—he almost blew the roof off my skull with a single blast of his *buccina*.) The uproar proceeding from this curiosity-shop induced me to enter ;—when I was young and innocent I remember that I always broke my drum or humming-top to see what was inside of it that made such a noise. The same philosophical spirit attends me to this day. I went into the Peristrepheic, where however I found somewhat more internal furniture than ever I heard of in a humming-top,—unless this huge round world turning on its invisible spindle may be considered one. I saw the Battle of Waterloo: all the great men, Buonaparte, Wellington, Blucher, Brunswick, General Picton, and Corporal Shaw, painted to the life or death as it happened: cuirassiers, voltigeurs, Scotch *sans-culottes*, Blues, Greys, Body-Guards, all in fine coats and confusion: charges of cavalry and discharges of infantry, great guns, thunder-bombs, flying artillery, lying troops, and dying soldiers: the Marquis of Anglesea up to his belt in blood-red trowsers, and the Duke down to his heels in a blue wrap-rascal. O ’twas a glorious sight! Like Don Quixote and the puppets I longed to attack the peristrepheic people sword in hand, and kill a few dozen Frenchmen on canvas. What would I now give to be the old woman who remained the whole time in the farm-house which stood in the very midst of the field of battle! What a sublime situation for an old woman to be in! How I should have felt had I been there! When heaven and earth were coming together, to sit smoking (as she did perhaps) amidst the war of elements, or to “stand secure amidst a falling world” with my hands in my pockets, as the drowned Dutchman was found after shipwreck! Only conceive her (blind of one eye possibly) looking out through a cranny with the other, and beholding two hundred thousand men engaged in mutual massacre, and two hundred pieces of cannon bellowing, bursting, and ball-playing around her! blood streaming, smoke wreathing, dust flying, the scream of agony, the

cry of fear, the groan of death, and the shout of victory!—O, if *poeta nascitur non fit* be not a true maxim, that old woman ought to write a far better epic poem than blind Homer, blind Milton, or Bob Southey himself!—But I am becoming too eloquent.

The last of the *Oramas* which I swallowed was the Diorama.—The difference between the Ptolemaic and the Copernican system of the world may serve to illustrate that between the *Periorama* (thus let us abridge the Peristrepheic) and the *Diorama*. But the superiority of the Copernican system above the other is somewhat less problematical than that of the dioramic principle above the perioramic. The earth revolving on its own axis saves the sun, moon, and stars, a great deal of unnecessary trouble in performing their several diurnal circles according to the old system; but except the giddy delight of participating in the vertiginous motion of the dioramic platform, a spectator posted there is not immediately aware that he reaps any peculiar advantage. Whether the scene perambulates about the spectator, or the spectator about the scene; whether the object moves past the eye, or the eye past the object, is, philosophically considered, quite insignificant. Except, indeed, the spectator have a fancy for orbicular progression,—if he have any inclination for a circular jaunt, I would strenuously recommend him a turn or so on the horizontal wheel of the Diorama. Indeed I have heard many people express their entire approbation of this new kind of merry-go-round and its unaccompanying scenery. The effect of this ingenious but hasty piece of mechanism however was—that throughout the whole “little world of man” there was propagated a species of awkward sensation which might be denominated by help of a solecism—*a terrestrial sea-sickness*. This, though amounting to but a trifling quantity, detracted somewhat from the pleasure of my excursion round the inner wall of the Dioramic establishment.—The wheel I speak of is the only thing about that curiosity-



shop which has the hue of a *humbug*. I advise the proprietor of the Diorama (which appears to intend itself for a permanent exhibition) to divert the enthusiasm of his steam-engine, or whatever "old mole" it is that works beneath his platform, from disarranging the stomach of his visitors, to the less ambitious purpose of moving his scenery around them.

Trinity Chapel and the Valley of Sarnen have been carried about the town these two months by the bill-stickers, proclaiming every week to be the "last week" of their existence. I don't know if they are dead yet; but it is no harm to afford them a little posthumous praise if they are so. The first of these scenes was a complete deception; I expected every moment the dean and chapter to make their appearance. In this respect it is the best of the two, which however is more owing to the nature of the subject than the felicity of the painter; it is much easier to represent in successful perspective a chapel, however large, on a sheet of canvas, than a whole country like the Valley of Sarnen. The imagination can readily allow the one, but the reason strongly rejects the other. At all events I confess Trinity Chapel fairly took me in. In my golden simplicity of mind I thought, when I saw it, that "the play hadn't begun," and that I was merely contemplating one of those multitudinous specimens of plaster-work and architecture which are scattered over the West End and Regent's Park, to the utter discountenance of brown brick and comfortability. The beauty of the structure was the first thing that brought back my senses, this being a quality which seldom obtrudes itself upon the eye of the western itinerant.\* By narrowly watching the direction of the shadows and finding them to be permanent I was at length convinced that

the artist had befooled me. This is real praise.

The view of the Valley of Sarnen was, however, the chief attraction. The felicity of the execution surprised less, but the beauty of its scenery gratified more. The interior of a chapel, unless of the very richest order of magnificence, cannot be as interesting to the spectator as a green woodland, a mountain prospect, or a pastoral vale. He may happen also to be one of those sad dogs like myself who have been compelled by their follies to exchange a romantic home for the close squares and crooked alleys of this populous wilderness—London: if so, the Valley would possess in his mind a double advantage over its competitor. He would see his native hills in the misty pinnacles, and the green dwelling of his fathers in the deep-bosomed glen of the Alpine illusion before him. He would, moreover, perhaps acknowledge himself largely indebted to the faithful transcriber of the Valley of Sarnen for the sight of a phenomenon which he had never the good fortune to witness in his own country. Two lofty hills rise on the back ground, one immediately behind the other. The hindmost is a sugar-loaf piercing into the skies far above the penetration of his round-shouldered brother. Now the phenomenon in the picture (and, of course in the living scene) is this: the lower and nearer of these hills is covered with snow, whilst the higher and more distant is green to the apex. I am not sufficiently natural philosopher to account for this extraordinary appearance, but suppose it to arise from a *different mode of snowing* they have amongst the Alps from what we usually see here amidst our humble hillocks. To accomplish the aforesaid phenomenon it is only necessary that it snow *horizontally* in Switzerland, by which means a mountain may with every facility be snowed up as far as the shoulders, and yet preserve his head as green and as flourishing as ever. Notwithstanding the strangeness to a plain-going English eye of the above stroke of nature, the view

\* I beg leave to direct the attention of all admirers of genuine *gothic* to a string of towers in wooden bonnets, at the other side of the park from the Diorama. They may afford to the romantic and imaginative a tolerable idea of a row of giants standing asleep in their bedgowns and white cotton night-caps.

of the Valley of Sarnen was picturesque and delightful,—and if it is not gone it is so still. The Swiss cottage, the mountain road, the flock of sheep feeding in a sequestered nook, gave a kind of lonely animation to the scene; the deep verdure of the glades and slopes, contrasted with the blue surface of the lake into which they decline, and the vapoury magnificence of the surrounding hills, combined to throw a most romantic air over this beautiful picture. I sighed for home when I saw it. A runnel of living water bestowed reality on the scene, and was so contrived as to flow down the canvas as naturally as if it was *painted* there, not spoiling the eye for the artificial part of the scene. This is a good test of the merits of the painting; the works of nature when set beside those of art generally put the latter out of counte-

nance. I hope the Valley of Sarnen will remain in the Regent's Park,—or that it may be replaced by something as beautiful.

There is likewise the *Cosmorama*, and the *Myriorama*, and may others not mentionable. I hear also that there is one in preparation, which is to be perfectly ecliptic of all its predecessors, and is to be called the *Pandemoniopanorama*, being an exact View of Hell, intended chiefly, I suppose, for the patronage of those who intend emigrating thither. It has been painted from drawings taken by Padre B—— who visited the premises, and has been since restored to life by Prince Hohenlohe. But I must defer the account of these to a future opportunity. At present—"I can no more" (as we say in a tragedy). *Vale!*

JACOB GOOSEQUILL.

#### NUGÆ PHILOSOPHICÆ. No. I.

##### ON THE OPERATION OF COUCHING.

**C**HESELDEN the celebrated surgeon and oculist gives some very curious particulars respecting a boy who was couched by him in his thirteenth year: his narrative is the more interesting as it seems to determine the question so long and so hotly contested by philosophers,—Whether a person blind from his birth upon being made to see could, *by sight alone*, distinguish a cube from a globe? Most persons would probably answer in the affirmative, notwithstanding the many theoretical arguments which might be brought against it,—at least until they have such facts as the operation of couching discloses, which are of too stubborn a nature to be easily evaded.

It is previously remarked by Cheselden that though we speak of persons afflicted with cataracts as blind, yet they are never so blind from that cause but that they can distinguish day from night; and for the most part in a strong light distinguish black, white, scarlet, and other glaring colours: but they cannot distinguish the *shape* of any thing. And he gives

the following reason for his remark. The light coming from external objects being let in through the matter of the cataract which disperses and refracts the rays, these do not, as they ought, converge to a focus on the retina or back part of the eye, so as to form a picture of the objects there; the person afflicted is consequently in the same state as a man of sound sight looking through a thin jelly. Hence the shape of an object cannot be at all discerned, though the colour may. And this was the case with the boy couched by the operator. Before couching he could distinguish colours in a strong light, but afterwards, the faint ideas he had previously acquired of them were not sufficient for him to recollect them by, and he did not know them to be the same that he had seen dimly, when he was enabled to see them perfectly. *Scarlet* he now thought to be the most beautiful, and of others the gayest were the most pleasing: *black*, the first time he saw it perfectly, gave him great uneasiness, but after a little time he became more reconciled to it; he however always

associated some unpleasant idea with it, being struck with great horror at the sight of a Negro woman whom he met some months afterwards.

When he first saw, he was so far from making any right judgment about distances, that he thought all objects whatever *touched his eyes* (so he expressed it), as what he felt did his skin. He thought no objects so agreeable as those which were smooth and regular, though he could form no judgment of their shape, nor guess what it was in any object that pleased him. He did not know any one thing from another, however different in shape or size; but upon being told what things those were whose form he knew before from feeling, he would carefully observe that he might know them again. Having often forgot which was the cat, which the dog, he was ashamed to ask, but catching the cat (which he knew by feeling), he looked steadfastly at her, and then putting her down, "So, Puss," said he, "I shall know you another time." He was very much surprised that those things which he had liked best when blind did not appear most agreeable to his eyes, excepting those persons whom he loved most would appear most beautiful, and such things most agreeable to his sight which were so to his taste. His friends at first thought that he even knew what pictures represented, but found afterwards they were mistaken; for about two months after he was couched he discovered that they represented solid bodies, at first taking them for party-coloured planes or surfaces diversified with a variety of paint: but even then he was surprised that the pictures did not *feel* like the things they represented, and was amazed when he found that those parts of pictures which by their light and shade appeared prominent, and uneven to his sight, felt equally flat with the rest. On this latter occasion he pertinently inquired—Which was the lying sense, feeling or seeing?

Being shown his father's picture in a locket at his mother's watch, he acknowledged the likeness, but was very much astonished, asking how it

could be that a large face could be expressed in so little room, and saying that it should have seemed as impossible to him as to put a bushel of any thing into a pint.

At first he could bear but very little light, and the things he saw he thought extremely large; but upon seeing things larger, those first seen he conceived to be less than they had appeared before, never being able to imagine any figures or lines beyond the bounds he saw: the room he was in he said he knew to be but part of the house, yet he could not conceive that the whole house could look bigger. Before he was couched he expected little advantage from seeing, worth undergoing an operation for, except reading and writing; for he said he thought he could have no more pleasure in walking abroad than he had in the garden at present, which he could do safely and readily. And even in blindness he said he had this advantage, that he could go anywhere in the dark much better than those who could see. After he was enabled to see he did not soon lose this faculty, nor desire a light to go about the house in darkness. He said every new object was a new delight, and the pleasure was so great that he wanted words to express it; but his gratitude to the operator was extreme, never seeing him for some time without shedding tears, and if he did not happen to come at the time he was expected, the boy could not forbear crying at the disappointment. A year after his first seeing, being carried to Epsom Downs, he was exceedingly delighted with the largeness of the prospect, and called it a new kind of seeing. He was afterwards couched of the other eye, and found that objects appeared large to this eye, but not so large as they did at first to the other: looking upon the same object with both eyes, he thought it appeared about twice as large as to the first couched eye only,—it did not appear double.

Mr. Cheselden performed the operation of couching on several other persons, who all gave nearly the same account of their learning to see as the



preceding. They all had this curious defect after couching in common, that never having had occasion to move their eyes, they knew not how to do it, and at first could not direct them to any particular object, but had to move the whole head, till by slow degrees they acquired the faculty of shifting the eye-balls in their sockets.

Several philosophical inferences may be deduced from the above-cited experiment. First it is evident that the eye is not a judge of *direct*, though it may be of *transverse* distance, i. e. that it cannot estimate the distance between two trees, for example, nearly in a line with itself, though it may, if they are at equal lengths from it, but *not* in the same line with it. Hence when we look at a chair standing against the wall of our chamber we really do not *see* that the fore legs stand out upon the carpet,—we see both them and all parts of the chair painted as it were (*projected* is the philosophical word) on the wall. It is only by having *felt* that they do stand out from the wall that we judge them so to do, when we merely see them exhibiting the same appearances they had when we felt them before. The boy upon whom Mr. Cheselden operated, thought, it seems, “that all objects whatever *touched his eyes*,” i. e. all objects and parts of objects appeared equally distant from him, the fore-legs of a chair as distant as the hind, in short he could not *see direct distance* at all. It was only by habit, by feeling a table, for instance, by then observing the lights and shades its different surfaces presented to his eyes (for of *colour* the eye is a judge), it was only by this process that he was at length enabled to know a table when he merely *saw* it. And it is the same process which gradually teaches us in our infancy to correct the errors of our sight by the testimony of our feeling, and to know that that is protuberant which appears flat, as every object does to the eye of a new-born child. This habit, which the mind gets of deciding upon the massive form of objects immediately upon seeing them, is that from which the whole effect of painting results:

when we see a landscape or a group of figures on canvass, the parts assume to our eyes a depth or protuberance, though really flat, because, exhibiting the same light and shade which the objects represented by them do themselves *rerum neutrâ* present, we judge them to be similar in all their dimensions, and to recede or come forward from the canvass in the same manner as the real objects would do if placed against a wall. In conformity with this reasoning it appears that the boy who was couché had no perception of the effect of painting: not having yet obtained experience of the lights and shades imitated on canvass they could not deceive him, as they do a person of sound sight, into the supposition that they were reflected by massive bodies,—he only saw flat canvass diversified with a variety of paint.

Secondly, as it appears that the boy could not tell a cat from a dog until he had felt them, it is plain that neither could he tell a cube from a globe. It is to be observed, however, that although at first all distinction of shape were perceived, yet experience would shortly have taught him to distinguish, by sight alone, a cat from a dog, a cube from a globe. All that Locke and his partisans asserted was,—that sight alone would never have taught him to determine (unless by chance) which of the bodies was the cube *of his feeling*, which the globe. He would in a short time have *seen* that one of these bodies was even, and the other angular, but he could not certainly tell that the former would *feel* as the globe felt before he saw it, nor the latter as the cube did. That which was a cube to his sight he would probably have fixed upon as that which was the globe to his feeling. At least, there is no reason why, because a given body appeared evenly shaped to his sight, it should enable him to determine that this body must necessarily, when he touched it, give him that sensation which he denominated *smoothness* before he was made to see.

Thirdly, the above-mentioned experiment appears to suggest a doubt of the truth of that philosophical dis-

tion which has usually been put between *Reason* and *Instinct*. If it is by an exertion of judgment that a man coming into a room where there is a real chair and one ill-painted on the wall, will sit down upon the former and neglect the latter, it is certainly by an exertion of a similar faculty, that a cat coming into a room where there is a real mouse and an ill-painted one, will spring upon the former and neglect the latter. And from the same principle it is that the man will attempt sitting down on a well-painted chair, and a cat will attempt catching a well-painted mouse,—neither discovering their error till they come near enough either to see the defects of the painting or to feel the delusive objects, and thus correct the mistake of their judgment acting upon the information of sight alone. For it is to be remembered that, in this case, it is not their sight which deceives them, but their judgment; sight informs them that certain colours, lights, and shades, appear before them, and its information *is true*; whilst judgment tells them that these colours, lights, and shades, indicate a massive substance (*viz.* a chair or mouse) which *is false*. From this it would appear, that instinct has no more to do with a cat mouse-catching, than with a man hare-hunting; and similar considerations may perhaps, teach us, that brute animals approach much nearer to us in faculties than philosophers are generally disposed to allow.

Lastly, it may be inferred, that the staring and vacant expression of coun-

tenance, which is to be seen in children and idiots, proceeds rather from an inability to move their eyes than from a want of thought at the time. The former through inexperience, the latter through mental weakness, have not been sufficiently conversant with different objects to have exercised the moving powers of the eye, which therefore remains generally fixed. Both, when they wish to observe a new object, turn the whole head rather than the eyeball. And, that vacancy of look does not always proceed from want of ideas in the mind at the time, is evident from this,—that men intently engaged in contemplating certain ideas generally stare with a fixed and foolish countenance, whilst their reverie continues. If a child were shut up in a dark room where he might exercise all his senses but one, it is obvious that upon light being admitted at the end of some years, when he had acquired a good stock of ideas by means of these four senses,—it is obvious that he would still continue to stare like an infant, how full soever his mind might be of ideas. For the motion of his eyes is consequent upon an act of his will so to move them, and he can have no will to move them from the object at which he first looks, because he knows as yet of no other object existing, and could therefore have no motive to excite his will to action.

There are many other inferences which might be drawn from this curious experiment, but I will leave them to the reader's own sagacity or fancy.

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## GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

### THE BARGE'S CREW.

"Tis sweet to poise the lab'ring oar  
That tugs us to our native shore,  
When the Boatswain pipes the barge to man."

- - **W**HY, aye, Mr. What's your name, we were the pride of the ship—all picked men; and if you had seen us in those days, when hope and enterprise spread our white canvass to the breeze, and we either

lufft up to get to windward of an enemy, or sailed large to run down to the succour of a friend in distress, it would have done good to your heart, man. Then there was our barge, so neat and trim with her gratings in the bow, and starn sheets as white as the drifted snow, and every oar a perfect picture. But to see

her under sail with three lugs and a jib set, and the sheets trimm'd aft—my eyes! how she'd snack through the breeze, skimming the billow-tops like a flying fish as he dips to wet his wings and refresh him in his flight! Oh how sweetly she'd walk over the curling wave and climb the rolling swell. Why she could do any thing but speak, and every one of the crew loved her as his own, and tended her with the same affection that a fond mother would her darling child. But then what's the use of speechifying about it now?—she's broke up by this time, (though I'm glad I didn't see it, for every stroke of the axe would have gone to my heart;) and of the jovial lads that once manned her, some are cast like weatherbeaten shattered hulks adrift upon the Ocean of Distress, exposed to the windy storm and tempest, without a port in view or friendly barque to hail them in adversity. Ah, they think of the barge now, and on those times they will never see again, when they were called the jolly 'coach horses' that never flinched from their duty. Every soul was first captain of a gun; and our coxwain, Joe Snatchblock, was one of the finest fellows in the fleet, be the other where he would—six foot two inches without his shoes—a heart like a prince and the spirits of a lion—generous and brave. Why, Lord love you, Mr. What's-your-name, he was the very man as nailed the colours to the mast on board the Belly-quekes in Duncan's action. I think I sees him now. Up went the helm, and away he bore down right into the thick of it: slap comes a shot athwart the halliards, and down rattles the ensign. "Hurrah!" shouted Mynheer in exultation. "Dunder de Bloxam!" roared Joe from the gangway; and shaking his fist at the enemy, "Dunder de bloxam, but we'll give it you presently!" and then he ran aft, and rolling up the flag, tucked it under his arm, and skimmed aloft like a sky-rocket, while the musket-balls came pouring round him in leaden showers. "Grape and cannister to the five aftmost guns, (cried the first Lieutenant;) point them well at the

enemy's poop—watch the roll, and be ready, my men!"—"Aye, aye, Sir:" and we clapped the grapes into the *still*, and pressed them down with cannister, ramming all home with a vengeance. Rattle went a volley at Joe again, but we *matched* 'em for it in *prime* style; we *smoked* their manoeuvres and *powdered* their wigs. Yes, yes, our grape was squeezed into Win de grave for a good many—it damaged their upper works, and knocked away their understandings. Well, d'ye see, by this time Joe had got to the main-top-mast head with the ensign under his arm, the hammer betwixt his tēeth, and the nails in his pocket; so he shoves one through the head of the flag, just below the toggle, and drives it into the mast above the cross-trees. Down he comes about half a dozen rattlins, and in went another nail, and so on till he descended to the main cap, where he took a severe turn with the *tack*, and hammered all fast. At this moment all hands at their quarters were casting one eye aloft, and the other at their gun, like a crow peeping into a pitcher, or a goose at a thunder-cloud. "Huzza!" roared Joe, as he threw out the fly of the ensign, which catching the breeze, waved majestically above us, floating in grandeur, like the Genius of Britain soaring on the wings of Victory. "Huzza!" shouted Joe again, sluing his starn to the Dutchman, and slapping his hand in an inexpressible attitude, while they returned the salute with a round of musketry that, had he not been bomb proof, must have knocked him off his perch. "Huzza!" responded the main and quarter decks; the lower-deck caught the soul-enlivening strain, and three hearty cheers resounded from all hands. At it we went again, like fighting-cocks, for, d'ye see, we expected some of the right sort in the *prizes*—real right earnest Schiedam Ginever. At it we went, while Joe came sliding down the top-mast backstay like a cat. "Weel behaved, my mon, weel behaved! (said the captain—he was a Scotchman, though his name was English.) Troth ye've the spirit of a Highlander. Bring the



warthy soul a glass o' grog ; or mayhap you would like it pure and uncontaminated." Joe preferred the stuff stark naked with the jacket off, and standing on the break of the poop, he held it up to mortify the Dutchman ; but fearing an envious shot might crack the heart of his darling, he turned his back by way of protection, and stowed it away in his spirit-room in an instant. Well, d'ye see, we lay close alongside, locked yard-arm and yard-arm, and hammered away round and grape, great guns and small arms, till Mynheer Van Scatterbrauckens dropped the tackle-falls, mounted their pipes, and thrusting their hands into the breeches pockets of their *small-clothes*, showed they had surrendered. Ah, Duncan was the boy ! He was none of your butterfly gentry—only fit for a summer's cruise. He out-*Witt*-ed the whole of 'em, conquered *Winter*, and hoisted his ensign as the flag of *Liberty*. Mayhap, Mr. What's-your-name, you never saw him, with his open manly countenance, expressive of true courage and benevolence, and his curling locks flowing gracefully over his head ;

A furious lion in battle—so let him ;

But, duty appeased, in mercy a lamb.

Yes, he'd a heart that could feel for another : and there's not a Tar in Greenwich moorings but reverences his name, for he was their father and their friend : but he's gone (as the chaplain used to tell us,) he's gone the way of all flesh, and poor Joe, too, has lost the number of his mess. He was made a Boatswain before his death, and then he got married ; for he said a Boatswain's warrant wan't worth a rush without the parson's spliced to the end on't, and no Boatswain could carry on duty without a *mate*. But, somehow or other, it proved a misfortunate appointment ; for Mrs. Snatchblock, as soon as the commission was read, topp'd the officer over him, and wanted to be *Master*. "No, no, (says he) Mrs. S., every man to his station, and the cook by the main-sheet. I've fought for my rating, and I'll keep it." But, bless

your heart, what's the use of boasting when the ladies are determined to have their own way, why, d'ye see, she fought for it too ; and as for rating, why she'd rate him all day long, till at last poor Joe gave in ; and it was found one morning that he had *died* in his birth, without a friendly hand to close his sky-lights. I can remember him when he used to sit in the box abaft the skipper, smiling and happy as long as he could see every one else so. After he left the *Belly-quekes*, he was Coxswain to Tommy P—, when he commanded the *Le Juste*, and was a great favourite with his captain. One 4th of June (that's the King's birth-day—good old George that's dead and gone,) all the senior officers of the fleet went ashore from Spithead, rigged out in full uniform, to pay their respects to the commander-in-chief. The tide was ebbing strong out of Portsmouth harbour, and many of the boats landed their captains upon South Sea Beach. Capt. P— was one of the number ; and he and Joe made sail for the admiral's house, through the arched gateway under the ramparts. Well, just as they hauled their wind round the corner by the Marine Barracks, an immense monster of a drayman, with a sack of wet grains on his shoulder, run designedly right aboard of the Captain, and plastered his gold laced coat with sanctum smearem. This was abominably provoking ; so Tommy hove too, and remonstrated with the fellow on his brutality, but he only answered with a volley of curses and abuse. Up comes Joe, like a first rate with a free sheet, lightens the gemman of his cargo, and capsizes him without so much as by your leave. Howsomer, up he roused again in a minute, and Joe stood all ready to strap a block with him ; but, "hold, avast ! (cried P—) the quarrel's mine ; I want no man to fight for me. As for you, y' unmannerly scoundrel, I'll— ; but come along, come along ;" and so he cotched hold of his arm, and some of the marines the other, and took him into the barrack-yard. A ring was formed, and

when the fellow found 'twas in earnest, he began to mumble excuses, like a witch saying her prayers. "No, no, (says Tommy) you insulted me like a blackguard, and now you shall have blackguard's play for it." So he unbuckles his sword, and dowses his coat and hat, while the drayman stripped ship to bare-poles. Joe claimed the honour of standing by this officer, and took his station second-him—heart-him, as they say in the classics; and a companion performed the same office for his opponent, who expected to make a mere plaything of the captain, and displayed his two enormous fists, like a couple of sixty-eight pounders: but he little thought who he had to deal with. The first round the *skipper* made him *hop*; for though the brewer was by far the more powerful man, and showed ribs like a seventy-four, yet Tommy possessed science, and worked round him like a cooper round a cask, making his mash-tub rattle again. Round after round followed to the great amusement of the Royals, and the heady-fication of the brewer, who began to get all in a work, and couldn't give it *vent*. At last, in the fourteenth round, Tommy

*lapp'd* him on the nose, and that was a *cooler* (one of his eyes was already *bunged* up,) so he drew off and gave in, after being soundly thrashed to his heart's content. The captain clapped on his rigging again, and bore up for one of the officer's births, where he got his forecastle swabb'd and his gear refitted; and then off he set again, with a comely black eye, to wait upon the admiral. The tale was told, and orders about to be issued for a warrant to apprehend the man; but Captain P— (who considered he had already received punishment enough) requested that he might be left to his own painful roomynations and the cure of his bruises. But I have been spinning you a long yarn, Mr. What's-your-name, and all about nothing, for the barge's crew was what I meant to talk about. Ah! that's the subject nearest my heart; it connects all the remembrances of early life and old friends. Howsomever, I shall see you again, and then you shall have all their histories from beginning to end.

AN OLD SAILOR.\*

\* At this *dead* time of the year, we take up our lively "Old Sailor" again with pleasure; and we dare hope that his Barge's Crew will be welcome to our friends. So let him show them up, as he says, after the classics, "second-him heart-him."—*Ed.*

#### FACETIE BIBLIOGRAPHICÆ.

OR,

### The Old English Jesters.

A BANQUET OF LEASTS. OR CHANGE OF  
CHEARE. BEING A COLLECTION OF

{ MODERNE JESTS  
WITTY JEERES  
PLEASANT TAUNTS  
MERRY TALES }

NEUER BEFORE IMPRINTED. LONDON, PRINTED FOR RICHARD ROYSTON, AND ARE TO BE SOLD AT HIS SHOP IN IVIELANE NEXT THE EXCHEQUER-OFFICE. 1630. Duodecimo, containing 192 pages, besides title, index, and preliminary matter, 22.

The following extracts are taken from the first edition.

*Of a Country Man and a Constable.* (1.)

A simple country-man hauing terme business in London, and being somewhat late abroad in the night, was staid by a constable, and somewhat harshly entreated. The poore man obseruing how imperiously he

commanded him, demanded of him what hee was? to whom he replied, "I am the constable, and this is my watch." "And I pray you, sir, for whom watch you?" saith the man. "Marry (answered the constable,) I watch for the king." "For the king?" replies he againe simply, "then I beseech you, sir, that I may pass quietly and peaceably by you to my lodging, for I can bring you a certificate from some of my neighbours who are now in towne, that I am no such man."

*A Young Heire.* (14.)

A young heire not yet come to age, but desirous to bee suited with other gallants, and to bee furnisht with money and commodities to the purpose, the creditor demanded his bond: hee granted it conditionally, that his father should not know of it, therefore wisht it to bee done very priuately. Vpon this promise all things were concluded, and the time came when he should

seale it. But when hee beganne to read in the beginning of the bond *nouerint vniuersi*—*Bee it knowne vnto all men*—he cast away the bond, and absolutely refused to seale it, saying, “if it be knowne vnto all men, how can it possibly bee, *but it must come to my father's ears?*”

*One travelling to Rome.* (22.)

A gentleman of England travelling with his man to Rome, desirous to see all fashions, but especially such rarities as were there to be scene, was, by the mediation of some friends there resident, admitted into the Pope's presence; to whom his holinesse offered his foote to kisse, which the gentleman did with great submission and reuerence. This his man seeing, and not before acquainted with the like ceremony, presently makes what speed he can to get out of the presence; which some of the wayters espying, and suspecting his hast, stayd him, and demanded the cause of his so suddaine speed; but the more they importune him, the more he prest to be gone: but being further vrged, he made this short answer—truely, saith he, this is the cause of my feare, that if they compell my mas-

ter, being a gentleman, to kisse the Pope's foote, *I feare what part they will make me kisse*, being but his serving man.

*A young Master of Arts.* (44.)

A young master of art the very next day after the commencement, hauing his course to common place in the chappell, where were diuers that the day before had took their degree, tooke his text out of the eighth chapter of Iob, the words were these; “We are but of yesterday, and know nothing.” This text (saith he) doth fitly diuide it selfe into two branches, *our standing*, and *our understanding*; our standing in these words, *wee are but of yesterday*, our vnderstanding, *we know nothing*.

*A Welch Reader.* (116.)

A Welchman reading the chapter of the genealogie, where Abraham begat Isaac, and Isaac begat Jacob, ere he came to the midst hee found the names so difficult, that he broke off in these words—“and so they begat one another till they came to the end of the chapter.”

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### THE LILY.

I cannot love yon gentle flow'r,  
E'en though it looks so soft and fair:  
Its silvery hue recalls an hour  
Which memory has not learn'd to bear.

I hear them praise its beauteous form,  
Its snowy vest, and drooping head;  
And feel that once it could adorn  
The clay-cold breast of CATH'RINE dead.\*

Then Fancy pictures all the past,  
The death-bed scene, the dying groan;  
The face, where beauty fled so fast;  
The eye, whose every beam was down;

The placid smile; the marble brow,  
Shaded with dark and glossy hair;  
The lips, where life's last feeble glow  
Had left the rose expiring there.

They deck'd with flowers the silent clay;  
With sweetest herbs the coffin dress;  
In her cold hand the jasmine lay,  
The *Lily* wither'd on her breast.

I gaz'd upon my sister's face,  
And trembling stood in fear and dread:  
Nothing of CATH'RINE could I trace  
In that pale form, so still and dead.

I saw the eye for ever clos'd,  
Where filial love so brightly shone;—  
Each soothing smile in death repos'd,  
And every gentle grace was gone.

I long'd her icy hand to kiss,  
But shrunk in agony and fear:  
To weep had then been almost bliss,  
But, no—I could not shed a tear.

Some flow'rs the lovely ruin grac'd,  
What met my sight I cannot tell;  
I only saw the *Lily* plac'd  
Where every virtue lov'd to dwell.

Eleven years have pass'd away,  
And still the *Lily* can impart  
A thought to cloud life's fairest day,  
A pang to wound a Sister's heart. J. D.†

† We have reason to believe that these lines are the production of a youthful female, and sent to us by a friend without her knowledge. Their simplicity and feeling impress us very strongly; and we are convinced that nothing of cultivation is wanted to rank the possessor of so fine a mind high among poets, but a further study of the mechanism and niceties of composition. *Ed.*

\* The author's elder sister, who died in the 18th year of her age.



## LOCAL SUPERSTITIONS.

Oh monstrous—oh strange—we are haunted!  
Pray, masters, fly—masters, help!—*Mid. Night's Dr.*

**T**HERE is something good humored in Irish superstition—something *qui donne de la joie dans la peur*. We have no witches—none of those ugly, ill favoured, earthly realities, which brutalize and stupify the minds of a portion of our own boors; but there is scarce a hill, a lough, a dingle, a *fort*, or an old ruin, which does not call up within the peasant's mind some wild and poetically fearful association.

*Knuck Fierna.*

The hill of the fairies. This is the loftiest mountain in the county of Limerick, and lifts its double peak on the Southern side, pretty accurately, I believe, dividing it from Cork. Numberless are the tales related of this hill by the *carmen* who have been benighted near it on their return from the latter city, which is the favourite market for the produce of their dairies. That there is a *Siobrag* or fairy castle in the Mount, no one in his senses presumes to entertain a doubt. On the summit of the highest peak is an unfathomable well, which is held in very great veneration by the peasantry. It is by some supposed to be the entrance to the court of their tiny mightinesses. A curious fellow at one time had the hardihood to cast a stone down the orifice; and then casting himself on his face and hands, and leaning over the brink, waited to ascertain the falsity of this supposition by the reverberation, which he doubted not would soon be occasioned by the missile reaching the bottom. But he met with a fate scarcely less tragical than that of poor Pug, who set fire to the match of a cannon, and then must needs run to the mouth to see the shot go off. Our speculator had his messenger returned to him with a force that broke the bridge of his nose, locked up both his eyes, and sent him down the hill at the rate of four furlongs per second, at

the foot of which he was found senseless next morning.

*King Finvar's\* Cattle.*

Between this mountain and the river Shannon there is a small lake, concerning which a very extraordinary report was circulated a few years back. Some people indeed may imagine it a little too improbable to lend a very ready credence to it, but I can assure them that its veracity was not even questioned at the time it took place. The lake or lough to which I allude is a very pretty one, although it is disfigured on one side by a piece of ugly bog. On the East, it is overlooked by a hill which makes a very sudden descent on its bank; but the slope is delightfully covered with mountain ash, birch, and hazel trees, so as to form a very pleasant contrast to the dreary flat opposite. At the northern end of the water, among patches of rude crag, and occasional spots of green, a few thatched hovels or cabins are huddled together, so as to form a something indescribably miserable in appearance, which is dignified with the appellation of a village: it is called *Killimicat*. Not very far from this, and on the borders of the lake—But what are these stories worth if taken out of the mouth of the original narrator? I shall give this to you as I had it myself:—"You see that little meadow there over-right us, Sir,—that was the little spot that Morty Shannon took from the master. Morty was a snug *sculog* then, and very well to do there, as I hear; but a stronger man than he was could not stand any thing of a loss in such times as they were. Morty wondered what was it that used to spoil the growth of his meadow. There was no sign of trespass from the neighbours, for the bounds were good, and their cattle were all *spancelled*. But so it was: sorrow bit of grass did he ever cut on the field for

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\* A famous fairy monarch.

two years. At last, knowing it to be a good bit of ground, he resolved to sit up of a night to see what was used to be there: and so he did, himself and his two sons. About twelve o'clock, as they were standing, as it might be this way, what should they see rising out of the lake only a fine big cow and seven heifers, and they making towards his little field. '*Tha guthine!*' says Morty to himself, 'is this the way of it?' So he beckoned to his sons to come *betune* them and the lake, and turn them into the pound. The old cow seen what they were about, and, without ever spaking a word, made a dart right between the two sons and into the water with her. But the heifers they drove home, and inclosed them in a paddock, where they staid for a year; until one evening the *gorsoon* forgot to lock the gate, when they all made off into the lake, and were never heard of more."

It is said that there is a magnificent palace under this water, one of whose turrets is visible above the surface in

a dry summer. This report is quite as well attested as the other.

### Old Raths.

These very ancient places are a favourite haunt of the elves; and woe to the hardy man who dares to apply the axe or the spade to tree, shrub, or soil, in these hallowed spots. They are very numerous scattered over the face of the country, and form great eye-sores to the improving class of landholders, who have acquired wit enough to condemn the superstition, but lack courage to adventure first in the cause of common sense. I knew one stout man who lost an eye in the attempt to root out an old thorn on one of these places; another who had a fine meadow *turned up* and destroyed for his pains; and a third, who declared that the very night after he had superintended an exploit of a similar kind, he saw three *siteogs*, in the shape of strapping *bucanughs*, take each a *cleave* of turf from the *reek* in front of his house. The reality of this latter appearance I was not at all inclined to question. O.

### ENGLISH OPERA.

The almost unequalled success of *Der Freischutz* having thrown the novelties prepared for this Theatre a little into arrear, the Proprietor favoured us with two new pieces on the same evening—*Jonathan in England*, and *The Frozen Lake*; the former the acknowledged production of Mr. Peake, and the latter attributed, and we believe correctly, to Mr. Planche. *Jonathan in England*, as its title implies, contains the adventures of that entertaining character during a visit to this country. He is first introduced to us at Liverpool, accompanied by his Nigger, whom he is anxious to "swop for a pony," or dispose of for a certain number of dollars. Here he delivers his "uncle Ben's" letter of introduction, and after getting turned out of the "Waterloo Hotel," for smoking, and brawling with his sable attendant, and meeting with some very absurd and improbable adventures at another inn to which he has thought proper to retire, procures a further recommendation and starts for the metropolis. It so happens, however, that the same gentleman who has recommended our friend Jonathan to Alderman Grossfeeder, has also sent him a postillion, one Natty Larkspur, who is anxious to succeed to the "vacant saddle" of his predecessor; and in the confusion which took place at the inn, in which Natty was a principal

performer, the letters having got exchanged, the American, on his arrival, is taken for the Post-Boy, and "wicey wasey." Here, in the Alderman's family, we are favoured with some amusing equivoque, until the mystery is cleared up, and the characters and persons of Jonathan and the Postillion satisfactorily identified. Mathews, for whom the piece was expressly written, laboured hard for its success, and threw all his little comicalities with great effect into the part of Jonathan; but the principal deficiency is a want of something to do. The phraseology of the character we are already familiarized to, and so far the novelty of the thing is a little worn off. It required therefore to be strengthened by a certain number of ludicrous or ingenious selections to render it additionally entertaining, and as these are but sparingly supplied by the author, the effect is not exactly what we had anticipated, and Jonathan's adventures are, upon the whole, far from satisfactory. The best attempt at character in the piece, is that of the "swan-hopping Alderman;" and the American's interview with the City knight, who is himself a bit of a wag, is very diverting. Keeley had a whimsical little part assigned him, which he played with his accustomed naivete; but the mistakes arising from his intrusion into the traveller's bed-room, have been

dramatized so often as to have become perfectly tedious. The piece indeed, as a whole, will add nothing to Mr. Peake's reputation: it is not, in fact, a dramatic composition—there is too much of the “Wit-snapper” about it. Strings of puns, good, bad, and

indifferent, are very well in their places; but the writer who would earn a lasting reputation must supply us with something better: they will do for the garnish, but are not substantial enough of themselves to furnish out the meal.

## VARIETIES.

### MARGATE HEALTH-HUNTING.

“Come to Margate,” says Mrs. Abrahams, “there you will get a colour and an appetite, bless you.” Well, down they all go. First they take a warm bath, then a cold bath—floundering about for an hour in the water—stay out sauntering about in the night air...poke themselves into crowded libraries and dancing-rooms—go to bed at break of day—and then come to town in a fever! Thus it has been lately with several; and we at present visit a case which has had a narrow escape from death—all brought on by *health-hunting at Margate*.—Let people, if they go to watering places for health, go to bed at ten o'clock—rise early,—immerse themselves in the water daily, and instantly leave it—live moderate—and mix with the amusements only at proper hours, and they will return with improved health and spirits; but Margate now a-days, since steam came into fashion, is the place to become an invalid.

### LORD BYRON.

Lord Byron, like his predecessors Napoleon and Dr. Johnson, it appears has also had his Boswell, in the person of Captain Medwin, a cousin of the late Percy Bysshe Shelley. This gentleman, who we understand is distinguished for his literary attainments, went to Italy in the autumn of 1821 for the benefit of his health, and residing for a considerable period with Lord Byron at Pisa, on the most familiar terms, was in the daily habit of noting down his conversations for his own amusements, and to curious matter for private reference. He alleges, that although the various communications were made to him without any injunctions to secrecy, they would not have been given to the world had it not been for the destruction of his Lordship's own memoirs, which he

considers to have been the inheritance of the public, and their suppression a serious loss.

### AFRICAN LIONS.

The first number of the *South African Journal*, published at the Cape of Good Hope, contains some very interesting details respecting the Lions of that country. The writer says, that beyond the limits of the colony, they are accounted peculiarly fierce and dangerous, and he thinks Mr. Barrow's representation, that they are cowardly and treacherous, is a conclusion drawn from limited experience or inaccurate information. “The prodigious strength of this animal (he observes) does not appear to have been overrated. It is certain that he can drag the heaviest ox with ease a considerable way; and a horse, heifer, hartebeest, or lesser prey, he finds no difficulty in throwing over his shoulder and carrying off to any distance he may find convenient. I have myself witnessed an instance of a very young lion conveying a horse about a mile from the spot where he had killed it: and a more extraordinary case has been mentioned to me on good authority, where a lion, having carried off a heifer of two years old, was followed on the track for five hours, above 30 English miles, by a party on horseback; and throughout the whole distance, the carcase of the heifer was only once or twice discovered to have touched the ground. The Bechuano Chief, old Peyshow (now in Cape Town) conversing with me a few days ago, said that the lion very seldom attacks man if unprovoked; but he will frequently approach within a few paces and survey him steadily; and sometimes he will attempt to get behind him, as if he could not stand his look, but was yet desirous of springing upon him unawares. If a person in such circum-



stances attempts either to fight or fly, he incurs the most imminent peril; but if he has sufficient presence of mind coolly to confront him, without appearance of either terror or aggression, the animal will in almost every instance after a little space, retire. The overmastering effect of the human eye upon the lion has been frequently mentioned, tho' much doubted by travellers; but, from my own inquiries among lion-hunters, I am perfectly satisfied of the fact; and an anecdote related to me a few days ago by Major Mackintosh, proves that this fascinating effect is not restricted to the lion. An Officer in India, well known to my informant, having chanced to ramble into a jungle, suddenly encountered a Royal Tyger. The rencounter appeared equally unexpected on both sides, and both parties made a dead halt, earnestly gazing on each other. The gentleman had no fire-arms, and was aware that a sword would be no effective defence in a struggle for life with such an antagonist. But he had heard that even the Bengal tyger might be sometimes checked by looking him firmly in the face. He did so. In a few minutes, the tyger, which appeared prepared to make his final spring, grew disturbed—slunk aside—and attempted to creep round upon him behind. The Officer turned constantly upon the tyger, which still continued to shrink from his glance; but darting into the thicket, and again issuing forth at a different quarter, it persevered for above half an hour in this attempt to catch him by surprise; till at last it fairly yielded the contest, and left the gentleman to pursue his *pleasure walk*. The direction he now took, as may be easily believed, was straight to the tents to double quick time.”—After relating several terrific stories of encounters with lions, the writer concludes his article with one, not quite so fearful, related by Lucas Van Vuuren, a Vee Boor, his neighbour at the Bavian's river:—“Lucas was riding across the open plains about daybreak, and observing a Lion at a distance, he endeavoured to avoid him by making a circuit. Lucas soon perceived that he was not dis-

posed to let him pass without further parlanche, and that he was rapidly approaching to the encounter, and being without his *roer* (rifle) and otherwise little inclined to any closer acquaintance, he turned off at right angles—laid the sambok freely to his horse's flank, and gallopped for life. The horse was fagged, and bore a heavy man on his back; the lion was fresh, and furious with hunger, and came down upon him like a thunderbolt! In a few seconds he overtook Lucas, and springing up behind him, brought horse and man in an instant to the ground. Luckily the boor was unhurt, and the lion was too eager in worrying the horse to pay any immediate attention to the rider. Hardly knowing himself how he escaped, he contrived to scrambled out of the fray, and made a clean pair of heels of it till he reached the nearest house. Lucas, who gave me the details of this adventure himself, made no observations on it as being any way remarkable, except in the circumstance of the lion's audacity in pursuing a “Christian man” without provocation in open day! But what chiefly vexed him in the affair was the loss of the *saddle*. He returned next day with a party of friends to take vengeance on his feline foe; but both the lion and saddle had disappeared, and nothing could be found but the horse's clean-picked bones. Lucas said, he could have excused the *schelm* for killing the horse, as he had allowed himself to get away, but the felonious abstraction of the saddle (for which, as Lucas gravely observed, he could have no possible use) raised his spleen mightily, and called down a shower of curses whenever he told the story of this hair-breadth escape.”

## EXTRAORDINARY PHENOMENON.

Our correspondent at Leeds has forwarded to us the following account of one of the most extraordinary phenomena of which we remember to have seen an account in England:—“On Thursday last, the 2d inst. at Haworth, five miles south of Keighley, in the West Riding of York, and on the borders of Lancashire, about six o'clock in the evening, a part of the highlands on the Stanbury-moor opened into a chasm, and sunk to the depth of six yards, in some places exhibiting a ragged appearance, and forming two principal cavities—the one was about 200 yards, and the other not less

than 600 yards in circumference. From these hollows issued 2 immense volumes of muddy water, and uniting at a distance of upward of 100 yards from their sources, constituted, for about two hours, an overwhelming flood from 40 to 50 (sometimes 70) yards in width, and seldom less than four yards in depth. This dark slimy mixture of mud and water followed the course of a rivulet, overflowing its banks for 20 or 30 yards on each side, and to the distance of seven or eight miles from the immediate irruption; all this way there is deposited a black moorish substance, varying from eight to 36 inches in depth, and mixed occasionally with sand and rocky fragments, pieces of timber, and uprooted trees, which had been borne along by the impetuous torrent. This heavy and powerful stream broke down one solid stone bridge, made breaches in two others, clogged up and stopped several mills, laid flat and destroyed several whole fields of corn, and overthrew to the foundation several hedges and walls. In its course it entered the houses, floating the furniture about, to the astonishment and terror of the inhabitants. At the time of the irruption the clouds were copper-coloured, and lowering; the atmosphere was strongly electric, and unusually close and sultry. There was at the same time loud and frequent thunder, with much zigzag lightnings, peculiarly flaring and vivid. The whole is conjectured by the neighbours to be caused by some subterraneous commotion, the most considerable as to its results that has taken place in the kingdom for many generations. The river Aire, at Leeds, presented the effects of this phenomenon last Friday afternoon: the water that came down the river was in such a polluted state as to have poisoned great quantities of fish; and the water continuing in much the same turbid state, has become entirely useless for culinary purposes as well as for dyers, &c.

#### FOLLOWERS OF JOANNA SOUTHCOTE.

On Saturday week, an application was made for an officer to protect a house near Whitehall, at the back of the County-terrace, New Kent-road. When he got there, he discovered the windows were broken, and the neighbourhood had been greatly disturbed by a crowd of persons who had assembled round the house a few days before. The cause of the crowd assembling was reported to be owing to some ceremonies which were carrying on by the followers of Joanna Southcote; and it was alleged by the spectators, that an old woman was then lying in state to personate the prophetess (Joanna) and that several wax candles were disposed about the room. The old Lady who had thus undertaken to perform the part of a corpse, had so well executed her task, that it was almost doubtful, on the first glance, whether she was or was not a corpse. Prayers were offered up by a sort of High Priest of the prophetess. While this was being carried on, the crowd

on the outside were very noisy. However, nothing serious occurred, and the ceremony was completed. Another day a pig was killed and placed in a coffin; it was then carried to Norwood, where it was burnt. The ashes were collected and preserved, and a portion of them was folded up in paper, and given to the believers. The animal was accompanied to the place where it was burnt by a considerable party, some armed with sabres. The house, in which the ceremony of lying in state was performed, on being inspected, betrayed that apprehensions had been entertained by the occupiers, that it might possibly be entered by the Police, for it was completely stripped of all the paraphernalia of Office, not a book nor a vestige of the ceremony having been left behind.

#### LONGEVITY.

In the commune of Escladens, Upper Garonne, there died on the 22d ult. a man of the name of Stephen Baque, who was upwards of 124 years of age. He was born on the 16th of January, 1700. For the last sixty years, he constantly traversed the Pyrenees, collecting medicinal herbs, and living on the charity of the peasantry. The excess of alms which his extraordinary reputation for sanctity obtained, he distributed among the poor; and, relying on general benevolence, he repeatedly refused the succours even of Government. His grotesque dress excited surprise, and his piety commanded respect wherever he went. His memory, which continued unimpaired to the last, was so strong as to enable him to recognize his friends after 50 or 60 years of absence, and recount to youngsters of 80, the occurrences which took place in the days of their grandfathers.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

It is whispered about, that the author of "Pleasures of Hope" has a volume of Poetry in the press; consisting of one principal, and several minor poems.

The author of the "Stories of Old Daniel," &c. &c. has a new work in the press, entitled "The Sisters of Nansfield, a Tale for young Women."

Mr. Boaden's *Life of Mr. Kemble* is now in the press.

"Fire-side Scenes," by the author of the "Bachelor and Married Man," will appear early next season.

In the press, "Dunallan, or the Methodist Husband," in 3 vols. 12mo. by the author of "Decision," "Father Clement," &c.

"Tales of the Crusaders," by the author of "Waverley," are announced as being in the press, and may be expected about the end of November.

#### NEW WORKS.

The Improvisatrice, 2d edit. 12mo. 10s. 6d.—Bidcombe Hill, a Poem, 8vo. 7s.—Poems for a Melancholy Hour, 12mo. 5s.—Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life, 4th edit. 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Memoirs of the Dufane Family, 12mo 4s.—The Two Mothers, by the author of 'Emma and her Nurse,' 12mo.

# SPIRIT

OF THE

## ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

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### ORIGINAL POETRY.

#### AN INVITATION TO ELIZA.

WHEN day hath sunk behind yon bill,  
And all is calm, serene, and still,  
Above, below, on earth, or sky,  
Save Philomela's melody,  
O, come to me.

When night's pale mistress, chaste and fair,  
Glides swiftly through the azure air,  
And throws upon the rippled stream  
Soft gliding by, her dancing beam,  
Then hither flee.

And where the willow sombrous sleeps  
Its tendrils in the wave and weeps,

I'll tell my tale of truest love,  
And join the night bird of the grove,  
In praise of thee.

Then come, and to my throbbing breast,  
Responsive let *thine own* be prest—  
O come, and listen to the sigh  
Of one ne'er happy but when sigh,  
Sweet girl, to thee.

And while within my clasping arms,  
I gaze enraptur'd on thy charms,  
Imprinting on thy lips a kiss,  
I'll speak the "measure" of my bliss,  
My ecstacy!

#### THE LASS OF BANCHORIE.

THE heather bell it bloomit fair,  
And feathly waved aboon the Dee;  
The heather bell shall bloom nae mair—  
Its sweets are wallowit on the lea.

My ain true luv was winsome and gay,  
And bonnie and sheen as the sun at noon:  
My true luv will nae more be sae—  
The lang grass whistles her corse aboon.

Banchorie's fairest flower is gaen!  
She sleeps beneath yon willow tree:  
And slumber wi' her, ilka ane,  
The joys whilk budded ance for me.

Nae mair wi' canty heart I ride  
The muir, the glen, and the braid heath ower,  
And blithely prove what fae daur bride—  
The welcome keen o' a Scot's claymore.

The sparkling e'e that my welcome sang,  
The heart sae couthe she prest me tee,  
The tongue that sae sweetly my stay ca'd lang—  
O they slumber beneath the willow tree.

The hand that softly smoothed my bree,  
The pouting lip that a kiss wad hae,  
The looks sae fond that were a' to me—  
Nae mair shall sweetly my toils repay.

My claymore I unbelt, and my basnet unbrace;  
And a' the glories o' war forswear;  
I sought my reward in my Marian's face—  
It yields it not now, and I seek't nae mair.

Below, my Marian,—hush thee, my maiden—  
Soft and sweet may thy slumbers be!  
I the'e'en come hither, with fresh flowers laden,  
And strew them under the willow tree.

#### SONG.

OH! may I not, may I not tell thee  
What I never can hide from thee long;  
In my tale there is nought that can spell thee,  
To say or do any thing wrong.  
For I'll speak but of hearts twined together,  
Like a couple, like a couple of young trees,  
That between them in life's wildest weather,  
Joy may revel, joy may revel, safe at ease.

Then may I not, &c.

Yet I'll mind thee, too—glances like thine,  
Ever roving thus o'er the bright sky,  
As in search of some lover divine,  
Would be wiser if pointed less high.  
And man, though a rude ark he be,  
Hath a treasure, hath a treasure in his breast,  
Which if once he can make woman see,  
Oh! she'll have it, oh! she'll have it ere she rest.

Then may I not, &c.



# SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

## JUST COME TO TOWN.

"**A** LACK a-day," exclaimed aunt Deborah, on throwing down the newspaper, which she had been reading, "what will folks come to at last? I declare, my poor brain is all in a whirly-gig at the number of advertisements that are here before me; why there's not such a thing as an old woman to be met with in London. I've made a pretty kettle of fish of my matters; all my clothes, bought only two or three years ago, are antiquated. I am told that I must not wear an article of my wardrobe; my jewels must be reset, my hair must be hidden, my eye-brows must be coloured, and I must be wholly transmogrified, and all this to please my two giddy nieces, who look to inheriting my fortune, and who say that they would be ashamed of me if I went out as discreetly and respectably dressed as I used to do when I visited our neighbour the rich squire, or the mayor of our county town. Then again, how to choose amongst all these ornaments for the person, and these infallible cures for old age? Here (putting on her spectacles and taking up the paper) here we have a Kalydor, the meaning of which I don't understand, which is to beautify the plainest face, there a bloom to restore the spring tint to features, of which autumn had long ago taken leave. In another long advertisement we find oils to make a plentiful crop grow upon a sterile forehead, and bear's grease to produce hair where gone ever grew before. One puff assures us that a single dose of some revivifying cordial will impart the spark of youth to old age; another challenges all the world to make a wig like what the advertiser recommends to the public; here a whole column explains the nature of a dye, which will impart the fine jet hue of the raven to an iron-gray grandmother; there something brief, but impressive, en-

courages an old maid with spare locks, greasy and straight as a pound of candles, to try Mr. Superexcellent's curling fluid, which will bestow on her nut-brown curls as thick and well formed as those of her poodle dog; self-adjusting corsets invite on one hand; a more improved model of stays invite on the other; the one is to combine ease and proportion; and to give ease to stiff rheumatism and deformity; the other is to supply the deficiencies of nature, and to convert the straits of Toolong\* into the harbour of breast, changing a thin neck of mutton to the plump bosom of a pigeon; then again, Circassian dewes, and Bayadere tooth powders, vegetable teeth, and ivory imperceptibles, induce those whom age, accident, or decrepitude, has deprived of their grinders, or whose breath is not that of the violet, to empty their purses in order to be able to *smile in spite of their teeth*, and to sigh out spicy gales under the noses of admiring *beaux*. Every grandam expects now to be a Minor de L'Enclos, as the respectable powdered gentlemen of old times now vapour about in auburn *peruques*, cosacks, and whale-boned body clothes. Alas! alas! our youth is now too experienced, and old age is no longer reverend and honourable." Thus spoke aunt Deborah, when the French dress-maker appeared with a variety of dresses for her use. "Oh law," cried the old lady, "I should be starved with cold in that spider-web concern, with a taffetas slip under it, why it is only fit for a girl of thirteen; frocks and slips indeed for the wrong side of sixty!" "Oh! milady, dat's nutting," replied Mademoiselle. "Nutting indeed; why this is a mere net to catch butterflies in." "Very well, catch what you like." "Yes, catch and catch can," said aunty; "but surely my madcap neices must have sent me this in order to laugh at me,

\* Toulon, perhaps the old lady meant—

by making me ridiculous : how different from my silk or satin modest gown, with a turban for my hair, and a dust of powder to give a grave respectable air." Ha, ha, ha ! ha, ha, ha ! (the door opens, and Isabella and Grace come in). "Mademoiselle, ban jaur, (in indifferent French) don't listen to my aunt—aunty, you must be dressed like a Christian." Aunty. "Well I think this masquerade affair (holding up the dress) is a great deal more like the dress of a Pagan." (Dress Maker) "Well, ma'am, dat it is, from a fine Grecian model." (Aunt) "Well, but then what is all this in front?" "*c'est bien garni*," well garnished. "Yes, but I cannot expose my chest thus." "*Chist*, oh ! never mind ; you open your *chist* for me, and me open your *chist* for you ; (loud applause at this stale joke) but here come some French gloves and silk shoes." Here poor aunt Deborah murmured out ; "the gloves are cheap and soft, but I have already burst three pair ; and as for the shoes, they pinch me to death for five minutes, and wear out at the sides in an hour ; they will only serve for a night." (Niece Grace.) "Law, aunty, a night ! to be sure, all people of fashion wear out three hundred and sixty-five pair of shoes, and as many pair of gloves in a year : silk stockings should never be washed but once, and a light gossamor net dress, with a silk slip, is abominable after two balls." "Mercy !" ejaculated my aunt, "pray what is to become of my silks and satins ? My damasks you have long since disposed of for chair seats." (Both nieces together.) "Why the rose-colour will cut up for shoes, the black will serve for a work-bag, the green will make shades for the lamp, and all the others will do for a bed for Napoleon, the poodle ; but pray look to your engagements : a fancy ball at a Lady's, whose name we never knew until yesterday,—Mrs. Sydenham's "at home," our county member's dinner party, the Countess Fleury's opening of her house, a stupid concert at our banker's, and the opera, play, Vauxhall, and private theatricals to attend, all that in six

days ; then we must make a magnificent return." "I wish it was a return to the country sadly," said the aunt ; "but all this work must be got through, since you have dragged me from the country, because it is necessary that you should enter into life just as I am thinking of leaving it." "*Vaus plaisantez matante*," answered Grace ; "you are only just seeing the world ; who knows but you may get a sweetheart yet, ha, ha, ha." Aunt Deborah smiled at the word sweetheart, but it was followed by a deep groan at the expence, just as the distant thunder murmurs as the sudden refulgence flashes through a cloud. Now aunty was persuaded to take a lesson of *decarte*, and to play guinea points at whist, and was drawn upon for a ballet master to perfect the Misses in quadrilles and waltzes, and to pay for chalking the floor for a magnificent return ; she was also (not likewise) prevailed upon to invite a hungry Lancer to dine daily *en famille*, and to tolerate a half-pay captain of infantry to attend her every where, and to laugh at her over his left shoulder. Pride occasionally triumphed in her *entré* amongst high titles and splendid circles, and partial affection at times repaid her for her vigils, and losses at play, from witnessing the admiration bestowed on her nieces, and what she deemed their growing celebrity ; but moments of cool reflection would as often engross her mind, and destroy all her brief enjoyment. Languid and fatigued with what the giddy call pleasure, and fevered after a morning sleep, she would not unfrequently unload her trunks, her boxes, and her carriage seats, to sigh over a huge mountain of articles of wearing apparel, presenting an account of money unprofitably sunk, and of articles now prohibited, as it were, by the veto of fashion ; here was a rich silk robe, the form of which was quite superannuated : there a black satin dress, trimmed with bugles, which had figured at an election ball, but which was now too short in the waist, and equally unfashionable in other points ; another dress had faded ; a third (a white one) had acquired a cream-

coloured hue from lying by ; a fourth was too tight and too short, in consequence of aunty's having grown a little larger than when it was first made tight enough to sew her up in it ; a fifth (trimmed with sable) had been attacked by moths ; a sixth was spoiled by Grace's throwing *eau de Cologne* over it, one was *country* made ; and another was promised by my niece to her lady's maid ; laces had lost their colour, patterns were not of vogue ; thus was all her former ornaments come to nothing ; thus, in a few weeks, was all the matron-like respectability of a worthy country gentlewoman brought down to the standard of drawing-room lumber, and confounded with a legion of old fantwinking faded coquettes, who outlive admiration, pass by consideration and esteem, and infest the theatres and gaudy apartments of the fashionable world. Nor was this the worst ; if her *coming to town* was so fraught with trouble and vexation, her quitting it was still more serious and perplexing. Her coffers were drained from the ruinous expense of six weeks in town ; her niece Grace had run away with the Lancer, whose fortune had long since been spent, and Isabella had lost her character by flirting it away with a married man. Aunt Deborah was blamed for all this,

laughed at in town, and pitied in the country. On her return she brought down with her a variety of fashions, which induced her female neighbours to borrow them of her ; but instead of the welcome and admiration which she anticipated, her *charitable* acquaintances and her faithful waiting woman brought her back all the *kind* expressions of the ladies of the neighbourhood, such as "a beautiful *gros de Naples* indeed, and exquisitely made, but what a caricature must aunt Deborah be in such a juvenile habit ! This frock and slip are admirable, but what an old fool must our neighbour be to venture on wearing such a dress ! Poor thing, her old noddle must be turned ere she could have been persuaded to make herself thus ridiculous." So much for the tittle-tattle behind her back, the conversation in her presence was little less annoying ; "Poor Grace !" was an object of insulting commiseration to half her acquaintance ; whilst her other niece was the theme of village scandal. One niece accompanied her husband to the rules of the King's Bench, the other run away with a recruiting officer, aunt Deborah shut her door against every one, turned Methodist, and thus ended "*the Journey to London.*"

## THE BELATED TRAVELLERS.

BY GEOFFREY CRAYON.

[Not yet published in the American edition of "The Tales of a Traveller."]

IT was late one evening that a carriage, drawn by mules, slowly toiled its way up one of the passes of the Appenines. It was through one of the wildest defiles, where a hamlet occurred only at distant intervals, perched on the summit of some rocky height, or the white towers of a convent peeped out from among the thick mountain foliage. The carriage was of ancient and ponderous construction. Its faded embellishments spoke of former splendour, but its crazy springs and axletrees creaked out the tale of present decline. Within was seated a tall, thin old gentle-

man, in a kind of military travelling-dress, and a foraging cap trimmed with fur, though the gray locks which stole from under it hinted that his fighting days were over. Beside him was a pale, beautiful girl of eighteen, dressed in something of a northern or Polish costume. One servant was seated in front, a rusty, crusty-looking fellow, with a scar across his face ; an orange-tawney *schmur-bart*, or pair of mustachios, bristling from under his nose, and altogether the air of an old soldier.

It was, in fact, the equipage of a Polish nobleman ; a wreck of one of



those princely families which had lived with almost oriental magnificence, but had been broken down and impoverished by the disasters of Poland. The Count, like many other generous spirits, had been found guilty of the crime of patriotism, and was, in a manner, an exile from his country. He had resided for some time in the first cities of Italy, for the education of his daughter, in whom all his cares and pleasures were now centred. He had taken her into society, where her beauty and her accomplishments had gained her many admirers; and had she not been the daughter of a poor broken-down Polish nobleman, it is more than probable that many would have contended for her hand. Suddenly, however, her health had become delicate and drooping; her gaiety fled with the roses of her cheek, and she sunk into silence and debility. The old Count saw the change with the solicitude of a parent. "We must try a change of air and scene," said he; and in a few days the old family carriage was rumbling among the Appenines.

Their only attendant was the veteran Caspar, who had been born in the family, and grown rusty in its service. He had followed his master in all his fortunes; had fought by his side; had stood over him when fallen in battle; and had received, in his defence, the sabre-cut which added such grimness to his countenance. He was now his valet, his steward, his butler, his factotum. The only being that rivalled his master in his affections was his youthful mistress; she had grown up under his eye. He had led her by the hand when she was a child, and he now looked upon her with the fondness of a parent; nay, he even took the freedom of a parent in giving his blunt opinion on all matters which he thought were for her good; and felt a parent's vanity in seeing her gazed at and admired.

The evening was thickening: they had been for some time passing through narrow gorges of the mountains, along the edge of a tumbling stream. The scenery was lonely and savage. The rocks often beetled

over the road, with flocks of white goats browsing on their brinks, and gazing down upon the travellers. They had between two and three leagues yet to go before they could reach any village; yet the muleteer, Pietro, a tippling old fellow, who had refreshed himself at the last halting-place with a more than ordinary quantity of wine, sat singing and talking alternately to his mules, and suffering them to lag on at a snail's pace, in spite of the frequent entreaties of the Count and maledictions of Caspar.

The clouds began to roll in heavy masses among the mountains, shrouding their summits from the view. The air of these heights, too, was damp and chilly. The Count's solicitude on his daughter's account overcame his usual patience. He leaned from the carriage, and called to old Pietro in an angry tone.

"Forward!" said he. "It will be midnight before we arrive at our inn."

"Yonder it is, Signior," said the muleteer.

"Where?" demanded the Count.

"Yonder," said Pietro, pointing to a desolate pile of buildings about a quarter of a league distant.

"That the place?—why, it looks more like a ruin than an inn. I thought we were to put up for the night at a comfortable village."

Here Pietro uttered a string of piteous exclamations and ejaculations, such as are ever at the tip of the tongue of a delinquent muleteer. "Such roads! and such mountains! and then his poor animals were way-worn, and leg-weary; they would fall lame; they would never be able to reach the village. And then what could his Excellenza wish for better than the inn; a perfect castello—a piazza—and such people!—and such a larder!—and such beds!—His Excellenza might fare as sumptuously and sleep as soundly there as a prince!"

The Count was easily persuaded, for he was anxious to get his daughter out of the night air; so in a little while the old carriage rattled and jingled into the great gateway of the inn.

The building did certainly in some measure answer to the muleteer's description. It was large enough for either castle or palazza ; built in a strong, but simple and almost rude style ; with a great quantity of waste room. It had, in fact, been, in former times, a hunting-seat for one of the Italian princes. There was space enough within its walls and in its out-buildings to have accommodated a little army.

A scanty household seemed now to people this dreary mansion. The faces that presented themselves on the arrival of the travellers were begrimed with dirt, and scowling in their expression. They all knew old Pietro, however, and gave him a welcome as he entered, singing and talking, and almost whooping, into the gateway.

The hostess of the inn waited herself on the Count and his daughter, to show them the apartments. They were conducted through a long gloomy corridor, and then through a suite of chambers opening into each other, with lofty ceilings, and great beams extending across them. Every thing, however, had a wretched, squalid look. The walls were damp and bare, excepting that here and there hung some great painting, large enough for a chapel, and blackened out of all distinctness.

They chose two bed-rooms, one within another ; the inner one for the daughter. The bedsteads were massive and mishapen ; but on examining the beds, so vaunted by old Pietro, they found them stuffed with fibres of hemp, knotted in great lumps. The Count shrugged his shoulders, but there was no choice left.

The chilliness of the apartments crept to their bones ; and they were glad to return to a common chamber, or kind of hall, where there was a fire burning in a huge cavern, miscalled a chimney. A quantity of green wood had just been thrown on, which puffed out volumes of smoke. The room corresponded to the rest of the mansion. The floor was paved and dirty. A great oaken table stood in the centre, immoveable from its size and weight.

The only thing that contradicted this prevalent air of indigence was the dress of the hostess. She was a slattern of course ; yet her garments, though dirty and negligent, were of costly materials. She wore several rings of great value on her fingers, and jewels in her ears, and round her neck was a string of large pearls, to which was attached a sparkling crucifix. She had the remains of beauty ; yet there was something in the expression of her countenance that inspired the young lady with singular aversion. She was officious and obsequious in her attentions, and both the Count and his daughter were relieved when she consigned them to the care of a dark, sullen-looking servant-maid, and went off to superintend the supper.

Caspar was indignant at the muleteer for having, either through negligence or design, subjected his master and mistress to such quarters ; and vowed by his mustachios to have revenge on the old varlet the moment they were safe out from among the mountains. He kept up a continual quarrel with the sulky servant-maid, which only served to increase the sinister expression with which she regarded the travellers, from under her strong dark eye-brows.

As to the Count, he was a good-humoured, passive traveller. Perhaps real misfortunes had subdued his spirit, and rendered him tolerant of many of those petty evils which make prosperous men miserable. He drew a large, broken arm-chair to the fire-side for his daughter, and another to himself, and seizing an enormous pair of tongs, endeavoured to re-arrange the wood so as to produce a blaze. His efforts, however, were only repaid by thicker puffs of smoke, which almost overcame the good gentleman's patience. He would draw back, cast a look upon his delicate daughter, then upon the cheerless, squalid apartment, and shrugging his shoulders, would give a fresh stir to the fire.

Of all the miseries of a comfortless inn, however, there is none greater than sulky attendance : the good

Count for some time bore the smoke in silence, rather than address himself to the scowling servant-maid. At length he was compelled to beg for drier fire-wood. The woman retired muttering. On re-entering the room hastily, with an armful of faggots, her foot slipped; she fell, and striking her head against the corner of a chair, cut her temple severely. The blow stunned her for a time, and the wound bled profusely. When she recovered, she found the Count's daughter administering to her wound, and binding it up with her own handkerchief. It was such an attention as any woman of ordinary feeling would have yielded; but perhaps there was something in the appearance of the lovely being who bent over her, or in the tones of her voice, that touched the heart of the woman, unused to be ministered to by such hands. Certain it is, she was strongly affected. She caught the delicate hand of the Polonaise, and pressed it fervently to her lips:

"May San Francesco watch over you, Signora?" exclaimed she.

A new arrival broke the stillness of the inn. It was a Spanish princess with a numerous retinue. The courtyard was in an uproar; the house in a bustle; the landlady hurried to attend such distinguished guests; and the poor Count and his daughter, and their supper, were for the moment forgotten. The veteran Caspar muttered Polish maledictions enough to agonize an Italian ear; but it was impossible to convince the hostess of the superiority of his old master and young mistress to the whole nobility of Spain.

The noise of the arrival had attracted the daughter to the window just as the new-comers had alighted. A young cavalier sprang out of the carriage, and handed out the princess. The latter was a little shrivelled old lady, with a face of parchment, and a sparkling black eye; she was richly and gaily dressed, and walked with the assistance of a gold-headed cane as high as herself. The young man was tall and elegantly formed. The Count's daughter shrunk back at sight

of him, though the deep frame of the window screened her from observation. She gave a heavy sigh as she closed the casement. What that sigh meant I cannot say. Perhaps it was at the contrast between the splendid equipage of the princess, and the crazy, rheumatic-looking old vehicle of her father, which stood hard by. Whatever might be the reason, the young lady closed the casement with a sigh. She returned to her chair;—a slight shivering passed over her delicate frame; she leaned her elbow on the arm of the chair; rested her pale cheek in the palm of her hand, and looked mournfully into the fire.

The Count thought she appeared paler than usual.—

"Does any thing ail thee, my child?" said he.

"Nothing, dear father!" replied she, laying her hand within his, and looking up smiling in his face; but as she said so, a treacherous tear rose suddenly to her eye, and she turned away her head.

"The air of the window has chilled thee," said the Count fondly, "but a good night's rest will make all well again."

The supper-table was at length laid, and the supper about to be served, when the hostess appeared, with her usual obsequiousness, apologizing for showing in the new-comers; but the night air was cold, and there was no other chamber in the inn with a fire in it.—She had scarcely made the apology when the Princess entered, leaning on the arm of the elegant young man.

The Count immediately recognized her for a lady whom he had met frequently in society both at Rome and Naples; and at whose conversaziones, in fact, he had constantly been invited. The cavalier, too, was her nephew and heir, who had been greatly admired in the gay circles both for his merits and prospects and who had once been on a visit at the same time with his daughter and himself at the villa of a nobleman near Naples. Report had recently affianced him to a rich Spanish heiress.

The meeting was agreeable to both



the Count and the Princess. The former was a gentleman of the old school, courteous in the extreme ; the Princess had been a belle in her youth, and a woman of fashion all her life, and likely to be attended to.

The young man approached the daughter and began something of a complimentary observation ; but his manner was embarrassed, and his compliment ended in an indistinct murmur, while the daughter bowed without looking up, moved her lips without articulating a word, and sunk again into her chair, where she sat gazing into the fire, with a thousand varying expressions passing over her countenance.

The singular greeting of the young people was not perceived by the old ones, who were occupied at the time with their own courteous salutations. It was arranged that they should sup together ; and as the Princess travelled with her own cook, a very tolerable supper soon smoked upon the board : this, too, was assisted by choice wines, and liqueurs, and delicate comfitures brought from one of her carriages ; for she was a veteran epicure, and curious in her relish for the good things of this world. She was, in fact, a vivacious little old lady, who mingled the woman of dissipation with the devotee. She was actually on her way to Loretto to expiate a long life of gallantries and peccadilloes by a rich offering at the holy shrine. She was, to be sure, rather a luxuriant penitent, and a contrast to the primitive pilgrims, with scrip, and staff, and cockleshell ; but then it would be unreasonable to expect such denial from people of fashion ; and there was not a doubt of the ample efficacy of the rich crucifixes, and golden vessels, and jewelled ornaments, which she was bearing to the treasury of the blessed Virgin.

The Princess and the Count chatted much during supper about the scenes and society in which they had mingled, and did not notice that they had all the conversation to themselves : the young people were silent and constrained. The daughter ate nothing, in spite of the politeness of the Prin-

cess, who continually pressed her to taste of one or other of the delicacies. The Count shook his head :

"She is not well this evening," said he. "I thought she would have fainted just now as she was looking out of the window at your carriage on its arrival."

A crimson glow flushed to the very temples of the daughter ; but she leaned over her plate, and her tresses cast a shade over her countenance.

When supper was over, they drew their chairs about the great fireplace. The flame and smoke had subsided, and a heap of glowing embers diffused a grateful warmth. A guitar, which had been brought from the Count's carriage, leaned against the wall ; the Princess perceived it : "Can we not have a little music before parting for the night ?" demanded she.

The Count was proud of his daughter's accomplishment, and joined in the request. The young man made an effort of politeness, and taking up the guitar presented it, though in an embarrassed manner, to the fair musician. She would have declined it, but was too much confused to do so ; indeed, she was so nervous and agitated, that she dared not trust her voice to make an excuse. She touched the instrument with a faltering hand, and, after preluding a little, accompanied herself in several Polish airs. Her father's eyes glistened as he sat gazing on her. Even the crusty Caspar lingered in the room, partly through a fondness for the music of his native country, and chiefly through his pride in the musician. Indeed, the melody of the voice, and the delicacy of the touch, were enough to have charmed more fastidious ears. The little Princess nodded her head and tapped her hand to the music, though exceedingly out of time ; while the nephew sat buried in profound contemplation of a black picture on the opposite wall.

"And now," said the Count, patting her cheek fondly, "one more favour. Let the princess hear that little Spanish air you were so fond of. You can't think," added he, "what a proficiency she made in your lan-

gnage ; though she has been a sad girl and neglected it of late ”

The colour flushed the pale cheek of the daughter ; she hesitated, murmured something ; but with sudden effort collected herself, struck the guitar boldly, and began. It was a Spanish romance, with something of love and melancholy in it. She gave the first stanza with great expression, for the tremulous, melting tones of her voice went to the heart ; but her articulation failed, her lip quivered, the song died away, and she burst into tears.

The Count folded her tenderly in his arms. “Thou art not well, my child,” said he, “and I am tasking thee cruelly. Retire to thy chamber, and God bless thee !” She bowed to the company without raising her eyes, and glided out of the room.

The Count shook his head as the door closed. “Something is the matter with that child,” said he, “which I cannot divine. She has lost all health and spirits lately. She was always a tender flower, and I had much pains to rear her. Excuse a father’s foolishness,” continued he, “but I have seen much trouble in my family ; and this poor girl is all that is now left to me : and she used to be so lively—”

“May be she’s in love !” said the little Princess, with a shrewd nod of the head.

“Impossible !” replied the good Count artlessly. “She has never mentioned a word of such a thing to me.”

How little did the worthy gentleman dream of the thousand cares, and griefs, and mighty love concerns which agitate a virgin heart, and which a timid girl scarce breathes unto herself.

The nephew of the Princess rose abruptly and walked about the room.

When she found herself alone in her chamber, the feelings of the young lady, so long restrained, broke forth with violence. She opened the casement, that the cool air might blow upon her throbbing temples. Perhaps there was some little pride or pique mingled with her emotions ;

though her gentle nature did not seem calculated to harbour any such angry inmate.

“He saw me weep !” said she, with a sudden mantling of the cheek, and a swelling of the throat,—“but no matter !—no matter !”

And so saying, she threw her white arms across the window-frame, buried her face in them, and abandoned herself to an agony of tears. She remained lost in a reverie, until the sound of her father’s and Caspar’s voices in the adjoining room gave token that the party had retired for the night. The lights gleaming from window to window, showed that they were conducting the Princess to her apartment, which was in the opposite wing of the inn ; and she distinctly saw the figure of the nephew as he passed one of the casements.

She heaved a deep heart-drawn sigh, and was about to close the lattice, when her attention was caught by words spoken below her window by two persons who had just turned an angle of the building.

“But what will become of the poor young lady ?” said a voice which she recognized for that of the servant-woman.

“Pooh ! she must take her chance,” was the reply from old Pietro.

“But cannot she be spared ?” asked the other entreatingly ; “she is so kind-hearted !”

“Cospetto ! what has got into thee ?” replied the other petulantly ; “would you mar the whole business for the sake of a silly girl ?” By this time they had got so far from the window that the Polonaise could hear nothing further.

There was something in this fragment of conversation that was calculated to alarm. Did it relate to herself ?—and if so, what was this impending danger from which it was entreated that she might be spared ? She was several times on the point of tapping at her father’s door, to tell him what she had heard ; but she might have been mistaken ; she might have heard indistinctly ; the conversation might have alluded to some one

else ; at any rate it was too indefinite to lead to any conclusion. While in this state of irresolution, she was startled by a low knocking against the wainscot in a remote part of her gloomy chamber. On holding up the light, she beheld a small door there, which she had not before remarked. It was bolted on the inside. She advanced, and demanded who knocked, and was answered in the voice of the female domestick. On opening the door, the woman stood before it pale and agitated. She entered softly, laying her finger on her lips in sign of caution and secrecy.

"Fly !" said she : "leave this house instantly, or you are lost !"

The young lady, trembling with alarm, demanded an explanation.

"I have no time," replied the woman, "I dare not—I shall be missed if I linger here—but fly instantly, or you are lost."

"And leave my father ?"

"Where is he ?"

"In the adjoining chamber."

"Call him, then, but lose no time."

The young lady knocked at her father's door. He was not yet retired to bed. She hurried into his room, and told him of the fearful warning she had received. The Count returned with her into her chamber, followed by Caspar. His questions soon drew the truth out of the embarrassed answers of the woman. The inn was beset by robbers. They were to be introduced after midnight, when the attendants of the Princess and the rest of the travellers were sleeping, and would be an easy prey.

"But we can barricade the inn, we can defend ourselves," said the Count.

"What ! when the people of the inn are in league with the banditti ?"

"How then are we to escape ? Can we not order out the carriage and depart ?"

"San Francesco ! for what ? To give the alarm that the plot is discovered ? That would make the robbers desperate, and bring them on you at once. They have had notice of the rich booty in the inn, and will not easily let it escape them."

"But how else are we to get off ?"

"There is a horse behind the inn," said the woman, "from which the man has just dismounted who has been to summon the aid of a part of the band who were at a distance."

"One horse ! and there are three of us !" said the Count.

"And the Spanish Princess !" cried the daughter anxiously—"How can she be extricated from the danger ?"

"Diavolo ! what is she to me ?" said the woman in sudden passion. "It is *you* I come to save, and you will betray me and we shall all be lost ! Hark !" continued she, "I am called—I shall be discovered—one word more. This door leads by a staircase to the court-yard. Under the shed, in the rear of the yard, is a small door leading out to the fields. You will find a horse there ; mount it ; make a circuit under the shadow of a ridge of rocks that you will see ; proceed cautiously and quietly until you cross a brook, and find yourself on the road just where there are three white crosses nailed against a tree ; then put your horse to his speed, and make the best of your way to the village—but recollect, my life is in your hands—say nothing of what you have heard or seen, whatever may happen at this inn."

The woman hurried away. A short and agitated consultation took place between the Count, his daughter, and the veteran Caspar. The young lady seemed to have lost all apprehension for herself in her solicitude for the safety of the Princess. "To fly in selfish silence, and leave her to be massacred !"—A shuddering seized her at the very thought. The gallantry of the Count, too, revolted at the idea. He could not consent to turn his back upon a party of helpless travellers, and leave them in ignorance of the danger which hung over them.

"But what is to become of the young lady," said Caspar, "if the alarm is given, and the inn thrown in a tumult ? What may happen to her in a chance-medley affair ?"

Here the feelings of the father were roused ; he looked upon the lovely, helpless child, and trembled at the



chance of her falling into the hands of ruffians.

The daughter, however, thought nothing of herself. "The Princess! the Princess!—only let the Princess know her danger.—She was willing to share it with her."

At length Caspar interfered with the zeal of a faithful old servant. No time was to be lost—the first thing was to get the young lady out of danger. "Mount the horse," said he to the Count, "take her behind you, and fly! Make for the village, rouse the inhabitants, and send assistance. Leave me here to give the alarm to the Princess and her people. I am an old soldier, and I think we shall be able to stand siege until you send us aid."

The daughter would again have insisted on staying with the Princess—

"For what?" said old Caspar bluntly, "You could do no good—You would be in the way—We should have to take care of you instead of ourselves."

There was no answering these objections: the Count seized his pistols, and taking his daughter under his arm, moved towards the staircase. The young lady paused, stepped back, and said, faltering with agitation—"There is a young cavalier with the Princess—her nephew—perhaps he may—"

"I understand you. Mademoiselle," replied old Caspar with a significant nod; "not a hair of his head shall suffer harm if I can help it!"

The young lady blushed deeper than ever: she had not anticipated being so thoroughly understood by the blunt old servant.

"That is not what I mean," said she, hesitating. She would have added something, or made some explanation, but the moments were precious, and her father hurried her away.

They found their way through the court-yard to the small postern gate, where the horse stood, fastened to a ring in the wall. The Count mounted, took his daughter behind him, and they proceeded as quietly as possible in the direction which the woman had pointed out. Many a fearful and an

anxious look did the daughter cast back upon the gloomy pile of building: the lights which had feebly twinkled through the dusty casements were one by one disappearing, a sign that the house was gradually sinking to repose; and she trembled with impatience, lest succour should not arrive until that repose had been fatally interrupted.

They passed silently and safely along the skirts of the rocks, protected from observation by their overhanging shadows. They crossed the brook, and reached the place where three white crosses nailed against a tree told of some murder that had been committed there. Just as they had reached this ill-omened spot they beheld several men in the gloom coming down a craggy defile among the rocks.

"Who goes there?" exclaimed a voice. The Count put spurs to his horse, but one of the men sprang forward and seized the bridle. The horse became restive, started back, and reared, and had not the young lady clung to her father, she would have been thrown off. The Count leaned forward, put a pistol to the very head of the ruffian, and fired. The latter fell dead. The horse sprang forward. Two or three shots were fired which whistled by the fugitives, but only served to augment their speed. They reached the village in safety.

The whole place was soon aroused: but such was the awe in which the banditti were held, that the inhabitants shrunk at the idea of encountering them. A desperate band had for some time infested that pass through the mountains, and the inn had long been suspected of being one of these horrible places where the unsuspicious wayfarer is entrapped and silently disposed of. The rich ornaments worn by the slattern hostess of the inn had excited heavy suspicions. Several instances had occurred of small parties of travellers disappearing mysteriously on that road, who it was supposed, at first, had been carried off by the robbers for the sake of ransom, but who had never been heard of

more. Such were the tales buzzed in the ears of the Count by the villagers as he endeavoured to rouse them to the rescue of the princess and her train from their perilous situation. The daughter seconded the exertions of her father with all the eloquence of prayers, and tears and beauty. Every moment that elapsed increased her anxiety until it became agonizing. Fortunately, there was a body of gens-d'armes resting at the village. A number of the young villagers volunteered to accompany them, and the little army was put in motion. The Count having deposited his daughter in a place of safety, was too much of the old soldier not to hasten to the scene of danger. It would be difficult to paint the anxious agitation of the young lady while awaiting the result.

The party arrived at the inn just in time. The robbers, finding their plans discovered, and the travellers prepared for their reception, had become open and furious in their attack. The Princess's party had barricaded themselves in one suite of apartments, and repulsed the robbers from the doors and windows. Caspar had shown the generalship of a veteran, and the nephew of the Princess the dashing valour of a young soldier. Their ammunition, however, was nearly exhausted, and they would have found it difficult to hold out much longer, when a discharge from the musquetry of the gens-d'armes gave them the joyful tidings of success.

A fierce fight ensued, for part of the robbers were surprised in the inn, and had to stand siege in their turn; while their comrades made desperate attempts to relieve them from under cover of the neighbouring rocks and thickets.

I cannot pretend to give a minute

account of the fight, as I have heard it related in a variety of ways. Suffice it to say, the robbers were defeated; several of them killed, and several taken prisoners; which last, together with the people of the inn, were either executed or sent to the galleys.

I picked up these particulars in the course of a journey which I made some time after the event had taken place. I passed by the very inn. It was then dismantled, excepting one wing, in which a body of gens-d'armes were stationed. They pointed out to me the shot-holes in the window-frames, the walls, and the pannels of the door. There were a number of withered limbs dangling from the branches of a neighbouring tree, and blackening in the air, which I was told were the limbs of the robbers who had been slain, and the culprits who had been executed. The whole place had a dismal, wild, forlorn look.

"Were any of the Princess's party killed?" inquired the Englishman.

"As far as I can recollect, there were two or three."

"Not the nephew, I trust," said the fair Venetian.

"Oh no; he hastened with the Count to relieve the anxiety of the daughter by the assurances of victory. The young lady had been sustained throughout the interval of suspense by the very intensity of her feelings. The moment she saw her father returning in safety, accompanied by the nephew of the Princess, she uttered a cry of rapture and fainted. Happily, however, she soon recovered, and what is more, was married shortly after to the young cavalier, and the whole party accompanied the old Princess in her pilgrimage to Loretto, where her votive offerings may still be seen in the treasury of the Santa Case."

#### EPIGRAMS.

##### *To Climene.*

Thy ivory teeth, thy auburn hair,  
Thy rosy cheeks are thine, my fair!  
And thou wert charming couldst thou buy  
A ray for thy lack-lustre eye.

##### *To a beautiful Girl.*

Oh cruel girl! I did but steal one kiss,  
And you have stolen away my heart for this.

## THE WISHING-CAP. No. I.

A PROPOSAL TO THE INHABITANTS OF THE METROPOLIS.

"It is a call to keep the spirits alive."

*Ben Jonson.*

WHAT I have to propose to the consideration of the inhabitants of the Metropolis is the institution of certain grounds and enclosures for the purpose of restoring the manly games of their ancestors. By manly games, I mean those that are properly called so, such as golf,\* tennis, cricket, prison base, &c.; not cock-fighting, nor even boxing; which latter is an invention of the idle to show their valour by proxy. The best thing to be said for boxing is, that it cultivates a sense of justice in the streets, and reminds the little boys of the necessity of keeping themselves active and vigorous. Boxing, however, is rather the result than the cause of a turn for fair play, which has long manifested itself in the British community. Its advocates have yet to show that its tendency to assist a spirit of this sort is not over-balanced by the excitement it furnishes to safe and cowardly spectators. A regular boxing holiday which draws after it, like a dusty comet, all the blackguards and bullies in the neighbourhood, is a meteor of very doubtful import; a very questionable encouragement to public spirit. The drinking and other bad habits, which generally illustrate the lives of boxers and their abettors, are no testimonies to the goodness of this mode of education. The spectators do not advance their health: and the boxers themselves are trained into an unnatural pitch of vigour, which does not last, and which only tempts them to shorten their lives by alternate excesses of regimen and debauchery. Even the race is not carried on like that of our horses. Boxers are not

the fathers nor the sons of boxers. If we could all of us attain to the honest fists of Parson Adams and Tom Jones, it would be much better. But how are we to set about it? Not by unnatural modes of life. We must rouse up other elements of health than these. When we have recovered something of the Parson's true love of manliness and simplicity, we shall be able to fight our own battles without the help of boxers and brandy-bottles. It is what the boxers at present do not do themselves; nor what their spectators, for the most part, would venture to do at all.

Cock-fighting is so despicable an amusement, and so plainly open to all the objections against boxing, without having anything to say for itself, that I need not add a word on the subject. Cruelty and cowardice notoriously go together. In cock-fighting they are both at their height. If anybody remains to be convinced, let him look at Hogarth's picture of it, and the faces concerned. Would the gambler in that picture, the most absorbed in the hope of winning, ever forget his own bones, as he does those of the brave animals before him? I allow that cock-fighting has been in use among nations of great valour, our own for one; but it was the barbarous and not the brave part of the national spirit that maintained it, and one that had not yet been led to think on the subject. Better knowledge puts an end to all excuses of that sort. When Roger Ascham (who saw nothing in romances but "open manslaughter and bold bandry") grew old and feeble, he changed his love for archery into a passion for this sneaking amusement. I never heard but of one imaginative person who was a cock-fighter; and such an odd imagination is his, and so strange are the ends which these cock-fighters come to, that he is now a professor in a Scotch university. This, it must be confes-

\* There is a golf-club, which meets at Blackheath, and is composed, I believe, of Scotchmen. It is a very masculine game, not lightly to be entered upon by those whose muscles have been sedentary, lest, as the poet says—

—Vinegar proclaim their loud disgrace.

Exercises of this nature are the only advantage which Scotland has over us, and the disgrace ought to be done away.



sed, is a saving grace beyond old Roger Ascham.

There is still a cock-pit somewhere in Westminster. There is also, what many of our readers will be surprised to hear of, a bear-garden, eminently blackguard.

But to return to our subject,—I say little about the ancients, though they abounded in gymnastic example. Examples drawn from the Greeks and Romans, unless impressed upon us in a very early and particular manner, have little effect. They are considered rather as things done in books, than by men. I will only make two or three observations : 1st. That neither the Greeks nor Romans were fond of exercise by proxy, the former being a nation of wrestlers and dancers, and the second the gladiators of the world : 2d. That the Greeks were much the handsomer and more intellectual people, and, with the exception of Sparta, were as content with the exercises that kept them healthy and lively in a state of peace, as they were ready to fight bravely when patriotism required it : 3d. That the wits and philosophers of Greece, some of whom were its greatest captains (as Epaminondas and Xenophon) were remarkable for a tranquil health and longevity, confessedly owing to that study of body as well as mind, which they made a part of the business of their lives. Plato speaks with astonishment of the newly-invented terms of *vapours* and other mysteries, which some physicians had brought up in his time. In the age of Homer, our niceties of temperament appear to have been so unknown, that he represents Diomed and Ulysses, after the heat of action, as standing in a draught of wind to cool themselves. These were soldiers ; but Plato was a man of letters and a metaphysician ; professions, which are held to be particularly injurious to the stomach ; and are so, in our present sedentary modes of life.

The history of England will suffice for Englishmen. It is remarkable, that the period the most eminent among us both for manly exercises and a long state of peace, was during the reign of the Tudors and James the First. The

court was then given to tilts and tournaments, the gentry to the sports of the field, the citizens to archery, the peasantry to the games which are now confined to children : and all classes to bowls, tennis, and dancing. At the same time, as good things have a propensity to go together, music was cultivated by both sexes, to a degree which this musical age would be surprised at ; and ladies gradually acquired the art of being at once housewifely and booklearned ; points in which they afterwards fell off on the arrival of French coquetry. Elizabeth, besides her books and her “ heavenly virginals,” kept herself in heart and good countenance with “ dancing.” The Reformation set men a thinking, and the Revolution followed ; very useful to complete us as minds as well as bodies, and to put an end to all star-chambers and bloody bigotries ; but mind itself still remains to be completed, and to finish its duty by a return to the proper cultivation of body ; and then we should unite the advantages of the two periods. The Puritans, in their saturnine reflection, thought it necessary to oppose the sports and pastimes of the age, as worldly vanities, which was a great blow to the corporeal part of us. Luxury had already prepared the way for it by the introduction of coaches, as well as by her other usual tendencies. Charles the Second followed with his peruke and French fashions ; and though he was fond of exercise and began by resuming some of the old sports, debauchery soon counteracted their good effects. The show of a severer court under James, the second revolution which followed his attempts to introduce popery, and the Anti-Gallican spirit which arose in opposition both to the former tastes and to the power of Louis the 14th, all tended to introduce a better system of manners ; but trade had now began to occupy our day-light, and lead us into sad hours ; the logical and critical faculties were exercised almost exclusively, and peace with France ensuing, and every body being bent on the improvement of his “ sense,” the effect was consummated by an universal ab-

sorption in the lesser morals,—in the acquirement of estates and gentilities,—in the study of being agreeable in rooms, and witty in coffee-houses. We were to be English in our virtues, but French in our tastes : and a compromise between these two strangers took place, which existed up to the period of the French revolution, and still colours the manners and criticism in vogue. The characters of the successive princes contributed to the universal defection from exercise. William the Third, a hero in the field, was a queazy consumptive invalid in his own chamber. Anne was fat and burly, like her grandfather Clarendon. Lord Lanesborough, the old gentleman mentioned by Pope as “ dancing in the gout,” waited upon her on the death of her husband, to advise her Majesty to rouse up her spirits by his Lordship’s favourite exercise. The announcement of his business must have been very ludicrous, unless he was a man of address ; but he had a reason in his boasting of legs. If precedent was required, he might have quoted, besides Elizabeth, the example of Charles the Second’s wife, Catharine of Braganza, who by means of an unconquerable spirit of dancing bore up against an evil which would have been thought greater by most women than that of a husband’s death ; to wit, his neglect and infidelity. The House of Brunswick succeeded, all stayers at home and card players, with the exception of the late King, whose temperance and exercise deserved a better end than his parents had provided for him.

We still have the advantage of our neighbours in point of bodily vigour ; partly from our mode of subsistence, partly because we retain enough moral vigour from our ancestors, and value ourselves on maintaining our superiority. But no gallant person who was at Waterloo will deny, that however we astonished Napoleon by holding out as we did, and forcing him to lose the fruits of his conduct, we ourselves could have spared a few of the charges which the French persisted in making, and did not altogether find them as inferior as we expected. The

Revolution had put a spirit into their arms, which the “ beaux chevaliers ” of the Grand Monarque, with all their gallantry, would have envied. Napoleon gave that title to one of our regiments as they were forming for battle, and lamented that he should be obliged to cut it to pieces. The consciousness that suggested the lamentation, might have taught him to spare it. He argued too royally. He took us for the servants of a monarchy like that of old France ; and forgot that the same liberty which was new in that country, and none the better for his deserting it, was, notwithstanding its corruptions, a long habit with us. But the French people have upon the whole made a great advance in physical energy. The race is improved. A manlier system of education has been introduced ; feudality is at an end ; the French peasant now values himself, not as the slave of a great nation ; and we may remark, that the most inconsiderate extoller among us of “ the good old times ” in France (which we used to laugh at so much formerly) has long ceased to say anything about “ ragged elbows ” and “ wooden shoes.” Now the French are not disposed to relax any of their endeavours to render themselves a match for Englishmen. Let us smile if we will at their endeavours ; but let us smile with reason ; and do, in the mean time, all we can to keep a head of them.

There is a cricket-ground at Paddington, and a squalid five’s court in St. Martin’s-lane. This is the present amount of our establishments in behalf of health and vigour. The cricket-ground is good, but a mere nothing to our wants. The five’s-court is like an out-house in a dream, or Daniel’s den without the lions. We ought at least to have a score of cricket-grounds about the suburbs. There should also be grounds for tennis ; five’s-courts, a decent number ; and running, wrestling, and all other honest exercises ought to be encouraged, wherever they can. Instead of these, we have muddle-headed card-rooms, and places aptly called Hells, where people learn to be callous or misera-

ble, and pick one another's pockets : to which they have lately added the accomplishment of cutting one another's throats. Think of the difference of frequenting these places, or even the most virtuous tavern extant, without a proper security against gout and indigestion, and of coming home fresh and breathing from the racket-ground, with a hand as firm as iron, clear temples and body, and an appetite which can afford to enjoy itself.\*

Some patriotic persons, Mr. Penant among them (who was of civic origin, and a good specimen of the British gentleman) have attempted to restore the practice of archery. It is a good attempt ; and all exercises, of whatever kind, are better than none ; and if archery is not made a toy of by its revivers (as one is apt to imagine in these times) it is stout work. What I have just said, was only upon that presumption. Pardon me, soul of Robin Hood ; and ye tall and sturdy bows, not to be looked down upon, which of old

*The strong-arm'd English spirits conquer'd France.*

We have still riding and dancing among our amusements ; but both are pursued in a very modern way, the latter often perniciously. The rich have the advantage of riding for an appetite. It is a pity they do not do it oftener, instead of taking to their carriages. Dancing is kept up too late at night, and in suffocating rooms. Dancing on a green is to some purpose. At evening it might oftener be resorted to with great advantage, by almost all persons in doors, without preparation, and the moment they rise from their work. But no exercise can dispense with the necessity of exercise in the open air. We, and ours, for many generations must suffer for the want of it, wherever it takes

place to any great extent. The constitution's ruined for life, and the feeble progenies that result, are innumerable in these sedentary times. And recollect, that plant what principles we may, and take care as we think fit of our own wordly success and that of our offspring, nature insists that the bodies in which she puts us shall be the medium of every perception we have ; so that we colour it with darkness or cheerfulness accordingly.

I have omitted hunting : I confess I do not willingly speak of it, unless it be hunting the fox, and then only in case of necessity. It prevails to no such extent as to affect my argument : nor can I think that any mode of doing ourselves good is to be recommended, if it be unjust to others, and can be supplied by a choice of so many amusements, at once manly and innocent.

One thing I must mention ; namely that this is no party matter. Our muscles are not Whigs and Tories, Our stomachs (God knows) are no Radical Reformers. All parties are interested in it ; nor do I despair before long of hearing that some steps have been taken in consequence of this suggestion ; not because it has been well argued, but because the suggestion has been made. Should any one be induced by what is here said to take steps in the matter, I exhort him to consider himself as under one of the most honourable impulses of his life. If it lay in my power to begin, I would not hesitate a moment, nor sit down to dinner, from week's end to week's end, without conquering a good digestion for it, racket in hand, every day I was in town. The gentlemen of the city can raise excellent troops of horse, and do anything else they have a mind to, which money can effect: why do they not make a transition from the field of Waterloo to exercises worthy of gallant men ? A pair of stays is another thing, when it pinches the sides of a Sir Philip Sydney. Let shapes be secured, and stays be warranted by this handsomest of all modes ; and let at the same time half the indigestions of the city retire at one blow of the racket.

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\* Laws must be made against gambling ; but it is much easier to prevent it in such games, than at any other. The player soon gets an interest in the game itself, and the cheerfulness of his blood stands him instead of the paltry excitements of the dice-box. To play for a trifle might be allowed. It gives the mind's eye another mark to aim at ; but this is easily regulated. A good player will chiefly play for honour.



## SIGHTS OF LONDON.

## MEXICAN WONDERS : OR A PEEP INTO THE PICCADILLY MUSEUM ;

BY JACOB GOOSEQUILL.

MY DEAR SIR,—

THE Goddess of Curiosity led Columbus by the nose a much greater way than ever she led a much greater fool, viz. myself. Nevertheless, I had enough of his inquisitive disposition to draw me, last week, from my “bed of asphodel” (in plain English, my soft bottomed ottoman) towards that part of America which has just been translated to Piccadilly. The importance into which the Mexican empire is now rising seems to have been deeply felt and duly weighed by Mr. Bullock. He has consulted his own interest in the public gratification, and I have no doubt will eventually fill his own pockets quite as full as our heads, by means of his exhibition. Amongst the many non-gratuitous establishments of the same kind within the metropolis, Bullock’s Museum, in my mind, certainly holds the first place; there is a spirit of philosophy embarked in it which raises it far above the standard of a common exhibition. We are introduced neither to a painted city nor a solitary landscape, to an army of soldiers or a company of wild beasts, to a giantess or a dwarf, but to the natural world itself, as it exists, or at least to a fac-simile of it, as palpable and familiar as art can make it. I know of nothing short of a bonafide dishumation of the city of Mexico, and its suburbs, from their place among the Andes, carrying with them, at the same time, their live and dead stock, together with their overhanging firmament and surrounding scenery, which could represent these objects so effectually as an exhibition constructed on the plan of Mr. Bullock’s. Some time ago I had the pleasure of descending into the Catacombs of Egypt in my way to Hyde-park, and shortly after took a morning’s walk to the Esquimaux, returning in time for dinner to my lodgings at St. James’. Thus, for a few pence, I was enabled

to satisfy my curiosity, without either travelling to Grand Cairo, like the Spectator, or making a voyage to the North Seas, like Captain Parry. This power of changing our horizon without changing our latitude we owe to Mr. Bullock; and I sincerely hope he will live long enough to give us a view of every thing worth seeing on the habitable globe, until it may be said that the whole world has shifted, piecemeal through the two great rooms in Piccadilly.

Upon entering these chambers, last week, I appeared to have left the Old World outside the door; I had taken a “Trip to Mexico” without even the ceremony of asking Neptune for a soft wave, or Eolus for a fair wind; I had, in fact, stepped from Burlington-arcade into the middle of America. Every thing was new; nothing reminded me of Old England,—save and except that I had to pay half-a-crown for a couple of sixpenny catalogues, whereby my voyage to Mexico cost me nearly double what it ought. This forcibly reminded me that I could not be very far from *Westminster-abbey*, and that Great Britain’s local deity, Mammon, in the shape of a door-keeper, was still close at my elbow, picking my pocket. However, even Charon expects a penny for rowing us over the Styx,—and why should not Mr. Bullock receive forty times as much for taking us over more than forty times as wide a water—the Atlantic Ocean?

Upon walking into the upper room, which contains the reliques of Ancient Mexico, I was mightily struck by the close resemblance many of them bore to the antiquities of Egypt. There was a Zodiac of Denderah, under the title of the Great Kalendar Stone of Mexico, and otherwise known to the Indians by the name of Montezuma’s Watch. It weighs five tons, and I cannot help remarking, that if Montezuma’s breeches pocket was propor-

tional to his watch, and Montezuma himself proportional to his breeches, Montezuma must have been a very great man indeed. In the centre of the stone is the Sun, round which the Seasons are represented in hieroglyphics, outside of which again are the names of the eighteen Mexican months of twenty days each, making up a year of 368 days. It would appear from this that the Mexicans had made some advances in astronomy, when Cortez and his priests reduced them by civilization to their primitive state of ignorance. Then there is the statue of an Azteck Princess; the lady is represented sitting on her feet, her hands rest on her knees, and give her the appearance of the front of the Egyptian Sphinx, to which the resemblance or the head-dress greatly contributes. A bust of a female in lava looks very like the Isis of Old Nile, with a crown of turretry on her head. Canopus, also, the round-bellied divinity of the East, stands here in the shape of a stone pitcher; and some hieroglyphical paintings of the Ancient Mexicans, on paper of Maguey, or prepared deer-skin, add considerably to the circumstantial evidence afforded by the other objects. But the most remarkable proof in support of the hypothesis that the Mexicans and Egyptians were formerly but one people, is the existence of the pyramids in the valley of Otumba, about thirty miles from Mexico. One of these is higher than the third of the great pyramids at Ghiza. They are called Teocalli, are surrounded by smaller ones, consist of several stories, and are composed of clay mixed with small stones, being encased with a thick wall of amygdaloid,—just in the manner of the structures at Cairo and Saharali. Taking the above hypothesis as established by these resemblances, the much contested question concerning the purpose for which these artificial mountains were constructed is at once set to rest, by the Mexican tradition, which assigns them as the mausolea, or burial-places of their ancestors. A miniature pyramid, about four feet high, in a corner of a room, gives the spectator a good idea of

these monstrous types of human vanity.—At the west end of the same room (which is fitted up so as to convey some notion of the Temple of Mexico) is a colossal Rattle-snake, in the act of swallowing a female victim; this Idol of the people is confronted by another amiable figure, at the east-end, representing Teoamiqui, the goddess of war. Her form is partly human, and the rest divided between rattle-snake and tiger. The goddess has moreover adorned her charms with a necklace composed of human hearts, hands, and skulls; and before her is placed the great Sacrificial Altar, on the top of which is a deep groove where the victim was laid by the priest. This, and many other objects in the room, are sculptured with a degree of precision and elegance, the more surprising as the use of iron was unknown to Mexico, when invaded by the Spaniards.

In the lower room is a panoramic view of the city of Modern Mexico, with a copious assortment of the animal, vegetable, mineral, and artificial productions of that kingdom: the aloe, the cactus, the maguey (called by Purchass, the “tree of wonders”) the tunnal or prickly pear tree, the cacao, the banana, &c.; humming-birds as small as humble-bees, and frogs as big as little children; Spanish cavaliers in wax, and dolphins of all colours but the true ones; native gold and silver, with many other less attractive valuables. But to me the most interesting object in this collection of foreign curiosities, was a living specimen of the Mexican Indian,—Jose Cayetana Ponce de Leon,—whose family name, by the bye, being that of the discoverer of Florida, is not a little contradictory of his alleged Indian descent. He is in the costume of his country, has a fine, sun-burnt, intelligent countenance, wears his hair *a la mode de sauvage*, down in his eyes, and his hat, like a quaker, on the top of his head. He appears sensible, and is very communicative; several pretty women entered into conversation with him while I was there, and he supported the ordeal firmly, notwithstanding the bright-

ness of their eyes and the swiftness of their tongues. If you are fluent in Spanish, Italian, or the vernacular Mexican, go and speak to him your-

self, in any or all of these languages. For my part, I "can no more" (as we say in a tragedy) at present.  
JACOB GOOSEQUILL.

## BIOGRAPHY OF ECCENTRIC CHARACTERS LATELY DECEASED

WILSON LOWRY, F.R.S.

ON Tuesday the 22d of June, about two o'clock in the morning, died Mr. Wilson Lowry, Fellow of the Royal and Geological Societies, and one of the most eminent engravers in Europe. He entered the sixty-third year of his age on the 23d of January last. Nothing is known of his ancestry beyond his father, whose baptismal name was Joseph; who is believed to have been a native of Ireland; and who, at the time of the birth of Wilson, was a portrait-painter, residing in Whitehaven, scarcely known in the metropolis.

The proper subject of this memoir was tall in person, and bore a strong family likeness to the portrait of his father, but was somewhat more eagle-browed; and in the general character and cast of his features, was such a mixture of thoughtfulness, with benignity, as would have looked well in an historical picture; and as did look well in society,—announcing the entrance of no common man wherever Wilson Lowry appeared. Indeed there were times and smiling occasions, when this benignant expression quite beamed from him; but his biographer must regret that it was too often clouded by the anxieties and disappointments which all men are condemned to feel, who exercise any of the liberal arts at the dictation of mercenary traders; for mercenary traders in art are seldom well informed; and some were so ignorant, when Lowry first put in practice that refined mode of engraving by means of which he terminated architectural forms, as Nature terminates *her* forms, that is to say, without those *outlines* which may be seen in the works of his predecessors,—as to argue with him that he ought to afford his plates cheaper than others of the profession, since he had not the trouble of engraving outlines. No artist, who is

obliged to meet the public under mediation, can derive much habitual cheerfulness from the state of the patronage of his art. However, after the commencement of Dr. Rees's Cyclopædia, he had no longer occasion to complain of this grossness, his superiority beginning then to be duly appreciated. But we must return to earlier events, and earlier developements of the character of Wilson Lowry.

When a boy at Worcester, he was less fond of play, and more so of books, than most other boys, recreating himself occasionally with nutting and angling. Here he became known, and was favourably noticed, by Mr. Ross, a sensible and ingenious man, but not a very well qualified engraver, from whom Lowry obtained his original, but very slight and imperfect, acquaintance, with the art in which he afterward so much excelled. He is supposed to have been under articles, and to have served with Mr. Ross, for the space of three years or so; but this is less certain than is the fact that in Worcester, Lowry engraved his first plate, of which the subject, or more properly the occasion and object, was to attract customers to the shop of a certain fishmonger of that city. That important consequences should originate from trifling beginnings is nothing extraordinary, since were we to retrospect far enough, we should probably find this to be generally, if not always, the case: but still, we should feel the same kind of gratification of curiosity, or perhaps of a better principle, at a sight of this fishmonger's card, as at viewing the first bubbling up of the spring-head of the Thames, or any other river that has flowed on till it became a port of commerce. The price for which our juvenile artist agreed to engrave it was seven shillings, the amount of which sum was to be re-



ceivable, and was actually received in red herrings ! As the waters of the Severn are neither insalubrious nor expensive, it seems probable that honesty, and perseverance, and hope, and a good youthful appetite, induced him to subsist on these herrings,—unless when friendship and perry cheered his prospects, and gave relief to his meals and studies—as long as they lasted. Indeed what else could he have done with red herrings ?

No man has ever, in any mental pursuit, far outstripped his fellows, who possessed not considerable native energy of mind. Between the ages of puberty and manhood, when this faculty is most vigorous, youth are frequently enterprising, and more or less reckless as to ulterior consequences. From some affront conceived, or some hope entertained, which cannot now be traced, our artist left his paternal home, and his employ, if any he had at that time, at about the age of sixteen, with an inconsiderable sum in his pocket, and travelling on foot to Warwick, obtained a further supply by engaging to assist Mr. Beavan (a herald painter of that town) in painting a castle ; and by means of this addition to his finances, was enabled to make his way to the metropolis. Here our adventurer was probably without friends when he most needed them, and soon bewildered,—though by what course of accidents he came to fill an inferior station in the hospital of St. Thomas, is not known. It however gave him an opportunity of listening to the lectures that were delivered there on medicine and anatomy, and hence he acquired his taste for, and his rudimental knowledge of, Chemistry, and the healing arts, in which he always took considerable interest, and was no mean adept. He was particularly struck with the experiment of freezing mercury, and it led him to several results, both theoretical and practical ; for, give him but an opportunity of seeing, and he saw at once, with intuitive perception, much further than most other men into the rationale of a subject ; and hence, like Dr. Franklin, he was very adroit in ascertaining and mastering the true cause of any effect that was set before him.

To the readiness with which he exercised this talent, even from an early age, we owe much of the various ability which he manifested ; for, with regard to innate genius, he early adopted the salutary, though questionable, theory of Helvetius, which teaches that no such faculty or gift as genius exists, and that all the diversities of human attainment which we behold, are the result of education ; understanding by that word, not always what preceptors intend to teach, or impress on the minds of their pupils, but what those pupils really acquire from experience and their own views of things, whether designed or not on the part of their instructors. By this first-rate genius, genius was altogether disclaimed.

How Lowry came to devote himself professionally to an art so ill patronised, so ill understood, so publicly dishonoured at the English Royal Academy of Arts, and so unprofitable, unless followed as a trade, as Engraving,—is not known to the present writer from any actual communication with himself, or from any other communication on which he can place certain reliance. If a judgment be formed from the above circumstances, and they be supposed to have been known at the time to our artist, necessity must have driven him on this course ; if from his works, the arts must have had charms to attract him, in spite of the eternal war which he must wage with fortune when thus enlisted.

However these things may have been, the present writer first became acquainted with him when a young man, residing in the neighbourhood of Vauxhall, and in the employ, or under the patronage (as the prostituted phrase was) of Alderman Boydell, to whom he is believed to have been introduced by a letter from the good-natured Ross, of Worcester ; though, according to one of his early friends, this introduction was written by a gentleman of Shrewsbury, whose name is unknown. Lowry at the same time derived instruction in the art of Etching from his neighbour Mr. John Browne, the very ingenious coadjutor of Woollett. For Boydell, in addition to anonymous assistance on works not known to his

surviving friends, he engraved three large plates; namely, a varied landscape, after Gaspar Poussin; a rocky seaport, after Salvator Rosa, a difficult and very meritorious performance for so young an artist; and a view of the interior of the Coalbrook Dale smelting-house, after Geo. Robertson; for which engravings he was very sparingly remunerated.

It must have been during this period, that Mr. Surgeon Blizard, who was afterwards knighted, enquired at Boydell's for some young artist to make a drawing for him of Lunardi's balloon, and the alderman recommended Lowry, who performed the drawing, and behaved himself in other respects so much to the satisfaction of this eminent and benevolent surgeon, that he became his friend, gave him a perpetual ticket of admission to his own and other surgical lectures, and offered to instruct him professionally in the art of surgery; and Lowry actually became so far his pupil as to attend the hospitals at every interval of leisure from his engraving, for four years successively.

It was during this period too, that he became intimately acquainted with the elder Malton, author of the elaborate folio treatise on Perspective, whose work and conversation considerably augmented, if it did not impart, our artist's passion for the mathematical sciences. The book, which it has been said he at first walked twenty-one miles to read, induced him to inquire out the author; but it is believed that he had previously been a solitary student in Euclid. And now he was stimulated to the mastery of algebra, perspective, trigonometry, the conic sections; and, in short, all the higher branches of geometrical science. His friend Landseer was present at Lambeth, and recollects the time when Malton explained to them both, with the river Thames and the reflected scenery on its banks for examples, the doctrines relating to that angle of incidence which regulates the perspective of the downward and sideward reflections of objects, from luminous bodies: and that Lowry himself struck out some useful hints in solving the difficul-

ties of a view down a geometrical staircase.

It was moreover during this period of probation and rapid improvement, which comprehended several years, that he was used to call, not unfrequently, upon the late Mr. Byrne, the landscape engraver, for professional advice, which he always received with great deference and ingenuousness. The spirit of inquiry was then, as it has ever been, strong in him. His conversation abounded with tasteful observation and deep sensibility to the charms of nature and art. He was ardent and communicative, with great suavity of manners; and particularly studious of improving those manual means of professional excellence which were in ordinary use amongst engravers, in which his natural sagacity saw many defects. In other words, he would possess himself of the best mechanical apparatus, and the best materials of engraving, and would then busy himself in improving on those best, at any expense of time and money that was within his reach or anticipation.

The abovementioned works, after Poussin and Rosa, show that he was eminently gifted to have excelled as a landscape engraver, particularly in the treatment of such scenes as contained rocks and ruined edifices, which is further attested by his etchings of Holyrood palace, the round tower of Ludlow castle, and the ancient market cross at Malmsbury, all after Hearne, and for the antiquities of Great Britain. His style of etching picturesque antiquities, is evidently formed on a keen perception of, and sensibility to, the beauties of that of the elder Rooker, and of the analogies between that style and its archetypes in nature: but Boydell, as may be perceived by his own engravings, and his gross misappropriation of subjects to artists, possessed too little discernment to perceive these merits; and hence our artist was induced to contemplate emigration to America, and to seek other engagements; among which he executed some plates (though of no great importance) for Johnson of St. Paul's churchyard, and Taylor of Holborn; began a large one of the Dublin parliament-

house, for the junior Malton ; and engraved the very capital background to Sharp's portrait of John Hunter, after Sir Joshua Reynolds. As, not landscapes and ruined edifices alone, but to excel in the engraving of finished architecture also, was within the scope of his views, his ardent and ever active mind gradually expanded into the invention of those machines which have since turned out of such vast advantage to art and society, and which have justly obtained for their inventor the reputation of being the first engraver of architecture and mechanism of every kind, that ever lived in the world.

In a volume of lectures on the art of engraving, delivered at the Royal Institution by Mr. Landseer, we find these machines described and discoursed of in the following terms : " The next mode of engraving that solicits our attention is, that invented about fifteen years\* since by Mr. Wilson Lowry. It consists of two instruments one for etching successive lines, either equidistant or in just gradation, from being wide apart to the nearest approximation, *ad infinitum* ; and another, more recently constructed, for striking elliptical, parabolical, and hyperbolical curves, and in general all those lines which geometers call *mechanical curves*, from the dimensions of the point of a needle, to an extent of five feet. Both of these inventions combine elegance with utility, and both are of high value, as auxiliaries of the imitative part of engraving ; but as the auxiliaries of chemical, agricultural, and mechanical science, they are of incalculable advantage. The accuracy of their operation, as far as human sense, aided by the magnifying powers of glasses, enables us to say so, is perfect ; and I need not attempt to describe to you the advantages that must result to the whole cycle of science,

from mathematical accuracy. As long as this institution, and the Society for the encouragement of arts, manufactures, and commerce, shall deserve and receive the gratitude of the country, so long must the inventor of these instruments be considered as a benefactor to the public.

These instruments our engraver continued to use, and to impart the uses of them to others, to the commencement of his last illness ; with what superlative success, the numerous and exquisite engravings which he performed for the Cyclopædia of Dr. Rees, Dr. Tilloch's Philosophical Magazine, Mr. P. Nicholson's architectural publications, the Encyclopædia Metropolitana, and other similar works, afford the most irrefragable proofs. It is not believed that he followed up this branch of the art, or rather this *his peculiar art* of engraving architectural and mechanical subjects, because it was his *forte*, or from any such predilection as frequently determines the pursuits of men. In fact he had more forts than one ; for in whatever direction his improving mind from time to time advanced, he might be said to build a fort ; like Agricola and those Roman legions of old, who conquered and improved wherever they invaded. He was rather impelled in this particular direction by exterior circumstances—chiefly the imperious demands that are consequent to an increasing family ; and it is probable that he sighed in secret to emulate Piranesi and Rooker, as he surely would have done, had the public taste and patronage of the age in which he lived, been more auspicious to such studies. But this misdirection, if such it might be deemed, or this want of perception of the true indications, and pointing, of early talent, is far from having been confined to our artist. Rooker was bred a harlequin ; Woollett a farrier ; and it was not foreseen that the apprentice of an Italian pastry-cook would become Claude of Lorraine. And after all it may be questioned whether Lowry would not have made quite as distinguished a civil engineer, or experimental chemist, or physician, or geological traveller, as he did an architectural engraver, or as he

\* This course of lectures was delivered in the year 1816 : and it was in great part owing to Lowry's solicitude for advancing the general interests of engraving, that they were delivered at that institution. At a time when the other British engravers evinced but too much indifference as to asserting the intellectual pretensions of their art, and tamely acquiesced in its academical degradation, Lowry stood nobly forward, and was the bearer to Sir Thos. Bernard, who then managed the lecturing department at the Royal Institution, of Mr. Landseer's willingness to undertake the task.



would have made a landscape engraver, so various and so versatile were his powers. In short, with a remarkably clear intellect, and an enthusiastic thirst of knowledge, his scientific attainments were intuitively rapid, and of the most various descriptions. The general praise (as we cannot but recollect here) has been so frequently bestowed on others, that to some readers it may appear no more than ordinary reputation; but of Wilson Lowry it is as literally true, as of Lord Verulam; for very few men have known so many arts and sciences, and known them so profoundly; so much so, that like that distinguished philosopher, he could converse with ingenious men of almost any profession, without its being discovered that he was not of that profession: wherefore, in mathematics, chemistry, optics, and the numerous train of arts and sciences that depend on these, such as mechanics, mineralogy, geology, perspective, algebra, in its analytical application to logic and mathematics, and the department of art to which he professionally attached himself, few men were his superiors, speaking severally of those branches of knowledge, and not many his equals. The present writer during this middle period of his life, belonged as well as he, to three distinct societies, of which the objects were philosophical discovery and discussion, and of which Lowry was decidedly the most efficient member, although Drs. Dinwiddie and Tilloch, as well as several other gentlemen of considerable scientific attainments, were of the fraternities.

He became a Fellow of the Royal Society about twenty years ago, and of the Geological Society from the era of its institution, in both of which he was beloved and respected, and often consulted upon occasions interesting to the progress of knowledge. With the late Sir Jos. Banks, and Sir H. Englefield; and with the present Dr. Woolaston, Mr. Lee, Mr. Greenough, and other of the most learned members of those Institutions respectively, he was more particularly intimate: indeed from Sir Joseph's apparent friendship for him, and from the opportunities which that gentleman's ex-

perience and situation gave him of witnessing the merits of an artist, and the difficulties of climbing to an eminence in science from "life's low vale," there were those who expected that the president of the Royal Society would have done himself the honour of bequeathing Mr. Lowry some mark of his regard; but they were mistaken.

In his youth, and during the heyday of his life, he was also somewhat addicted to metaphysical disquisition—not that the employment of this term, addicted, is intended to convey the faintest shadow of reproach on those interesting studies, of which Lowry was at that time fond, and in which he greatly excelled. With the writings of Hobbes, Collins, Hume, and Helvetius, he was intimately conversant. The writer of the present memoir has frequently heard him dispute with men of sense and erudition—if a style of argument so mild as his, may be called disputing—and always with advantage. Collins and Helvetius were his chief authorities; but he reasoned for himself; was subtle without sophistry, and always, from conviction, on the side of necessity, in the great question concerning the foundation of morals. Latterly, however, since he became a member of the Royal Society, his mind has apparently interested itself more in the practical detail of science and the arts, and in imparting to others what he knew of these matters, which he always did most willingly. And, whether in lofty speculation he argued with the doctors, or instructed his pupils in the rudiments or minutia of mechanical or imitative art, his manner was ever kind-hearted and unassuming—as much so as if he was inquiring, or investigating a subject in concert with a circle of friends and by his own fire-side; and even when clearly victorious, he was the farthest of all men from appearing triumphant.

The nearest approach to any thing of the kind that is remembered, happened upon an occasion of meeting Holcroft at the house of a mutual friend; when the two philosophers fell into conversation concerning Holcroft's favourite dogma, that "all crime is

mistake." Whether Lowrie questioned the truth of this position is not recollected; but he questioned the postulator, to whom he was then introduced for the first time, and who, perhaps a little disconcerted—said somewhat peevishly, "Why you're treating me like a child. You're catechising me." Upon which Lowrie returned, "And what then? If you know your catechism, will you be affronted? Ought you to be affronted?"

He was, moreover, benevolent and disinterested in conduct and in fact, notwithstanding that in argument he asserted and maintained the selfish theory. This, however, is scarcely more uncommon, than to find the reality of selfishness, attended with the hypocritical cant of disinterested benevolence.

It would seem as if—warned of the danger, more than convinced of the fruitlessness of abstruse metaphysics, and of what are termed politics—he had of late years desisted from these species of philosophising, and attached or restricted himself, more to the study of physics; being in fact, a quiet English subject, and an excellent practical christian, although not professing it.

With this various proficiency, and this communicative urbanity of manners, his friendships and acquaintances among the learned in art and science, were numerous, as might be expected; and a large portion of the original matter, written for Dr. Rees' Cyclopædia, was supplied by Lowry's connexions. Being a sort of living Cyclopædia, he could doubtless have supplied many of them himself, in addition to his highly valued engravings; but this he ever avoided, as the present writer believes, further than revising, in a friendly way, what some of the Doctor's coadjutors had written. As he resembled Socrates in his style of reasoning, and in his dispassionate mildness of demeanor, so, like that great philosopher, he would not undertake to write any regular dissertations, conceiving himself not qualified in point of literary attainment. In fact, he *was* learned in things, rather than in words: but yet, this avoidance

is on that very account to be regretted, for the men who write most for the real benefit of society, are those who, like Bacon and Selden, are knowing chiefly in these things. It is also to be regretted that no Xenophon has written his memorabilia.

We have mentioned above, his numerous acquaintance among the learned. But there are those also, who, without being learned, would be thought so, and from this quarter, one tax of being eminent and liberally communicative, has, during the latter portion of Lowry's life, been somewhat unfeelingly exacted of him. He has been too much hindered in his valuable pursuits, by the idle obtrusions of dandy philosophers, and those dabblers in virtue and experimental philosophy who are scientific, just as honorary secretaries and unpaid magistrates are attentive to their duties: *videlicet*, only at their leisure. Such persons, of both sexes, will saunter in droves with their little cans, coming at every feasible opportunity to fill them at the accessible fountain of one who is habitually studious: and to drones and smatterers of this description, who contribute nothing to the general stock of knowledge, while their busy intermeddlings often retard the labours of others; if the Royal Society is not impervious, Lowry must have been but too far within their reach.

In the year 1796 our artist married Rebecca Dell Valle, a lady of an ancient family—(the aunt, if we are rightly informed, of the late Mr. D. Ricardo, the political economist,)—who is become a public instructress of reputation, in the science of mineralogy, and is mistress of a valuable collection of minerals and fossils, formed and arranged for that purpose with the nicest discrimination and at a considerable expense, by her late husband. The offspring of this marriage, are, a son, who, having been well grounded in mathematical studies, is striving with considerable promise of success to follow in the steps of his father; and a daughter, who is already the authoress of an elementary treatise on mineralogy, which is esteemed among the best works of its kind.

No artist was ever more free from low-minded jealousy. On the contrary, his mind was made of broad parts; and whatever feelings of rivalry, or hopes of professional superiority at any time possessed it, were of the most honourable kind, and tempered with the greatest deference for the attainments of other engravers, both contemporaneous and deceased. He always appeared to see more merits in their works and far less in his own than impartial justice would warrant. If his estimates as an artist were ever incorrect, it was in these respects, and in these only. Moreover it is believed that those engravers of the present

day who excel in the treatment of ruined edifices, as well as those who are famed for their engravings of finished architecture and apparatus, will readily acknowledge their deep obligations to Lowry's instructions, which were always freely and liberally imparted; and to his example, which was of course available to all: and that England hence derives in a great measure, her superiority over the engravers of the continent. These also, study and emulate his works, but, wanting that local information which he orally and most readily imparted, they imitate his style with less happy success than the artists of our own island.

### GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

#### THE BARGE'S CREW.

"Row the boat merrily—merrily, oh!"

SECOND-HIM heart-him! Why, aye, Mr. Editor, I sees you understand the larned lingoos; though, for the matter o'that, there was a whole cargo of crinkum-crankums in the same *Gazette*: you call it Greek, and mayhap it's all ship-shape; for I don't know much about talking short-land, only it looks comical to me how people can get such crooked letters into their mouth. But sailors know a little about languages too. Why, I remembers Jem Scupperlug, when he was carpenter's mate of a man-of-war brig on the coast of Brazil, and they sprung their mainyard. Well, d'ye see, they anchored at a small town, and the Captain inquired if there was any body that could palaver Portuguese; and so Jem offers his services, and the Captain took him ashore to the mast-maker of the place. "Ho! Seignior!" says Jem, "You must humble-cum-stumble, we want a roundem-come-squarem to make a mainyardo for de English brigo, d'ye hear?"—"No *entendez*, Seignior, (replied the Portuguese,) no *entendez*."—"What does he say, Jem?" (axed the skipper)—"Says, sir! why, he says he can't make it these *ten days*." Does he? well, then, come along, come along; we must go to sea as we

are, and fish it aboard." But you'll say, what has all this to do with the Barge's Crew; steer a straight course, and don't yaw about to every point of the compass, like a Dutchman. All in good time, Mr. Editor, don't get in a passion, I'm only trying my trim: for, of all my consarns, I loved the Barge the best, particularly when I pulled the stroke oar, and Nelson's flag was flying in the bows, though he didn't live to carry it without the balls; I was with him that ere time up the Mediterranean, when poor Carraccioli was executed through the cruelty and intrigues of Lady ——. That's a distressing story, and some day, when I'm in the mood, I'll tell you all about it; for I never shall forget seeing the old man, with his grey locks flowing over his shoulders, as he hung at the fore-yard-arm of the Neapolitan frigate. "It is an awful spectacle, (whispered Ned Kentledge, as he bent down to his oar;) and I never believed before that woman's heart could exult in such a scene." Poor Ned was a worthy fellow, he had the next thwart to me; and Sam Spritsail was alongside of him, for we pulled double-banked. Ned was shipmate with Jack G——, that was afterwards first lieutenant of the C—— frigate; indeed, Ned



taught him his duty from first to last, when he warnt much higher than a pint pot—showed him how to hand, reef, and steer—sweep, swab, and swear—coil away a cable, or clear hawser, with any hand aboard; and Ned was as good a seaman as ever raised a mouse upon a stay, or seized a breeching to a ring-bolt. Well, Jack was a smart fellow, and so he got promoted to the quarter-deck; and after a time the Captain got a luff-tackle to bear, and bowed out a commission for him; but he never forgot his old station, his promotion didn't spoil him, and he always remembered former messmates. When he got to be first lieutenant of the C——, she was a long time in Ingee; but at last they found her in such a rattle-trap state, that she was ordered to take convoy to England; and so she gather'd 'em together at Ceylon, and proceeded to St. Helena; but the storms off the Cape shook her ould timbers, that when they reached the island every body thought she would have gone down; however, they frapped her together with hawsers, and at last reached Plymouth. Well, a morning or two after their arrival, an ould Bum-boat woman comes paddling alongside, puffing and blowing like a gram-pus off Cape Horn. She was a short bulky body, though for the matter o' that she was as round as a tun butt. Alongside she comes, and hails the sentry at the gangway: "Keep off! (cried the Marine, and then turning to the quarter-master,)—Zounds! look there, did you ever see such a corporal substance?"—"Aye, aye, (rejoined the veteran,) 'tis a whale adrift in a butter-boat."—Again the old girl hailed; "Is my Jack aboard?" "Your Jack, (replied the Sentry) who the botheration's your Jack?—we are all Jacks here." "No, you arnt, (says she,) for you're a pike; and so please to answer the question I axed you, or else my Jack 'll let you know who's who." "Here, master at arms, (he chuckle-ated the royal), here's a customer for you, she's too sharp for me." "What do you want, old oo-man, (enquired the latter;) do you want any one in this ship?" "Yes, I wants

my Jack, so you let him know I'm here." The captain and nearly the whole of the officers were walking the quarter deck, when the first Lieutenant, hearing a confusion at the gangway, came forward to see what the bobbery was—"What's this noise, here, Sentry; who's that alongside?" "I don't know, Sir; it's some old girl says she wants her Jack." The Lieutenant looked into the boat; but no sooner had he cotched sight of the *little* punchy dame, than the man-ropes slid through his hand, and down he jumped into the cockle-shell—"What, my mother, is it you? (cried he,) I can hardly believe my eyes; they told me you were all dead; this this is indeed a welcome surprise; but come along, old lady, mount-areeveo"—and he helped her up the side with the utmost care and attention. As soon as they had reached the deck, she threw her arms round the Lieutenant's neck, and sobbed with joy. Then she gazed at him with a mother's pride, and again folded him to her heart—"Oh! my Jack, my Jack; now you glad my ould heart, and I shall follow your poor father to the grave in peace." The captain, officers, and men, started with astonishment to see the round *little* personage in her striped cotton jacket, short thick petticoats, and high heeled shoes, hugging their first Lieutenant (dressed in full uniform) round the neck; and many began to laugh, but the working of nature cannot be suppressed; the Lieutenant felt it no disgrace to be born of honest, though poor parents; and the rich feeling of filial love flowed without restraint. That moment was perhaps one of the happiest of his life. He thought only of his mother, and repaid her caresses with interest. The scene was truly affecting. The rising laugh was entirely subdued, and many a furrowed cheek was moistened by a tear. It taught a useful lesson to the young officers, who witnessed the affectionate emotion of the parent and the dutiful conduct of the son. Peace be to their memory. The diamond will sparkle, however roughly set; and if to snatch from oblivion one example worthy of imi-

tation be meritorious—but there, 'tis only my duty, and I arnt much skilled in simper-thetics. The Lieutenant was worthy of his teacher, for never was there a nobler soul than Ned's. He was a great favourite with Nelson (and died in the Victory on the selfsame day,) though the hero was more attached to Sykes than any of us, and mayhap he deserved it. Now for Sam Spritsail: Poor Sam was a light-hearted easy-going blade, never without a smile—indeed, they said he was born laughing. Blow high, blow low, 'twas all the same to him; but he didn't stop long in the ship; he was picked out for the long-shore party that was to go bush-fighting with the French. Well, d'ye see, one of the officers of the C—— not knowing the cut of his jib, and being unaccustomed to see a man always happy under every privation, took it into his head one day that Sam was ridiculing him, and so he ordered the Boatswain's-mate to give him a starting with a rope's end. This almost broke his heart. 'Twas the first blow he had ever received in a man-of-war; and the deep indignity so preyed upon his mind, as almost to stupify him. A day or two afterwards the party received orders to storm a fort near Capua, and Sam prepared to do his duty; but there was a listless indifference in his manner, that ill accorded with his former spirit. They advanced to the attack and a very smart scrummaging took place; but a fresh body of troops poured in, and the boarding party were compelled to retreat. The Lieutenant (the same as had ordered the punishment) behaved most gallantly, and kept in the wake of his men, while they were retreating. On turning an angle of the battery, the enemy opened upon 'em with a long 24-pounder that did very great execution, and Mr. ——, at the second fire, fell. Sam, in an instant, hove all aback. He saw the officer fall—his daring intrepidity returned—and he rounded to, to pick him up. He did not know who it was at first; but when he looked on his face, resentment for a moment deadened the feelings of generosity and humanity,

so that he returned several paces after his shipmates. The French were close upon them. In a few minutes the wounded man would have been in their power. Again Sam looked round, rushed back to the spot, and, stooping to raise the Lieutenant from the ground, received a mortal wound in the chest, and fell upon him. The last effort of struggling nature roused him up; he sprang upon his feet, lifted the officer in his arms, and ran towards his companions, who faced instantly about, resolving either to succour him or perish. He reached their centre, gently laid his burthen down, faintly uttered "I have done my duty!" and expired. The whole detachment paused for an instant, then came to the charge, drove back their pursuers, and in another half hour the British union waved on the rampart of the fort. Where could there be a death more glorious? I say, Mr. Editor, his memorial shall live in your columns; and if it should meet the eye of any who were present on that day, they will shed a tear of grateful remembrance, and glory in poor Sam. After he left us, his birth was filled up by Jack Junk, a sly old codger, with a comical nose, a half squint with one eye and a whole squint with the other, so that he could see half a dozen ways at once. He was a famous hand to look out for a fleet, and none could beat him at making signals; why he could use two spy-glasses at once. Jack had been shipmate along with Bill C——, him as played Lord H—— the trick with the goose, and that war'nt the only one. At the short peace, Billy (who always messed with the Admiral when at home) axed leave of absence from the house to go and visit some of his family relations that lived down to the northward. Now Lord H——'s moorings was very near Portsmouth; so the old gemman, in the goodness of his heart, granted his request, and gave him a liberty ticket for 59l., and a fine clean-going, neat-rigged bay horse to carry him. Away posts Billy for London, intending to stop only one night, and then haul his wind for Yorkshire; and somehow or other

he fell asleep and forgot it, for not a step did he start from London while a guinea was left. He made all sneer again as long as it lasted, and then away went the bay horse (shoved up the spout, as they call it,) and Billy carried on the war like a Trojan. But his time and his cash nearly expired together; so he takes his place outside the Portsmouth coach, and leaves the bay horse to pay damages. Well, just as they got to Post-down hill he lighted, and seeing a grey beast at pasture in a field, he gets a piece of two-inch rope, whips it over the neck, and rode home to his Lordship's stables. "Well, Mr. C——, I hope you found all your friends hearty, eh?" "Quite so, my Lord, quite so." "And how's the bay horse? I hope you have behaved well to him?"

"Yes, my Lord, he's the first of his family ever fared so well; but there's a wonderful fun-nony-me happened to him. Would you believe it, my Lord, that he took fright at a bunch of turnips that was flung over a hedge, and after running over a chimney-sweep, turned as grey as a badger?" "Wonderful!" cried his Lordship; "I must see him immediately;" and off they set for the stables. "Well, I declare this is astonishing, Mr. C——! The creature is indeed grey; but, said his Lordship, adjusting his spectacles—but there is something more surprising yet, Mr. C——; why such a thing was never heard of before! I protest, as I am a living man, the fright has been so great, that it has turned the bay horse into a grey mare!"

AN OLD SAILOR.

## LATE VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

### THE WONDERS OF ELORA :

OR,

#### THE NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY TO THE TEMPLES AND DWELLINGS

Excavated out of a Mountain of Granite, and extending upwards of a mile and a quarter, at Elora, in the East Indies, by the south of Poonu, Ahmed-Nuggur, and Toka, returning by Dowlutabad and Aurungabad, with some general Observations on the People and Country.

BY JOHN B. SEELY,

Captain in the Native Bombay Infantry, &c.

[In a late Number we introduced an engraving from this volume, and some account of the truly wonderful temples of Elora, which do not appear to be surpassed by any productions of art in the world. We now introduce to our readers a series of most curious, valuable, and interesting, extracts from the same modest volume; and, though so extensive, we have regretted that the due notice of other works has not permitted us to render them still more copious. No production of the past winter is more worthy of attention in every sense. It is a voyage of discovery, and the novelties are not only very numerous, but are most ably brought under the eye of the reader.]

#### BOMBAY.

THE climate of Bombay is preferable to most parts of India, having a refreshing sea-breeze, commonly called, from its healthful effects, *the Doctor*. There is now very little wood on the island, no marshes, and but few large pools of stagnant water. To these causes much of the sickness that prevails in other parts of India must be attributed; and the salubrity of Bombay causes it to be resorted to

by invalids from the other presidencies and the interior.

Nothing can be more delightful than the rides and drives in this island: they extend twenty-one miles, and communicate to the neighbouring island of Salsette by means of a causeway. The prospect is as grand and as beautiful as can be imagined: the mighty range of the G'hâts towering in the clouds and extending as far as the eye can reach,—the bold views on the continent,—the diversified objects on the island,—old ruinous convents and monasteries erected by its former conquerors, the Portuguese,—the noble country-houses of the Europeans,—Hindoo pagodas, Mahometan mosques,—the remains of Mahratta forts and buildings;—these, with the rural appearance of Hindoo villages, where every patch of ground is richly cultivated or ornamented, and interspersed with groves of date and cocoa-nut trees, afford a prospect of luxuriance and beauty to be met with nowhere but in the Concan. As we



turn our eyes towards the sea, we are presented with a fine hard beach, running on to the high and romantic spot called Malabar Point, which promontory is studded with neat villas; while the city and fort are seen in the back-ground, with the ships securely at anchor in the harbour. Nor must we forget the isthmus called Colaba (probably Cāl-āb or black water,) running for about two miles in a straight line from Bombay, from which it is separated at high water. On this small island, which scarcely extends a quarter of a mile in breadth, are several good houses, and a range of barracks. At its farthest or western end stands a noble signal or light-house, from the top of which is a very fine view of the island and adjacent country.

Nor is it on land alone that Bombay possesses the advantages of situation. Its harbour, from its great size, smoothness of the water, and for the greater part of the day having a fine sea-breeze blowing, affords almost constant opportunity for aquatic excursions: so open, indeed, and at the same time so secure, is the bay, that for miles, in various directions, the smallest boats may proceed with safety, and, by means of the tide, return at almost a fixed hour. These excursions may be extended seaward, inland, or over to the Mahratta continent, for several miles, embracing in the journey a variety of beautiful, picturesque, and grand scenery. How widely different from the boasted river-parties on the Ganges about Calcutta; where you have a muddy, and often a very dangerous, stream to sail on, with light and hot sultry airs, impregnated with all the poisonous effects of miasma, the wind hardly sufficiently strong to impel the boat; or else tracking, by means of a dozen poor wretches slowly struggling through the low, marshy, and swampy banks of the Ganges, where the eye is unrelieved by the smallest change of scenery, and not a hill is to be seen in any direction; in short, where an uninterrupted view of jungle, flat land, water, and mud presents itself.

At Madras the scene on the water

is widely different from what we see either at Calcutta or Bombay; and a journey on it, whether for amusement or business, is any thing but agreeable; for you are often in danger of your life, and always in dread, in passing to and fro through the tremendously high and long surfs that incessantly roll on the Coromandel shores, and which commence about a mile inside of the roadstead, where ships lie at anchor. There are three surfs; and, after passing over the head of one mountainous roller into the valley of water between them, you cannot for several seconds see either the city in front or the ships in the rear, till you are forced by the impulse of the first on the top of the second roller. On passing over the surf, a stranger's sensations may be imagined, but cannot be described; the oldest mariners do not like the first trip a-shore. Accidents sometimes occur; and for days all communication between the shore and shipping is cut off. When you have arrived on shore, the heat is intolerable, with clouds of hot sand flying about; and, to add to the miseries of Madras, the mosquitoes are the largest and most venomous of any in India; at night they swarm in myriads, nor do they leave a stranger quiet by day. I have both embarked and disembarked at Madras (not from choice) twice: I was wet through the first time, and the people were constantly baling the Massoolah boat; the last time I was in imminent danger, with my family, for several minutes.

One of the greatest comforts in all countries is to have good domestic servants: unquestionably the Parsees at Bombay are very superior to their brethren at Calcutta both in usefulness and fidelity. Those at Calcutta dress well, will only attend to one particular branch of service, nor will any persuasion, or even wages, induce them to use a single exertion beyond a prescribed and very limited duty fixed by themselves. They are very indolent, very debauched in their habits, consequently not to be trusted; and the *Qui hi* menials are mighty consequential fellows. This may be from their education and intolerant principles; for

they are all Mussulmen. A Bombay servant will do as much work, and do it as well, as five Bengal servants. The domestics at Madras are chiefly of a low Hindoo caste : they are a hard-working, willing set of men, but dirty in their habits, and greatly addicted to drinking.

The markets at Bombay are well supplied, and for the most part the articles are all of moderate price. The fish are excellent; vegetables are abundant and good; poultry is reared by the Portuguese in great quantities, and sold cheap. The bread is said by strangers to be preferable to that made in any other part of India. As to commerce, revenue, taxes, manufactures, and statistical subjects in general, I have but too imperfect an acquaintance to warrant my introducing them to the notice of my readers.

There was great room for improvement in the government of Bombay, and in the extensive countries dependent upon it. It is well known to be a century behind the other capitals in every thing that has a tendency to make a country flourishing, respectable, and great. It is not for me to investigate or discuss the causes; I have not the ability, and much less the inclination; for, being an officer of that establishment, any observation of mine would, perhaps, be deemed injudicious: but all ranks at Bombay, Europeans, as well as natives, rejoice in their present enlightened and able ruler, the late British resident at Poona\*; who, during his long residence in India, filled the highest diplomatic offices with singular success in the most difficult times; whose energy and judgment are proverbial with all classes of natives, and whose impartiality is acknowledged by all branches of the public service.

#### ELEPHANTA.

On quitting Butcher's Island, called by the natives *Deva Devi*, or Island of the Gods, not far up the bay stands the celebrated Elephanta Island. It is of considerable elevation, and famous for its caves hewn out of the solid rock from the face of the moun-

tain; they are considerably injured by time,

Whom stone and brass obey,  
Who giv'st to every flying hour  
To work some new decay.

These caves are very much injured by the action of the sea-breeze, and from not having drains cut on the top of the mountain, to carry off the rain water; nor has any care been taken to have trenches made at the foundation; so that in the periodical rains they are often inundated, and abound with reptiles, particularly snakes. From their vicinity to Bombay, they are frequently visited by parties of pleasure; and, to preserve them from wilful injury by casual visitors, a wall with a gate has lately been erected in front, and left in charge of an invalid serjeant, with a few invalid Siphauées, to protect them. The old man has a good house adjoining, and has a comfortable sinecure of it, as most visitors do not forget his long stories, and the accommodation for refreshment which his house affords. The view from the caves is very fine, as they are situated about 350 feet above the level of the sea. Here is the famous colossal figure of the Trimurti, Brāhma, Vishnū, and Sivā, the creating, preserving, and destroying, powers of the Hindoo mythology. The cave is large, but by no means equal to the large temple of Karli, or the far-famed ones at Elora.

#### TRAVELLING.

After a pleasant evening with my friends at Panwell, at daybreak my baggage moved on. As the cavalcade may be new to the English reader, I subjoin a list. Three bullocks to carry a tent, twelve feet square, consisting of inner shell and outer fly, and two walls; three bullocks for clothes, provisions, books, &c.; two porters for camp-cot and writing desk; one ditto for breakfast utensils, &c.; one tattoo, or pony, for head servant; two ditto belonging to my servants, of whom I had four with me. There was an escort of six Siphauées and a corporal. Several native travellers accompanied my people for their own security, as the country was sometimes infested with robbers.

In the rainy season with the execra-

\* Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone, well known to the literary world by his "History of Cabool."

ble state of the roads, rivulets, or nullahs, running impetuously, and large rivers without bridges, the miseries of travelling, regulated by a heavy laden ox's pace, are most intolerable. An Englishman, accustomed to the celerity of mail-coaches, the comforts of an inn, a dry skin, fine roads, and a beautiful country, would be almost driven mad. The natives of India never possess much energy of action; and on a heavy monsoon day, when well drenched with rain, they are nearly inanimate: if to this be added journeying in an enemy's country, every blade of grass burnt up, the wells poisoned, the villages destroyed and deserted, and you for security's sake obliged to keep close to your baggage-cattle, that are walking at a rate of not above two miles in the hour, or hardly that, and the rain falling in torrents for days together; I think an English traveller would lament a little his hard fate.

While sojourning after his fatigues on muddy ground, his baggage wet through, and his servants exhausted, the most lonely hedge ale-house in Cornwall would appear to him a palace. If travelling by himself in the fair season, or N. E. monsoon, with "all appliances to boot," it is but a melancholy thing; there being but little on the road to interest or gratify the traveller, excepting in some large city, where the pride and vanity of a great man may have erected a splendid mosque or pagoda, or dug a fine tank, or for defence built a large fort: the intermediate country is the scene of poverty, wretchedness, and oppression. I speak of the countries of the native powers; our provinces present a very different aspect.

#### DECCAN.

Capooly is a mean, dirty little village, situate at the very base of the great barrier wall of rock that supports the table land of the Deccan, proping up an immense tract of country, some large rivers, several millions of people, and many cities, towns, and villages.

This enormous chain of mountain is securely fastened by iron-bound buttresses of primeval granite, as naked and frightful to look on in some places,

as they are romantic and singular in appearance in others. Above and beyond these mountains we fancy another world, of whose inhabitants we know nothing; how to visit them, how to penetrate their country, or how to scale their inaccessible looking wall, extending for thirteen degrees of latitude, and rising to a height of from four to 5500 feet.

On taking a more leisurely view of the mighty wall before me, while wandering about this most interesting spot, two or three apertures were seen, but the difficulty was how were they to be approached, "whose top to climb is certain falling, or the fear as bad as falling." All my cogitations on the subject were soon put to rest by the arrival of about 250 bullocks, laden with grain for the Bombay market, the drovers soon having eased my doubts with respect to the apparent impossibility of surmounting the barrier.

From the wretched state of the roads, my poor servants did not arrive till past the meridian hour; but one whom I had sent forward over-night had prepared my breakfast; after which, as I often was wont to do after the perspiration produced by walking about the village had subsided, I jumped into a tank, clothes and all, which, without apprehension of danger, I left to dry upon me. It was insufferably hot at this place, situate in an amphitheatre of mountains, the naked face of each burning with heat, and reflecting the rays, while every breeze was excluded. All the heat was concentrated, as it were, in a focus; the thermometer was at 104 in the shade at 2 P. M.

A little before day-break we commenced our formidable undertaking, of what appeared to be nothing less than scaling the mural sides of towering mountains. The road, after going some little distance, becomes very steep, lined with high banks, and interrupted by large stones and fragments of rock. The distance may be altogether six miles, but equal to treble that number in any thing like a good road. Proceeding onwards on foot, the path at an abrupt angle overhangs a frightful precipice and valley, covered with an eternal jungle, and where probably the foot



of man never penetrated : here, in the very bottom, peeping out of the deep foliage, gleam the waters of a few meandering streams, which have their sources in unknown parts of the mountains. Beyond this immense hollow are seen the forms of vast mountains, towering away, as far as the eye can reach, in rude and magnificent outline, till they are lost in the clouds, or their continuity only known by their rent clefts and peaks peering through the light-blue veil of mist.

In some parts of the road the passage is guttered by little streams of water, that run gurgling down the precipitous fronts of the rock, affording a pleasing, soothing sound, as we trace our course through these sequestered spots. Not quite half way up, is a small patch of table land, where the traveller is sure to halt and take some refreshment, not more for the purpose of recruiting his strength than regaining his wind ; for, what with clambering, slipping, and proceeding up a very steep ascent, great personal exertion is required.

At this spot, the convoys of bullocks, carrying merchandize to and fro, halt for an extra day and night, if greatly fatigued. In their night encampments they take every precaution against thieves and wild beasts : they select the mural side of an open spot to place their cattle : thus the steep side of the mountain flanks one side, while the bags containing the produce they carry are piled up to some height, and, when placed, form something like the segment of a circle : within are the families, and sometimes cattle. One or two watchmen are stationed on the top, while fires are burning in front. Their dogs (the Brinjare) are a valuable breed, fierce, strong, and watchful—evidently a cross of the wolf and domestic dog. Thus will these carriers travel for 1000 miles with a convoy of as many laden bullocks ; and they are very punctual and honest in their dealings. Without their aid, according to the mode of warfare in India, whole armies would be starved. They always go well armed, and in critical times have escorts. They have paths and routes known only to themselves, which they traverse from one extremity of India to the other.

#### THE NATIVES.

The Hindoos, in all situations, are a docile, cheerful, good-tempered people : what vicious qualities they do possess are owing to the wretched and arbitrary rule under which they live. It is truly astonishing what arduous and long journeys these poor afflicted people will perform, for a few pence, in the most tempestuous seasons ; swimming large and impetuous rivers, penetrating solitary and unknown routes through immense forests infested by beasts of prey and banditti, exposed to the mid-day sun, and sleeping on the ground nightly, for weeks together—their whole sustenance daily being only two or three handfuls of parched grain, and often bad water to allay their thirst ; yet are these poor wretches always good-humoured, faithful to their employers, and, as husbands and fathers, examples to us.

It is not uncommon to find a labouring Hindoo supporting his wife's relatives and his own parents who are past work, with contentment and cheerfulness. It is true these people are gross idolaters, but they practise many virtues which we Christians lack the observance of. It would strike with wonder a stranger to observe a body of coolies conveying a pipe of wine, a 24-pounder, or an 80-gallon cask of beer up the defile, at the top of which we have just arrived.

#### THE G'HATS.

Having now said something of the Mahratta country and the Hindoo people, it only remains to offer a few brief remarks on the great range of mountains improperly called G'hâts, and to take a peep at the great excavated temple of Karli (Ekverah). This will occupy us until our arrival at the temples of Elora. In the intervening country there is nothing to gratify the philanthropist, instruct the legislator, or please the philosopher ; no flourishing towns, public institutions, or learned communities ; no splendid buildings, fine bridges, or beautiful gardens ; nothing, in fact, to denote prosperity or happiness. Compared with the British provinces, it may be truly called one wild waste. Wherever the Mahratta comes, the land is cursed. A few

mud-built huts, where the remnants of a scattered people have hoarded together for mutual protection, are the only signs of civilization that these fertile plains present for one hundred and fifty miles. Worse than the locust or beast of prey, what Mahratta warfare could not utterly destroy, hordes of Bheel and Pindarries were hired and introduced into these countries to effect. But I have done with the sickening tale, afflicting to narrate, and dreadful to view.

The chain of mountains, among which we have now encamped, extends from Cape Comorin, opposite Ceylon, in one unbroken series (with the exception of an opening at Paniany in the Malabar country, of about twelve miles broad), stretching away, in a northern line, to the province of Candeish, and not far distant from Surat. In no part do they exceed fifty miles from the sea, and in one part only do they approach closer than eight miles. There are but few passes known to us; and till men of science investigate this stupendous barrier, we are likely to know but little about them.

The mountains of which we are now speaking, decrease in altitude about thirty miles to the northward of Bombay: to the southward of Poona the passes, I am told, have a northern descent; stretching along to the southward, they separate what is generally called Malabar, supporting the Mysore and Soondah countries in the form of a terrace. With the exception of the opening at Paniany before mentioned, and the few passes formed by the industry of man, or the action of mountain torrents, it is one connected wall for nearly nine hundred miles; this vast belt enclosing the rich country within the Ner-Budha river.

These mountains are said to average from 3000 to 5500 feet in height, prolific in all the wonders and beauties of nature. In the high mountains to the southward much valuable meteorological data might be obtained, for, while below (*Payeen*) it is raining in torrents for three successive months, in the Table-land above (*Bala G'hât*) it is the fine season. Numerous rivers in-

tersect the low country, which, during the S. W. monsoon, run with astonishing velocity; some few, that have their sources in the mountains, have the whole year a shallow stream.

#### TEMPLE OF EKVERAH.

I proceeded across the open country to the left, to the mountain of Ekverah; where, at a considerable height above the plain, stands a large temple, hewn out of the solid rock. On the left of a terrace at the end of the footpath, excavated from the bowels of the mountain, stands, in solemn magnificence, the great arched temple of Karli, with its noble vestibule and entrance, and the sitting figure of Budha. On looking into the temple, an object of wonder presents itself: a ponderous arched roof of solid stone, supported by two rows of pillars; the capitals of each surmounted by a well-sculptured male and female figure, seated, with their arms encircling each other, on the back of elephants, crouching as it were, under the weight they sustain. At the further end of the temple is an immense hemispherical altar, of stone, with a kind of wooden umbrella spread over the top.

There is no idol in front of the great altar, as at Elora: the umbrella covering, before spoken of, rises from a wooden pedestal out of the convexity of the altar. A Brahman, whom I questioned on the subject of the altar, exclaimed, in nearly the words of our own poet, "Him first, Him last, Him midst, Him without end." In alluding to the Almighty, he nearly spoke as above described, placing his hands on this circular solid mass. He rejected all idea of assimilating Budha, or Brâhma, with the "Eternal God;" who, he said, was one alone from beginning to end, and that the circular altar was his emblem.

A concourse of priests and fakeers, supported by the Peishwa, lived here. One of them, an ascetic of high renown, had a singularly mild and serene countenance: he was sitting before a flame of fire day and night, with a cloth over his mouth, to prevent his inhaling pollution, or destroying any living substance: he was regularly fed with parched grain, and

his water for drinking was strained through a cloth.\* I addressed him with reverence : he turned up his fine placid countenance, and looked at me with eyes that spoke of heaven. I

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\* A Brahman at Benares was so cautious of causing the death of any living animal, that before him, as he walked, the place was swept, that he might not destroy any insect : the air was fanned as he ate, for the same purpose. Some mischievous European gave him a microscope, to look at the water he drank. On seeing the animalcule, he threw down and broke the instrument, and vowed he would not drink water again : he kept his promise, and died.

almost wished at the moment to be a Brâhman. This man appeared the image of self-denial, absorbed in contemplating the wonders of God. Doubtless his ideas and actions were purity itself—such was his character, for he had resisted the most tempting offers to reside at the court of the Peishwa, and nothing could withdraw him from the arched temple and circular altar of Karli. He was too lost in mental abstraction to heed me : he never speaks ; but he was evidently in prayer, as I could see by the working of the muscles of his face.

Concluded in our next.

## FRENCH COOKERY.

Of Anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders.—*Othello*.

SIR,

I AM an alderman and button-maker in the city, and I have a taste for sea-coal fires, porter, roast-beef, and the LONDON MAGAZINE. My son Bob, and my daughter Fanny, on the contrary, use to dislike all these good things—the last excepted : and prevailed with me to go and spend a month or two in Paris in the spring of this year. I knew that my son loved me as well as French cookery—and my daughter nearly as well as a French gown : so I unfortunately and affectionately complied with their desire—and have repented it ever since. However, my journey has not been altogether thrown away, as it has reconverted Bob to beef, and as it gives me an opportunity of relating the wonders of French cookery—a matter which in all your articles upon the French you have unaccountably neglected. The French Revolution was no doubt brought about by the national fondness for necks of mutton and men à l'écarrlate ; and the national hatred to the English is still visible in their attempts to poison them with their dishes :—a consummation not at all to my taste, even with the prospect of being buried in *Père la Chaise*. As for me, I am a plain man, alderman

and button maker, and should prefer being interred in *Aldermanbury*.

It has long been the reproach of the French, and you are among those who have echoed it, that they are not a poetical people. But at least their cooks are. Must not a cook, Mr. Editor, be inflamed with the double fires of the kitchen and poetry, when he conceives the idea of fountains of love, starry aniseed, capons' wings in the sun, and eggs blushing like Aurora—followed (alas ! what a terrible declension !) by eggs à la Tripe ? I consider their beef in scarlet, their sauce in half mourning, and their white virgin beans, as examples of the same warm and culinary fancy.\*

Not to say any thing of the vulgar plates of frogs, nettles, and thistles, what genius there is in the conception of a dish of breeches in the royal fashion, with velvet sauce—tendons of veal in a peacock's tail—and a shoulder of mutton in a balloon or a bagpipe ! Sometimes their names are so fanciful as to be totally incomprehensible, especially if you look for them in a dictionary : such as a palace of beef in Cracovia—strawberries of veal—the amorous smiles of a calf—a fleet with tomato sauce—and eggs in a looking-glass.†

\* Puits d'amour.—Anis étoilé.—Ailes de poularde au Soleil.—Œufs à l'Aurore.—Œuf à l'écarrlate.—Sauce en petit deuil.—Haricots Vierges.

† Culotte à la Royale. sauce veloute.—Tendons de veau en queue de paon.—Epaule de mouton en ballon, en musette.—Palais de bœuf en Cracovie.—Fraises de veau.—Eis de veau en amourette.—Flotte, sauce Tomate.—Œufs au miroir.



But there are many of their dishes which are monstrous; and in my mind not only prove the French capability of eating poisons but their strong tendency to cannibalism. Great and little asps—fowls done like lizards—hares like serpents—and pigeons like toads or basilisks—are all favourite dishes: as are also a hash of huntsmen, a stew of good Christians, a mouthful of ladies, thin Spanish women, and four beggars on a plate. One of their most famous sauces is *sauce Robert*, which I remember to have read of in Fairy Tales as the sauce with which the *Ogres* used to eat children. My daughter found one dish on the *carte* which alarmed us all—*Egglefin à la Hollandaise*: and after trying a long time, she remembered it was something like the name of somebody of whom she had taken lessons of memory. I suppose they had taken the poor devil from his name to be a Dutchman, and had accordingly drest him *à la Hollandaise*.\*

They like liver of veal done to choke you, and pullets like ivory—so called, I suppose, from their toughness and hardness. Other dishes are, on the contrary, quite shadowy and unsubstantial: such as an embrace of a hare on the spit—partridge's shoe-soles—a dart and a leap of salmon—the breath of a rose—a whole jouquil—or biscuits that would have done honour to the Barmecide's feast.†

The French have a way of serving up their dishes which is as extraordinary as the rest. What should we think of whittings in turbans—smelts in dice boxes—a skate buckled to capers—gooseberries in their shifts, and potatoes in their shirts? Should we not think any Englishman very filthy whose cook should send up cutlets in hair-papers—truffles in ashes

—and squirted seed-cakes?—and whose dinner-bell should announce to us what they call a ding-dong in a daub?‡

The military dispositions of the French are discoverable even in their cookery. They have large and small bullets—carbonadoes innumerable—syrup of grenades—and quails in laurels: and I have often heard dishes called for, which sounded to my ear very like “ramrods for strangling,” and “bayonets for the gendarmes.”§

But I may easily have been mistaken in French words, when I can't understand what they call English ones—some of which seem to have undergone as complete a change by crossing the Channel, as most of our countrywomen. Who could recognize, for example, in *vrouche rabette*, *hochepot*, *panquet*, *minsies paës*, *plomboudine*, or *mache potetesse*, the primal and delightful sounds of Welsh rabbit, hotch-potch, pancake, mincepies, plum-pudding, and mashed potatoes? But the French seem fond of far-fetched dishes: they get their thistles from Spain, and their cabbages from Brussels, and their artichokes from Barbary in Turkish turbans.||

The French boast that their language is the clearest in the world. I should like to know what they mean by a skate fried raw, or big little peaches? \*\* I can easily comprehend *mouton à la Gasconne*, however; and an *epigramme d'agneau* is as insipid as a French epigram always is.

As I have got a corner of my paper still blank, my son Bob begs me to let him spoil it with a few verses which he says are German to French Cookery. Sir, your very obedient humble servant,

TIMOTHY WALKINSHAW,  
Button-maker and Alderman.

Aldermanbury.

\* Grand et petit Aspic.—Poulet en lezard.—Lievre en serpent.—Pigeon à la Crapaudine, en basilic.—Salmi de chasseurs.—Compota de bons Chrétiens.—Bouchee de Dames.—Espagnoles maigres.—Quatre mendiants.

† Veau à l'étouffade.—Poulets à l'ivoire.—Accolade de lievre à la broche.—Semelles de Perdrix.—Une dardé et un sauté de Saumon.—Soufflé de rose.—Une jonquille entière.—Biscuits manques.

‡ Merlans en turban.—Eperlans en Cornets.—Raie bouclée aux capres.—Groseilles et pommes de terre en chemise.—Cotelettes en papillotes.—Truffes à la cendre.—Massepains sringues.—Dindon en daube.

§ Gros et petits boulets.—Carbonades de mouton, &c.—Sirop de grenades.—Cailles aux lauriers. In the last two names our worthy Correspondent probably alludes to *Ramereaux* à l'étouffade, and *Beignets* à la gendarme.

|| Cardons d'Espagne.—Choux de Bruxelles.—Artichauts de Barbarie en bonnet de Turc.

\* Raie frite à cru.—Peches grosses-mignonnes.

LE CUISINIER FRANÇAIS *versus* DR. KITCHINER.

1.  
It has often been printed in books,  
And I'm going to say it once more,  
That the French are a nation of cooks—  
Though I never believed it before.  
But now I can make it quite clear—  
For who but the devil's own legion  
Would stew down a virgin, as here,  
And broil out a good Christian's religion?\*

2.  
They say that John Bull o'er his beef  
And his beer is a terrible glutton:  
Does he eat *toads* and *asps*, or the *leaf*  
Or the roots of an oak with his mutton?  
Do *serpents* or *basilisks* crawl  
From his kitchen to lie on his table?  
Or *lizards* or *eats* does he call  
By all the lost nicknames of Babel?†

3.  
We like our *Beef-eaters* in scarlet,  
Not our *beef*—nor the *sauce* in *half-mourning*:  
We don't eat a *Funny* or *Charlotte*,  
Nor a *mouthful* of *ladies* each morning—

(This it shocks all my senses to utter,  
Yet with *Holy Writ* truths you may rank it:  
And they eat a *Ray fried* in *black butter*,  
And can make a meal on a *fowl blanket*‡

4.  
If we don't like our *beef* in *balloons*,  
Or a *shoulder* of *lamb* in a *bagpipe*;  
Sweet *wolves'* teeth, or twin *macaroons*,  
Or *truffles* which they with a *rag wipe* :  
If we don't look for *eggs* of *Aurora*,  
Nor *sheep's* tails prepared in the sun;  
And prefer a *boil'd* cod far before a  
Tough *skate* which is only half done :§

5.  
If we don't want our *veal* done to *choke* us,  
Nor *ivory fowls* on our dish:  
If *gendarmes* in all shapes should provoke us,  
And we like *Harvey's* sauce with our fish  
If mutton and airs a *la Gasconne*  
Don't agree with the stomachs at all  
Of *Englishmen*—O need I ask one?—  
Let us cut *Monsieur Very's*, and *Gaul*||

## VARIETIES.

## DR. FORDYCE.

The celebrated anatomist and chemical lecturer, Dr. George Fordyce, dined every day for more than twenty years at Dolly's chop-house. His researches in comparative anatomy had led him to conclude, that man, through custom, eats oftener than nature requires, one meal a day being sufficient for that noble animal the lion. At four o'clock, his accustomed hour of dining, the Doctor regularly took the seat at a table always reserved for him, on which were placed a silver tankard full of small ale, a bottle of port wine, and a measure containing a quarter of a pint of brandy. The moment the waiter announced him, the cook put a pound and a half of rump steak on the gridiron, and on the table some delicate trifle, as a *bonne bouche*, to serve until the steak was ready. This was sometimes half a broiled chicken, sometimes a plate of fish; when he had eaten this, he took one glass of brandy, and then proceeded to devour his steak. We say devour, because he always eat so rapidly; that one might have imagined he was hurrying away to a patient to deprive death of a dinner. When he had finished his meal, he took the remainder of his brandy, having, during his dinner, drunk the tankard of ale, and afterwards the bottle of port! He thus daily spent an hour and a half of his time, and then returned to his house in Essex-street, to give his six o'clock Lecture on Chemistry. He made no other meal until his return next day, at 4 o'clock, to Dolly's.

## HIGHWAYWOMEN!

About 11 o'clock on Thursday se'night, as Mr. William Ratcliffe, a traveller from Wolverhampton, was returning to the inn, he was attacked, in Back Piccadilly, by a number of females, who, pinioning him against the wall, tore open his waistcoat, and after a rude search into the secret recesses of his wardrobe, succeeded in pilaging him of cash to the amount of 100l.

## SMOKING TOBACCO.

This is proved to be such a *real* enjoyment, that a confirmed smoker shall be blind-folded after taking three whiffs; and let him keep his fingers from the bowl, or heated part of the pipe, puff away for ten minutes, and he shall not know whether his pipe is a-light or otherwise!—*Economist*.

A law student calling one day on a painter, found him engaged in copying a Raphael. "Upon my soul," says Quitam, "but I like you amazingly, as far as you have gone." "Do you, indeed, my boy," replied the Artist; "well, you're a young lawyer, and may be a *Judge*?"

"George," said the King to Colman, "you are growing old."—"Perhaps so," was the reply, "but I am a year younger than your majesty."

"A year younger, George! how do you know that?"

"First, by the almanack, please your majesty;—and, secondly, because my innate loyalty is such, that I should not presume to walk into the world before my king."

\* Bob calls cooks "the devil's own legion," from the well-known fact of their being sent from even a hotter place than they occupy upon earth. He alludes in the last part of the verse to the kind of beao called vierge, which the French stew, and to the bon Chretien grille.

† Pigeons a la crapaudine.—Aspic de veau.—Feuilletage.—Tendons de mouton aux racines.—Lievre en serpent.—Pigeon en basilic.—Poulet en lezard.—Civet de lievre.

‡ Beuf a l'ecarlante.—Sauce en petit deuil.—Fanchonnettes.—Charlotte de pommes.—Bouchee de Dames, a kind of cake.—Raie au beurrer noir.—Blanquette de volaille.

§ Beuf en ballon.—Epaule d'agneau en murette.—Dents de loup, a sort of biscuit.—Macarons jumeaux.—Trufes a la Serviette.—Œufs a l'Aurore.—Queues de mouton au Soleil.—Raie frite a cru.

|| Veau a l'etouffade.—Poulets a l'ivoire.—Noix de veau a la gendarme.—Mouton a la Gasconne.

## THE RULING PASSION.

At Margate, Mrs. B. a very lovely woman, fainted in the ball-room. When her attendants were rubbing her temples with Hungary water, she begged them to desist, *as it would make her hair grey.*

## MESSIEURS SMITHS.

Every body knows that Smith is a very common name, but hardly any body would have thought of turning its commonness to account in such a queer and cruel way as a "gentleman" did, the other night, at one of the theatres. Entering the pit at half price, and finding every seat occupied, he bawled out—"Mr. Smith's house is on fire!" In an instant, upwards of twenty Mr. Smiths rushed out of the pit, and the wicked wag, chuckling at the success of his stratagem, coolly took possession of one of their vacated seats.

When Lord Stormont lost his diamond insignia of the Order of St. Andrew at St. James's, George Selwyn ran piping hot with the news to the Cocoa-tree, when Foote, who was there, instantly exclaimed, "then it's the first time that a Scotchman was ever known to lose any thing at Court!"

## The Drama.

## DER FREYSCHÜTZ; OR, THE SEVENTH BULLET.

THIS piece which, on account of its magic, and its magic music, has been completely turning all the half-turned heads of Germany—has at length met with an English manager bold enough to hazard the dangerous expense and risk of producing it in England; and a company brave and potent enough to do its mysteries and its music ample justice. The original drama, which is, to judge by the English copy, but lonely and injudiciously put together, is founded on one of the traditional tales of Germany, which has long been listened to in that country, and valued for its decided horror. This tale has been admirably translated by a very able writer of the present day, and may be read by those, who love to *dram* with horror, in a work called "Popular Tales and Romances of the Northern Nations." It will be seen that the plot of the drama, which is pretty closely adhered to we understand on the English stage, varies materially from the story.—Indeed no audience would endure to have a lover shoot his mistress to serve the devil, as is the case in the tale. How great are the Germans at Satanic writing! The devil is their Apollo!

The piece has been produced by Mr. Arnold with no limit to care or expense:—in truth we did not, and could not believe it possible, until we saw with our own eyes, that a small summer theatre could afford us such a scene of devilry and witchery as the one now effected nightly. The diminutive stage, like Kean in one of his happiest nights, seems to expand with the spirit of the scene, until there appears no limit to

its space and wonders. The scenery itself is not, we believe, new—but it is peopled with goblins and creeping things, numerous enough, we should suppose, to fill the great desert!—The principal scene is where the huntsman Caspar casts the magic balls for his rifle,—balls which go unerringly to the mark; and as the charming goes on, the birds and evil things swarm thicker and faster, until at the seventh bullet, the stage is one mass of fire and wing and reptile!—Perhaps a slight sketch of the story may not be uninteresting:—

Kimo, an old huntsman, lives in the forest with his wife and daughter, on a farm which he holds as a tried marksman. He resolves that his daughter Agnes shall marry a good shot, as the farm will only be kept in the family by such a prudent match. The girl is attached to Rodolph, a forest youth, who is all the father can desire:—she is beloved, however, by a huntsman, named Caspar, who has made a compact with an evil spirit, and uses magic balls. Rodolph, at the opening of the drama, is under the malignant influence of a charm, which frustrates all his sports, and turns aside every bullet he fires. The trial day is at hand, on which occasion his skill, as a shot, is to be proved—and on his success depends his union with Agnes. Caspar, who is jealous of his fortune with the girl, hints that he might secure her if he would have recourse to the magic balls—and the hope of securing his love leads him to promise a meeting with Caspar at the glen, at night. Rodolph frames an excuse to his love as the hour approaches, and, in spite of mysterious warnings, keeps his fatal promise. Caspar, in the mean time, whose days are numbered, offers to Zamiel, the evil spirit, a fresh victim if he may be spared a three year's longer existence. The bargain is made: in a magic circle the seven bullets are cast, by the owl's shriek and to unearthly light!—

Six shall go true!

And the seventh askew!

Six shall achieve,

And the seventh deceive!

The trial day comes, and the six sure bullets have been expended—the seventh, which the spirit is to direct, Caspar trusts will kill the bride, Agnes; but the spirit directs it on Caspar himself—and the desolator is laid desolate!—The piece concludes with the wedding of the young hunter and his Agnes!

Such is briefly the plot of the Drama; of course the German story has not half so happy a conclusion. The Bride is killed by the bullet, the last of sixty and three, and the Hunter goes mad in the forest. The Spirit is managed with great effect in the piece, and his appearance amid the clashing branches at the casting of the seventh bullet is awful. It is almost worthy of that fine gloomy description of the flight of Zamiel, in the original story, after he has secured his victim, which we can-



not resist giving in the translator's own words.—"The black horseman turned away his horse, and said with a gloomy solemnity—'Thou dost know me! The very hair of thy head, which stands on end, confesses for thee that thou dost! I am He whom at this moment thou namest in thy heart with horror!—So saying, he vanished, followed by the dreary sound of withered leaves, and the echo of blasted boughs falling from the trees beneath which he had stood!"

All persons concerned in the bringing forward of this wondrous drama appear to have been inspired with an anxiety to do their parts to the utmost. The little bog-toads crawl about, as if they themselves were terrified at the scene. Braham, as Rodolph, not only sang better than ever on the first night, but acted with a feeling which we never before detected in him. But the effect of the music was upon him, and he was, in truth, under the influence of a charm. He performed and gave a *Grand Scena*, which seemed to roll around the air like thunder. Mr. E. P. Cooke was Zamiel. He is by far the best bad spirit that ever stalked the earth—he is so good, that we only wish he may be able to give up the part when he pleases.

It remains but to speak of the music, which, of its kind, is really beyond all ordinary praise and conception. Some of the critics have said it is not so sweet or so good as Mozart's:—Pshaw! it was never intended to be sweet! it is appalling, terrific, sublime! It giveth not "Airs from Heaven," but, "Blasts from Hell." From the Overture to the very last note, the composer, Weber, seems to have called upon Zamiel, and to have offered up to him notes which would go into his very soul! There is a depth, a wildness, which frights the mind while it charms the ear; and we will confidently say that no music, not even Mozart's, was ever heard with such breathless attention and earnestness as this extraordinary production of Weber. It is a great work!

#### WINE DRINKING.

A Gentleman of somewhat pious turn of mind having undertook to reform a younger brother, who from a water-drinker had become inordinately attached to the bottle, would frequently with a view of giving more effect to his lectures, quote texts of Scripture in which the sin of wine-bibbing is denounced. The brother having exhausted every ingenuity in defence of his favourite habit, referred his Bible-searching monitor to the 5th chap. 1st book of Timothy, 23rd verse, which reads thus:—"Drink no longer water, but use a little wine, for thy stomach's sake and thy often infirmities"—Thus intrenched, he deemed himself invulnerable; but it is plain that the Apostle limits the portion to a very small quantity, and that his advice is confined to a particular case and to the "often infirmities" of the sufferer. In a word, that the wine was to be taken occasionally as a medicine.

#### A WINDFALL.

A house having fallen down one day during a heavy gale of wind, a wit most provokingly congratulated the owner on his *windfall*.

#### COPPER UTENSILS.

A source of danger from the use of culinary vessels of copper, has recently been discovered by Sir H. Davy, viz. that weak solutions of common salt, such as are daily made by adding a little salt to boiling vegetables and other eatables in our kitchens, act strongly upon copper, although strong ones do not affect it.

The following affords no mean specimen of genuine wit among the lower order of the Irish. A brewer in Dublin, a man possessing capital, and at the head of an extensive business, and moreover a consummate dandy, passing one day along the street was espied by a dirty, ragged Patlander, who knowing the person and circumstances of the brewer, remarked to his companion in rags, "Sure, an' don't the small beer carry a fine head now?"

A woman in Switzerland having refused to her husband the taking of some of her personal property in order to go to America, he assassinated her, and set fire to a village by which 25 houses were destroyed.

#### ROASTING A BARRISTER.

On Saturday, Mr. French, the barrister, laid a complaint against certain debtors in Whitecross-street prison. The Learned Gentleman having been arrested, and conveyed thither, was surrounded on his entrance by about twenty persons, who demanded the usual fee of 14s. The Learned Gentleman resisted it, but was instantly carried into the ward-room before the President of the Ward. Mr. French proceeded to state, that when he was brought into the ward-room, the person in the chair, with great gravity, commanded strangers to withdraw, and said to him, "I understand you refuse to pay your fees. Before we proceed against you, you shall hear the regulations read." What was called the first regulation was then read. It declared that any person brought into the ward should, within 48 hours, pay 14s. On hearing this, he (Mr. French) observed, that there was justice even among pirates; he was not 48 hours amongst them, and why should they compel him to pay before the time? The Judge Advocate seemed staggered, and a pause ensued; but a voice soon cried out that he was a lawyer; it was a legal quirk, and would not do. This was re-echoed by the whole assembly, and the Judge Advocate told him it was decided to be a legal objection merely, and he must pay without delay. He was all this time under apprehension of personal violence, to prevent which, he offered the money they demanded, at the same time declaring it was extorted from him. They refused to take it in this way, and brought him close to a large fire, and compelled him to sit

there, though he told them he was ill, and must be roasted or baked in a short time, if kept in that situation. When he had been there about a quarter of an hour suffering torture, a turnkey came for him, but they refused to allow him to leave the room till the turnkey undertook to bring him back. On leaving the room he procured his release, and he thought it necessary to call for punishment on the persons by whom he had been so ill-treated, in the expectation that it might prevent the recurrence of similar outrages.—Mr. Alderman Ansley, who was in the Justice-room, went to the prison, for the purpose of Mr. French's identifying the persons who had been active in committing the violence.—All the inmates of the ward were mustered, but Mr. French could not identify more than one, as being a party to the proceeding, and against him Alderman Ansley granted a warrant.

#### PRESERVATION OF FISH, &c.

For ensuring the sweetness of fish conveyed by land-carriage, the belly of the fish should be opened, and the internal parts sprinkled with powdered charcoal.—The same material will restore impure or even putrescent water to a state of perfect freshness. The inhabitants of Cadiz, who are necessitated to keep in tanks the water for culinary uses, were first indebted to our informant, during the late Peninsula war, for the foregoing simple yet efficacious remedy of an evil which they had long endured.

"The theatre at Sydney appears to be in a very flourishing state," said a gentleman to *John Kemble*, speaking of the Botany Bay theatricals. "Yes," replied the tragedian, "the performers ought to be all good, for they have been selected and sent to that situation by very excellent *Judges*."

*Quinn* thought angling a very barbarous diversion; and on being asked why, gave this reason: "Suppose some superior being should bait a hook with venison, and go a *Quinning*, I should certainly bite, and what a sight and a sufferer should I be dangling in the air!"

#### RELIGIOUS FANATICISM.

On Saturday week, an inquest was held at Hurst, Ashton-under-line, on the body of *Daniel Grimshaw*, a child of fourteen days old, who died on the Thursday previous, in consequence of having been circumcised.—It appears that the followers of Joanna Southcott, who are still very numerous in and near Ashton-under-line, have adopted the strange notion that they are bound to comply with the injunctions of the Mosical law, respecting the rite of circumcision. All, or nearly all, the male believers in that neighbourhood, have consequently submitted to the operation, and have had it performed on their children, on the eighth day after birth.—The case excited a very intense interest; and there was a great crowd collected about the house. The Coroner said, that as the case was one of complete

novelty, before calling for their verdict, he should write to Mr. Raincock, the barrister, and take his opinion on the subject. To give time to do this, he should adjourn the inquest.—The inquest was then adjourned.—On Friday the Jury re-assembled, when the Coroner read an opinion from Mr. Raincock. It was, that if any person chose to perform such an operation as circumcision, unless it was surgically necessary, they must take the consequences upon themselves; and if death should ensue from their unskilfulness, they would, in his judgment, be guilty of manslaughter. The learned gentleman added, that there would perhaps be an exception in the case of Jews, who were expressly enjoined by their law to perform the rite: but as it was no part of the ordinances of the Christian religion, no Christian would be justified in performing it.—The Jury deliberated for a short time, and then returned a verdict of "Manslaughter" against Henry Lees.—Mr. Lees was in custody, and will, of course, be committed to take his trial for the offence.

#### THE TRIBUTE MONEY.

A *chef d'œuvre* painted by Rafaele, the subject *The Tribute Money*, was picked up the other day, at a broker's shop, for a few shillings. The present proprietor has the modesty to ask for it £10,000.

The total of copies distributed by the *British Bible Society*, from its institution, amounts to 3,875,474; to this may be added about 2,000,000 by the auxiliary societies, distributed over all points of the globe. An entire Bible in the Chinese language, being the first attempt of the kind, is now completed.

The Edinburgh Star, mentions that an old man, in the village of Branant having a diseased foot, it was decided by his medical attendants to amputate his leg, and they went the next day to perform the operation, when, to their utter astonishment, they found the leg already amputated and dressed by his *beloved helpmate*, who vowed she would allow no one to put a knife into her dear *Cherry* (the name her husband goes by) except herself: what is still more extraordinary, the man was doing wonderfully well.

The Duke of Sussex has the most stupendous collection of Theological Works extant—between 60 and 70,000 volumes. Among which there are upwards of 140 editions of the Bible, and it is reported his Royal Highness means to bequeath the entire collection to one of the Universities.

The population of Hamburg is estimated at 300,000; above 1,000 English now reside there. Mr. M'Adam's system of road-making is already introduced there.

Miss Farren, now Countess of Derby, Miss Brunton, now Countess of Craven, and Miss Bolton, now lady Thurlow, by their distinguished marriages, and exemplary lives, give indisputable testimony of the

improved moral character of the British Stage since the days of King Charles II.

#### THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

A reverend gentleman, named Hammersley, residing on the borders of one of the beautiful Cumberland Lakes, was awoke a few nights since by a violent knocking at the street door. Alarmed by the arrival of a visitor so unexpected at such an hour, the reverend gentleman himself went to the door, where he found a rustic, who apologized for his intrusion, by telling him that an apparently young lady was sailing in a small boat on the lake, totally unaccompanied, and that he considered from so unusual a circumstance, that the poor lady was not right in her mind. The reverend gentleman, with great humanity, immediately put his own little wherry in requisition, and proceeded in search of the mysterious object. The night being moonlight he soon espied her under the lee of a neighbouring island, when, as he neared her, he distinctly heard the wild notes of a favourite mountain air, which she, apparently heedlessly, was chaunting. On getting nearer to her, he soon discovered, from her disordered dress, that the peasant was right in his surmises. He approached her with the greatest good-nature, and attempted to get from her an explanation of her mysterious appearance in such a situation, at such an hour; but she replied to his interrogatories with the archness and evasion often peculiar to persons of deranged intellect. With considerable difficulty the divine prevailed on her to accompany him to his home, where she was kindly received by his wife, and every attention paid her which her melancholy situation and the dictates of humanity prescribed.—The following day her friends came into the village in search of her, and she was restored to them amidst tears of joy and gratitude. It appears that her husband was a naval officer, who fell in battle at the storming of Algiers under Lord Exmouth, and that he was peculiarly attached to the little island near which she had been discovered, and where she often accompanied him during his lifetime on parties of pleasure. She was under the care of friends, but had in the dead of night contrived to elude their pursuit, and to get to the still much cherished spot.

#### LORD COCHRANE.

When Lord Cochrane was deprived of his rank in the British Navy, despoiled of his honours, his knighthood, banners of the Bath, &c. kicked out of Henry VII's chapel, after the memorable verdict and sentence following the Stock Exchange persecution, his Lordship, among other things, was required to give up the medallion, &c. of the Order of the Bath, possessed by him as one of the Knights. This he declared he never would do, except into the King's own hands. Those honours had resulted from Royal favour, and the King only should personally take from him such customary peculiarities of the Order as were in his power. The

medal he accordingly kept; but it is now understood he has, by the recent arrivals from South America, returned the medal, with a letter addressed to the King, to be forwarded to his Majesty.—Lady Cochrane is now in this country, and Lord Cochrane is positively coming home; and it is inferred, from his Lordship having so sent the medal, as well as from the speech made by Sir J. Mackintosh in the House of Commons as to the propriety of restoring him, that Lord Cochrane has some expectation, in the event of his returning to England, that he would be restored to his rank in the British Navy. Lord Cochrane certainly returns home, and it is added that he feels so little indebted to "politics," as not to be likely to mingle in party-feuds hereafter. The composition of the letter accompanying the medal is spoken of in the highest terms.

Frederick North, some short time since, on his return from the opera, found the house of his next neighbour but one on fire, and hastened to volunteer his exertions to extinguish it. In order to do this more efficiently, he got on the roof of his own house, and crossed over to that of the house in danger. Here he mistook a window in the roof for leads, and, unluckily, stepped on it; of course he broke through, and came down through the entire house, tumbling down the walled staircase. He received some fractures, and was taken up senseless. It was a long time before he recovered. When he did, he had totally forgotten every thing connected with the accident. He remembered going to the opera, and returning from it; but the fire, and the fall, had totally been obliterated from his brain. Those about him informed him of all these things, and added among the rest, that the gentleman, in whose house he was hurt, had been unremitting in his visits to inquire about him. "Aye," said North, "he was returning my call; for, you know, I *dropped* in on him the other night."

Mr. Campbell has a new poem in the press, entitled "Theodoric," together with a collection of his minor pieces.

Our readers will be pleased to hear that a Second Series of the masterly Sketches entitled "Sayings and Doings," is nearly ready for publication.

A Second Series of the popular Tales entitled "Highways and By-ways," is in a forward state.

Amongst all the inventions of human wit, there is none more admirable than writing; by means whereof a man may copy out his very thoughts, utter his mind without opening his mouth, and signify his pleasure at a thousand mile's distance, and this by the help of twenty-four letters. The several ways of combining these letters amount, as Clavius the Jesuit has taken the pains to compute, to 4,852,616,738,497,664,000 ways.



# SPIRIT

OF THE

## ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

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### ORIGINAL POETRY.

#### AUTUMNAL STANZAS.

THE winds are pillow'd, the sun is shining,  
As if it delighted to cheer the land ;  
Though Autumn's tints are around declining,  
And Decay rears altars on either hand.  
O'er western mountains the dark clouds hover,  
Foretelling the chill of approaching showers ;  
The Summer pride of the woods is over,  
And droop in languor the seeded flowers.

Behold the fields that so lately nourish'd  
For man their treasures of golden grain ;  
Behold the gardens that glowing flourish'd  
With all the splendours of Flora's train ;  
Behold the groves that with leaf and blossom  
Murmured at eve to the west wind's sway,---  
Lo ! all proclaim to the pensive bosom,  
We are of earth, and we pass away !

Oh, thus by the wimpling brook's meander,  
On a Sabbath morn, when all is still,  
It is pure and serene delight to wander,  
For peace encompasseth vale and hill ;  
And the warning tints of the earth before us,  
And the chasten'd hues of the skies above,  
And the red ash leaves that dangle o'er us,  
Like lessons of Faith to the spirit prove.

'Tis now that the thoughtful heart, pervaded  
By a spell that quenches all earthward strife,  
In submission broods over prospects faded,  
And in colours real sees mortal life.  
Oh, shame now to the dark revealings  
Of anger and spleen towards brother man !  
Oh shame to guilt, and all sullied feelings,  
Which midnight consciences shrink to scan !

When we list to the hermit robin singing,  
With a warning voice, 'mid fading bowers,  
Think we not then how life is winging  
On to the tomb, which must soon be ours !  
The past—the past, like a mournful story,  
Lies traced on the map of thought unfur'd ;  
And the future reveals the promised glory  
Of unending spring in another world !

Where are the visions that flash'd and cheated,  
With aurora beauty, our youthful sight ?  
The hopes that we nursed, are they not defeated ?  
Are the loves that bless'd us not quench'd in night ?  
And thus, in abstracted meditation,  
Over vanish'd beauty the spirit grieves,  
Joys lost—friends gone to death's silent nation,  
Are to the heart but its wither'd leaves.

#### PERIODS : WREATHS.

Weave thee a wreath of woodbine, Child !  
'Twill suit thy infant brow ;  
It runs up free in the woodlands wild,  
As tender and frail as thou.

He bound his brow with a woodbine wreath,  
And smiled his playful eye,  
And he lightly skipped o'er the blossomed heath,  
In his young heart's ecstasy.

I saw him not till his manly brow  
Was clouded with thought and care,  
And the smile of youth, and its beauty, now  
No longer wantoned there.

Go, twine thee a crown of the ivy tree,  
And gladden thy loaded breast :  
Bright days may yet shine out for thee,  
And thy bosom again know rest.

Long years rolled on ; and I saw again  
His form in hoary age ;  
His forehead was deeply furrowed then,  
In life's last feeble stage.

O be thy crown, old Man ! I said,  
Of the yew and the cypress made,  
A garland meet for thy silvered head,  
Ere it low in the tomb be laid,

And such is Life, and such is Man  
In his fleeting course below ;  
His little day, that in joy began,  
Must proceed and end in woe :

But another day shall weave for him  
A garland that will not die,  
And his cup of bliss shall o'erflow its brim,---  
He shall live eternally.

## THE BARGE'S CREW.

"Then stretch out and pull away, jolly boys,  
To the mercy of fortune we go;  
We're in for it now,—'tis a folly, boys,  
To be down-hearted, yo, ho!"

**L**ET me see—let me see—who was the last man? Oh, aye, Jack Junk, Billy C—, and the grey mare; and that reminds me too that the grey mare is often the better horse;—ax Sir —, else which on 'em carries the Admiral's flag? But I shan't spin my yarn to-day, though I've got Junk to work upon, if I don't turn the winch better. Jack Junk was a man-of-war's-man every inch of him. He was brought to bed—no, no, I mean born in an arm-chest, cradled in a frigate, rocked by the billows, and nursed by the Captain of the forecastle. He soon came to be a plaything for all hands, quaffed his grog and chewed his pigtail like an angel. As soon as he could speak, the Boatswain's Mate tutored him in the vulgar tongue, taught him to wind his whistle, and whistle to the wind. At six years of age, he had larned to read from the lids of bacca-boxes; and then he served as a powder-monkey under Hawke, and took to squinting because he would watch two guns at the same time, but he supplied his own the best. His head-sheets were flattened in by a spent wad. Well, he went through the usual gradations, from Boatswain's boy to Quarter-master, and always did his duty like a Briton. Jack's in Greenwich now, (for he lost his arm in Duckworth's action in the West Ingees,) and we often cuff away an hour talking about the Barge and old times. Alongside of him, upon the same thwart, was Jem Headfast, a steady old boy, who had been round the other side of the world, and outside of the world, along with Cook. Many a mid-watch he's kept our ports open listening to his tales about their discoveries off Cape Flyaway, and drinking grog with the man in the moon; how he carried the princess Lotochechowquanquischimo, sister to King Longtomjackjemjerryjoe, at one of the Society Isles; how he converted them all, and was going to be made head chief, when the Captain

catch'd him, and give him two dozen for running away; how the giants at Paddygonia were fifteen feet high, and carried their head under their arms; how the New Zealanders were savages, and eat human flesh, and he called them Anthonypopinjays, I think, or some such name; how kind all the ladies were at the Sandwich Isles; and last, how poor Cook was killed. Jem had a kindly heart, and after weathering many a gale and fighting many a battle, he was wrecked in the St. George 98, upon the coast of Jutland; but his life was saved. "That was a dreadful night indeed, (said Jem;) our ship lay struggling upon her beam-ends, groaning and writhing like a giant in the agonies of death, and the darkness which surrounded us was the darkness of the grave. Oh with what anguish we heard the shrieks of our messmates as they buffeted with the waves, and saw their dark forms for a moment while struggling on the white foam of the billows; and then the sea closed over them, and they sank to rise no more! The jury-masts were gone, and every hope had vanished. Hundreds had been washed away by the breakers that beat over us, and the ship could not be expected to hold together much longer. It was determined to get the Admiral upon deck, for he had retired as every exertion was unavailing. I and another descended through the sky-light into the cabin; the lamp was still burning, and threw its dim rays so as just to lighten up the gloomy scene. The Admiral sat in his chair, which was lashed to the deck, his arms folded on the table, and his head resting on them. He raised himself as we approached; but never shall I forget the countenance. He was a father—he was a husband, and his heart fainted within him. Only those who have been in danger like ours can tell the nature of the feelings at such a moment, when every blast is the seaman's knell, and every wave a summons to eternity. He did not fear to die, but he thought of the anguish of those whom he should never see again. I yet see before my eyes the sickly paleness of his face and the

agitation of his look. We slung him, with a couple of ropes under the arms, and he was hoisted upon deck. The officers who remained assisted to secure him to the stump of the mizen-mast. A lantern was brought, and the few survivors who were near, clinging to whatever they could hold by, crowded round, and joined in the prayers which were read by one of the officers. Oh ! what a moment was that, when every heart poured forth its petition in fervency of spirit, while death was waiting to receive his prey. Before the officer had closed the book, and while the Amen yet trembled on their lips, a wild shriek was heard from forward. The wave came like a huge mountain, curling its monstrous head, sparkling with foam, which rendered it more horrible in the blackness of the night—it struck the ship, rending her fore and aft, and engulfed us in its dark abyss. There was a loud yell—it grew fainter—and all was hushed but the howling of the gale and the roaring of the billows. Myself and eleven others alone were saved.” Poor Jem, however, was reserved for another fate ; for, at the close of the war, he became an out-pensioner ; but, still desirous of braving the ocean, he shipped in a West India-man, and made two or three voyages ; but the last trip they were taken by the Pirates, and all hands murdered. Jem used to come and visit us old hulks at Greenwich ; and one day he told us a rum-story of a North-country lad, apprenticed to a Newcastle-man. “D’y e see, (says Jem,) we were laying just below the Dock-gates at Blackwall, waiting for water in, when a Collier brig brought up, and swung alongside of us ; and having nothing much to do, we went below to dinner. Well, aboard comes one of their apprentices to beg a little sugar. ‘I aking off his hat, he preferred his petition to a huge baboon of the Captain’s dressed in a blue jacket and trowsers, with a great furry cap, that was seated on a cask upon the quarter-deck. Jacko took no notice of him, except to grin a bit, while the poor fellow kept booing and booing, like Sir Pertinax Mac-

sycophant in the play ; but, finding all his requests were disregarded, he came forward, and was descending the fore-scuttle, when we demanded what the lad wanted, and whether he couldn’t find any body upon deck ? “Eh, (says Jock,) I saw the auld gentleman of a mate aft there—a deadly sulky-looking sort of a body too, but he would nae answer me.”—“Hush ! (says the Boatswain,) he’ll hear you. That isn’t the Mate, but a passenger we brought home from the island of Jamaica. He’s a very rich sugar-baker, but dreadfully cross and spiteful—we’re all afraid of him.”—“Eh, be good unto us ! (returned the simple lad ;) are all the sugar-bakers like unto him ? ‘They must be a main comical set !” He was directed to go down the half-deck and take a little out of a cask ; but he wouldn’t attempt it till one of his companions descended with him. “Eh, Jammie, (says the first,) did you nae see the ootlandish passenger body sitting aft on the quarter-deck ?”—“Na, Jock, (replied the other,) wha was it ?”—“I dinna ken, but they tellit me he was a sugar-baker from Jemakee ; but such an ugly cat-faced looking—Eh, Sir ! (taking off his hat on observing the monkey grinning at ’em down the hatchway as if listening)—Eh, Sir, ’twas nae you we were talking aboot, but anither gentleman, a sugar-baker in Soonderland. Eh, Sir, we would nae offend your countenance for the world !” However, no persuasions could induce them to come on deck till they were convinced that the gentleman passenger had forgiven them, and gone quietly to his cabin.

Upon the next thwart was Joe Hendersen, him as is Boatswain of the yacht building at Woolwich. Joe was a hair-brained, careless fellow, but open and free-hearted ; ready for any thing, so that it did but promise mischief. He was in the *Triumph* at the Mutiny, and was bow-man of the barge. Well, when Sir E—— left the ship, the boat landed at Sallyport, and Joe runs out the gang-board, while he observed a rough-looking Captain waiting on the beach, who hailed their old skipper with, “Good morning, Sir



Erasmus, good morning."—"Good morning, Captain E——, (replied Sir Erasmus;) I understand you are appointed to the Triumph, and I am very sorry to say you will have a set of mutinous scoundrels to deal with."—"Never fear, Sir Erasmus, I am as mutinous as any of them, and I have no doubt they will speedily discover it." So after shaking hands he jumped into the boat, and they pulled aboard. Well, the hands were turned up, the commission was read, and every one expected a speech, and a speech they had. "I'll tell you what it is, my men: I would advise you to keep a sharp look-out, or I'll hang one half of you." This made them feel

comical; and as soon as the Boat-swain's Mate piped down, a meeting was summoned to know whether they shouldn't send him ashore again; but an old Quarter-master advised to try him first, for says he, "I knows the gemman—he came in at the hawse-holes, and understands what a seaman is; therefore it arn't fair to shove him out of the cabin windows." This settled it, and they never had cause to repent of their delay. But I haven't time to tell you more now, Mr. Editor; however, I'll try and recollect something else about Joe and Captain E—and the old Triumphs, as, d'ye see, they are all connected with the Barge's Crew. AN OLD SAILOR.

### LETTER FROM WILLIAM COBBETT

TO MR. JAMES, AUTHOR OF NAVAL OCCURRENCES, &c.

Kensington, 22d July, 1824.

YOU have sent me a copy of the above named work, with a note containing your '*compliments*.' In page 359 of the work, you quote the following words from the New Annual Register for 1814. 'It would seem, too, that, when we were victorious over the Americans by sea, we were generally indebted for our success, to a greater superiority than even they had when they were successful.' This was perfectly true; and even far within the truth; for, in many cases, they were victorious with an *inferior force*, both in men and guns. Yet, having quoted this remark from the Annual Register, you ask: 'Could an American Editor, or Mr. Cobbett, have uttered a more *unblushing falsehood* than is contained in this effusion of *spleen*? And that, too, from so *respectable* a work as the Annual Register?'

After this, no respectable man will expect me to treat you with any sort of *ceremony*. I am about to remark on the book that you have sent me, and in which I find the above passage; and I shall unquestionably ascribe its infinite mass of lies to *intention*, to what it is evidently meant to obtain you, namely, the favour of Blue and Buff, and the sale of your poor, shuffling, badly written book, before you attempted to make which, you ought to have besought some one to teach you how to put words into sentences.

Before I proceed to remark on the contents of your book, I will observe, that I had given you no sort of *provocation* to speak of me as a notorious retailer of impudent falsehoods. You published your book, it seems, in 1817. Not only then had I never offended you; not only had I never even heard of you; but, never did I

hear of you or your work; never once heard either named, until Capt. Phillimore, by going to your house and beating you, introduced you and your book to the public.

Another preliminary remark. The moment I heard of the beating, I said, that I strongly suspected that you *deserved it*; not for exposing the faults of the naval officers; but for your endeavours to *hide those faults* and to *gloss over* the shocking disgraces which we incurred during the war with America. Never, as I shall clearly show, was suspicion better founded! Nothing can have a more mischievous tendency. It is to do all that you can to prevent such a change in the Navy as shall enable us to face the foe another time. It is basely sacrificing the interests of the country to your own interest, gratified by the sale of your book to those whom you flattered and apologized for. Never did man *better deserve a beating* from some hand or other; but, really, it was ungrateful in *Blue and Buff* to *lay on the stick*! The devil will, I should suppose, pretty nearly get you for the lies that you have told to screen Blue and Buff; and, for *them* to beat you! Oh! it is too much! I would, if I were in your place, put forward, to the Court of King's Bench, the great merit, public spirit, and patriotism shown by my lying at such an uncommon rate. 'Here,' I would say, 'see, my Lord, and Gentlemen of the Jury, how I have lied for the honour of our beloved country!' And then, turning round my naked shoulders, I would exclaim, 'and, behold my reward!'

I shall now make some remarks on your book, which, from its very manner of beginning, from its very tone at the outset, bids us expect a tissue of *miserable apologies*. When, *un'til now*, did the historian of

English naval fights think it necessary to write a preliminary essay on the nature of timber and shot, on weight of metal, on the effect of this or that sort of powder, and the like? But, I am a little before my story, and will return to it presently. When, until now, did the historian of English naval fights think it necessary to set out with a sweeping declaration, that *all the accounts of the enemy were false*? With boundless abuse of all belonging to that enemy? These are very bad signs: and these signs we find in almost every page of your history. I have only to notice your base attack on the American Commander, Porter, in order to show how shameless your conduct has been in this respect.

In your preface, you say, that you shall not meddle with the *causes* of the war. That was a very *impartial* resolution to be sure! The cause of the war was a very singular one, and was very necessary to be mentioned. You would not say any thing either, as to the *manner* in which it was conducted by the two parties. Why so shy upon these points? You can go out of your way often enough to abuse the Americans collectively and individually; and yet you will not say a word upon the cause of the war, of the manner of conducting it! Singular forbearance, in a man whose every page teems with abuse of the enemy!

With your leave, I will, however, say a little upon both these points; and, if there be any blood beneath that skin of yours; if there be any pores in that skin through which for the blood to appear, pray, Mr. James, do prepare to treat us to a little blush for once in your lifetime.

The cause of the war, and the *sole* cause of the war, was the *impressment* of *American scamen* on board of American ships by English men of war on the high seas. This was the sole cause of the war. And was it not cause enough? Was there ever any thing more unjust, cruel, or tyrannical, than to take Americans out of their ships, put them on board of our ships of war, take them for years away from their home, parents, and friends; compel them to expose their lives in fighting for us, and fighting too against their own friends and allies? This was the real and sole cause of the war; and it ought to have been stated by a man who was about to give an account of the manner in which these Americans fought to avenge their wrongs.

Now, as connected with this matter, let me come to your abuse of Commodore Porter; and, in observing upon that abuse, I will show what a surprising hypocrite you are. You tell us at page 85, that Sir James Lucas Yeo felt indignant, at reading in the public papers of the ill treatment of a "*British Sailor*" by Captain, or Commodore Porter. You tell us that Sir James expressed his contempt of Captain Porter for "*this ill treatment of a British Sailor.*" You tell us that Sir James Lucas Yeo was very likely to express his *abhorrence* of the

occasion of this treatment. Your humanity breaks forth upon this occasion. You rival Sir James in his tender feelings for the poor British sailor. In short, the exceedingly well known humanity of all such persons, seems to have been very predominant upon this occasion. But here you were less cunning than you generally have been. You give us the injured British subject's *deposition*. You were foolish for that. You should have confined yourself to a round assertion *without any particulars*. Particulars are always injurious to historians like you. You begin the story of the ill-treated British subject thus: "Shortly after the declaration of war, Captain Porter ill-used a British subject, for '*refusing to fight against his country.*'" You should have *stopped there*; for, though every one who knows any thing of the Americans would have been sure that this is a most wicked lie; yet as only a small part of the people of England do know the Americans in this respect, the lie might have passed currently enough; but you, like a very foolish man, must refer to the New-York paper for the truth of your assertion; and must insert, forsooth, the deposition of the *ill-used* Englishman, who was, and who proves himself to have been, a most profligately fraudulent scoundrel, who deserved a hundred thousand times the punishment that Captain Porter inflicted upon him. However, here is the scoundrel's deposition, as inserted by yourself.

"The deposition states, that John Ewing was born in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, England: that he resided within the United States since 1800, and has never been naturalized; that, on the 14th of October, 1811, he entered on board the *Essex*, and joined her at Norfolk; that Captain Porter, on the 25th of June, 1812, caused all hands to be piped on deck to take the oath of allegiance to the United States, and gave them to understand, that any man who did not choose to do so should be discharged: that when deponent heard his name called, he told the Captain that, *being a British subject*, he must refuse taking the oath; on which the Captain spoke to the petty officers, and told them that they must pass sentence upon him; that they then put him into the petty launch which lay alongside the frigate, and here poured a bucket of tar over him, and then laid on a quantity of feathers, having first stripped him naked from the waist; that they then rowed him ashore, *stern foremost*, and landed him. That he wandered about, from street to street, in this condition, until Mr Ford took him into his shop, to save him from the crowd then beginning to assemble; that he staid there until the police magistrate took him away, and put him in the city-prison for protection, where he was *cleansed and clothed*. None of the citizens molested or insulted him. He says he had a protection, which he bought of a man in Salem, of the same name and description with himself, for four shillings and six pence, which

he got renewed at the Custom-House, Norfolk! He says he gave, as an additional reason to the Captain why he did not choose to fight against his country, that if he should be taken prisoner, he would certainly be hung.

Here, then, this villain confesses that he entered on board the American ship *Essex*, and got the bounty, of course; that he did this as an American citizen; that he imposed upon the American Captain and officers, by means of a certificate of birth, which he had bought at Salem, from an American of the same name and description with himself; and that he had even got the certificate renewed at Norfolk. He could not get this done without a false oath; but, when the scoundrel was called up to take the oath of allegiance to the United States, he, with his false certificate in his pocket, put forward his character of British subject, in order to get discharged, and to cheat the United States out of the bounty!

And, Mr. James, humane Mr. James, this is the British subject, is it, on account of whose treatment, by Captain Porter, Sir James Lucas Yeo felt so indignant! Oh! hypocrisy! these are the days of thy power! But, come, Mr. Historian, Mr. Sincerity; come, what was this ill-treatment?—Was it flaying alive, or pretty nearly flaying alive, such as we shall see an innocent and gallant American seaman experiencing? No; Captain Porter, or rather his petty officers, *turred and feathered* the atrocious, the fraudulent, the hypocritical, the perjured villain. They then rowed him ashore, 'stern foremost,' and landed him. He was, and Captain Porter knew very well that he would be '*cleansed and clothed*' by the people of Norfolk; and there the detestable villain was left to claim his birth-right as an Englishman, to enjoy the friendship of Sir James Lucas Yeo and to have you for his historian and eulogist!

Now for a proof of your *sincerity*. You know very well what had been the treatment of American seamen impressed by our ships of war; but, not one single word would you say of that. I have recently republished the case of James Tompkins, of Ulster county, New York; but I will here republish it again. The reader will observe, that these things were the *cause of the war*, and of all the disgrace that arose out of that war.

"*Duchess County, state of New-York---ss:*

"James Tompkins, being sworn, saith, that he is a native of Ulster county, opposite Poughkeepsie; that he sailed out of New-York in the month of April, 1812, in the ship *Minerva*, bound to Ireland; that, on the homeward-bound passage, in July after, this deponent, with three other American seamen, Samuel Davis, William Young, and John Brown, were impressed, and taken on board of the British ship *Action*, David Smith, Captain: We were taken on Saturday evening; on Monday morning we were brought to the gangway, and informed we must enter on board ship, and live as other seamen, or we should live on oatmeal and water, and receive five dozen

lashes. This deponent says, himself and the other three impressed with him, did refuse to enter, and each of them were then *whipped five dozen lashes*. On Wednesday following we were again brought up, and had the same offer made to us to enter, which we refused, and we were again *whipped five dozen lashes each*. On Saturday after, the like offer was made to us, and, on our refusal, we were again whipped three dozen lashes each. On Monday following, still refusing to enter, we were again whipped two dozen each. On Wednesday following we were again whipped one dozen each and ordered to be taken below and put in irons till we did enter; and the Captain said, he would punish the damned Yankee rascals till they did enter. We were then put in irons, and laid in irons three months. During the time of our imprisonment the ship had an action, and captured a French ship. Before this action, we were taken out of irons, and asked to fight, but we refused; and after the action, we were again ironed, till the ship arrived at London. After arriving there, we first heard of the war with America, and that the *Guerriere* was taken. This deponent took his shirt, Samuel Davis and Wm. Young took their handkerchiefs, made stripes and stars for the American colours, and hung it over a gun, and gave three cheers for the victory. The next morning at six o'clock, we were brought up and whipped two dozen lashes each, for huzzaing for the Yankee flag. Shortly after this we were all released, by the assistance of the American Consul and Captain Hall, who knew us. This deponent further saith, that they had all protections, and showed them and claimed to be Americans at the time they were impressed. JAMES TOMPKINS."

"Sworn before me, this 17th day of April, 1813, at which time the said James Tompkins showed me his wrists, which, at his request, I examined, and there appeared to be marks and scars on both of them, occasioned, as I suppose, from his having been in irons. WM. W. BOGARDUS, Just. Peace."

I call upon the reader to compare the treatment of these four innocent, gallant, and faithful men, with the treatment of the villain for whom you affect to have felt so much compassion. I beg of the reader to observe, that you say not one word of these instances of intolerable oppression; that you keep a guarded silence upon this subject; I beg of the reader to observe this, and then I am sure he will not want any thing to enable him to make a just estimate of your sincerity. I do not, and I never did, take upon me to VOUCH for the truth of these American affidavits. I say, as I always said, that there is not a man on earth who would more sincerely rejoice to see these affidavits contradicted in form, and from authority. But, never have they been thus contradicted; and they contained a statement of those allegations which, true or false, produced that war of indelible disgrace to England, to disguise or disfigure the facts of which war, is the object of the work of which you have sent me a copy; for which work you say that you have received the applause of the Duke of Clarence, and for which you have my hearty contempt.

I now return to notice the novelty of your manner of beginning to write a history of



English naval fights. As I observed before, one can see from the preface to your book, that it is going to contain a string of *miserable apologies*. Your whole book contains 528 pages of your own writing, 100 pages of which are occupied with preparing the reader for the defeats which are to follow. What, employ a hundred pages in order to show that the English ships could not be expected to be a match for the American ships! The sight of these hundred pages is quite enough for any moderate man. However, my readers shall have a little specimen of your preparatory motions. They shall see your ingenious string of reasons why the American frigate *Constitution* ought to beat and capture the *Guerriere*!

What would, at any former time, have been said of such an attempt? An attempt to prove that an English ship *ought* to be beaten by an American frigate. However, let us first quote the passage, and remark upon it afterwards. It is the beginning of a Chapter. You plead as if it were for your life. Had you been the Captain of the *Guerriere* you yourself could not have pleaded with more zeal. I am sure that the reader will say that this extract itself ought to have saved your back from the wrath of Sir John Phillimore.

"From the battle of Trafalgar to the peace of 1815, [you begin far off, indeed!] three-fourths of the British navy, at sea, were constantly employed in blockading the fleets of their enemies. Of the remainder, such as escaped the dull business of convoying, cruised about; but the only hostile ships that, in general, crossed their tracks, were disguised neutrals from whom no hard knocks could be expected. Once a year or so, the capture of a French frigate by a British one gave a momentary fillip to the service.

"A succession of insipid cruises necessarily begat, among both officers and men, habits of inattention. The situation of gunner on board our ships became almost a sinecure. A twenty years' war of itself, was sufficient to wear out the strength of our seamen; but a laxity of discipline, in all the essentials of a man of war's man, produced a much more sensible effect.

"Instead of the sturdy occupation of handling the ships' guns, now seldom used but on salutes, the men were taught to polish the traversing-bars, elevating screws, copper on the bits, &c. by way of ornament to the quarter-deck. Such of the crew as escaped this menial office, (from the unnecessary wear it occasions, lately forbidden by an order from the Board of Admiralty) were set to reefing and unreefing the top-sails, against time, preparatory to a match with any other of His Majesty's ships that might happen to fall in company.

"Many were the noble exceptions to this, and many were the commanders, who, despising what was either finical or useless, and still hoping to signalize themselves by some gallant exploit, spared no pains, consistent with their limited means and the restraints of the service, to have their ships, at all times, as men of war should be, in *boxing trim*.

"As Napoleon extended his sway over the European continent, the British navy, that perpetual blight upon his hopes, *required to be extended also*. British oak and British seamen, *alike scarce, contract-ships* were

*hastily built up with soft wood and light frames*; and then, manned with an *impressed crew*, chiefly of raw hands and *small boys*, sent forth to assert the rights, and maintain the character, of Britons, upon the ocean. In June, 1812, when the war with America commenced, the British navy consisted of 746 ships in commission. Had these have been cleared of *all the foreigners and ineffective hands*, how many ships would the remainder have properly manned?

"To the long duration of war, and the rapid increase of the navy, may be added a third cause of the scarcity of seamen; the enormous increase of the army. In December, 1812, we had, in regulars alone, 229,149 men. How many frigates could have been manned, and well manned, too, by draughts from the light dragoons and the light infantry regiments? Nor is there a question--so inviting were the bounties--that *prime seamen* would have enlisted in both.

"The crews of our ships experienced a fourth reduction in strength by the establishment, about six years ago, of the battalion-marines; a corps embodied for the purpose of acting on shore in conjunction with the seamen and marines of the ships. The battalion-marines, about 2000 in number, consisted of the *pick* of the Royal marines, which, accordingly, became reduced to weak, undersized men, and very young recruits. Marines ought to be among the stoutest men in the ship, because until engaged in close action, their station is at the guns, where great physical strength is required. Except on a few occasions in Canada and the Chesapeake, the battalion marines, altho' as fine a body of men as any in the two services, have remained comparatively idle.

"The *canker worm* that, in the shape of *neglect*, had so long been preying upon the *vitals of the British navy*, could not exist among the *few ships composing the navy of the United States*. America's *half a dozen frigates* claimed the whole of her attention. These she had constructed upon the *most improved principles*, both for *sailing* and for *war*. Considering that the ramparts of a battery should have, for one object, the shelter of the men stationed at it, she had built up the sides of her ships in the most compact manner; and the *utmost ingenuity* had been exerted, and expense bestowed, in their final equipment.

"With respect to seamen, America had, for many years previous to the war, been *decoying the men from our ships* by every artful stratagem. The best of these were rated as petty officers. *Many British seamen had entered on board American merchant vessels*; and the numerous non-intercourse and embargo bills, in existence at different periods during the four years preceding the war, threw many merchant sailors out of employment. So that the U. S. ships of war, in their preparations for active warfare, had to pick their compliments from a numerous body of seamen.

"Highly to the credit of the naval administration of the United States, the *men were taught the practical rules of gunnery*; and ten shot, with the necessary powder, were allowed to be expended in play, to make one hit in earnest.

"Very distinct from the American seamen, so called, are the American marines.

They are chiefly made up of natives of the country; and a deserter from the British would be here no acquisition. In the United States, every man may hunt or shoot among the wild animals of the forest. The young peasant or *back-woodsman* carries a a rifled-barrel gun the moment he can lift one to his shoulder, and woe to the duck or deer that attempts to pass him within fair range of piece. To collect these expert marksmen, when of a proper age, officers are sent into the western parts of the Union; and to embody and finish drilling them, a marine barrack is established near the city of Washington, from which depot the ships are regularly supplied.

"No one act of the little navy of the United States had been at all calculated to gain the respect of the British. First was seen the Chesapeake allowing herself to be beaten with impunity by a British ship, only nominally superior to her. Then the huge frigate *President* attacks, and fights for nearly three quarters of an hour, the British sloop *Little Belt*. And, even since the war, the same *President* at the head of a squadron, makes a bungling business of chasing the *Belvidere*.

"While, therefore, a feeling towards America, bordering on contempt, had unhappily possessed the mind of the British naval officer, rendering him more than usually careless and opinionative, the American naval officer, having been taught to regard his new foe with a *portion of dread*, sailed forth to meet him with the whole of his energies roused. A moment's reflection assured him that his country's honour was now in his hands; and what, in the breast of man could be a stronger incitement to extraordinary exertions?

"Thus situated were the navies of the two countries, when H. M. ship *Guerriere*, with damaged masts, a reduced compliment, and in absolute need of that thorough refit, for which she was then, after a very long cruise, speeding to Halifax, encountered the U. S. ship *Constitution*, seventeen days only from port, manned with a full compliment, and in all respects fitted for war."

Bravo! and yet cruel Blue and Buff gives you the *bastinado*! Was ever such a story as this told before! The Americans had decoyed our seamen away; they had got backwoodsmen put up into their tops; the canker-worm of neglect had been preying upon our poor navy; British oak had become scarce; ours were contract ships; they had been built in haste; with soft wood and light frames. We had seven hundred and forty-six ships in commission, but manned chiefly with impressed men, raw hands and small boys, a great number of both of whom were foreigners! Shocking state of things! the long war had made us forget how to fight; our officers as well as men had contracted the habit of inattention. We had lost our skill, our discipline, our strength of body, and our every thing that was good. According to you, Mr. James, "*Coriona*, pride of *Drury Lane*, for whom no shepherd sighs in vain," was not in a worse plight when she waked in the morning:

"A pigeon pick'd her issue peas;

"And flock her tresses fill'd with fleas."

I will quote no further; but this strolling trumpet does not, according the poet's ac-

count, appear to have been in a more miserable, destitute, forlorn, disordered, rascally, and rotten state, than that which you give us as the state of the British Navy. But, impudent liar; foul toad-eater; why did you forget to state, that this rascally, rotten thing, cost, at the very time you speak of, upwards of twenty millions a year! Verily, an historian worthy of Blue and Buff!

Then, from this poor old rotten thing; this worn-out, this battered, this dejected thing, you turn our attention to the half dozen nice American frigates, "constructed upon the most approved principles both for sailing and for war!" These were, surely, not those "half dozen of fir frigates with bits of striped bunting flying at their mast-heads," of which Mr. CANNING talked in that very year, 1812!

We had seven hundred and forty-six ships in commission; but what were these to the six frigates of the Americans! Constructed as they were upon the most approved principles! Bless us! Six dreadful frigates! We had seven hundred and forty more than they to be sure. But, then, we had no backwoodsmen to place in the round tops. Oh! backwoodsmen are the devil! and the worst of it is, that we shall never be able to get any backwoodsmen; so that, as far as this goes, we are sure to be beaten.

Such was your preface to the defeat of the *Guerriere*. As to the defeat itself; it produced a still more melancholy description. The *Guerriere*'s powder was damp; her mainmast had been struck by lightning some months previous to the action; she sailed very much by the head; but, the great thing of all appears to have been, that "*HER BREECHINGS WERE ROTTEN*," and she had no ropes left to repair her breechings! Shocking state to fight in! The strings of the waistband broken, and no tape to make new ones with! Look, then, compassionate reader, look at the poor *GUERRIERE*, with her breeches about her heels, and the *CONSTITUTION* laying on upon her hip and thigh!

It is impossible to be serious upon such a subject. Such pitiful, such miserable excuses never were offered before.

Amongst these excuses, there is, however, one worthy of particular notice. You say, or rather you ask: "Were it possible that the *Constitution* ship's company could have been inspected by the officers of the British navy, *how many*, besides the commissioned officers, and the riflemen, who would have proved to be native Americans?" You mean to insinuate that a large part of the crew were British seamen; but, Mr. James, suppose this to have been the case, yours were *all* British seamen; and what then is the conclusion? Why, that the victory was gained in consequence of the *Constitution* having *American officers*. You insinuate a falsehood, Mr. James; but, if it were a truth, it would only bring additional dishonour upon Blue and Buff. This, therefore, is a very bad excuse; not quite so ridiculous, but certainly much more suspicious, than the breaking loose of the guns, owing to the rottenness of the breechings.

I must notice here a circumstance well worthy of the reader's attention. It discovers to us a species of meanness which I believe to be without parallel previous to this disgraceful war. Captain Dacres, while a



prisoner at Boston, said in his official letter to Admiral Sawyer, "I feel it my duty to state, that the conduct of Captain Hull and his officers to our men, has been that of a brave enemy, the greatest care being taken to prevent our men from losing the smallest trifle, and the greatest attention being paid to the wounded." This is what Captain Dacres said at Boston. When, however, he came before the court-martial at Halifax, he accused these same American officers of breach of promise; and you, Mr. James, are pleased to add, that the English sailors were *robbed* by the Americans of the contents of their bags! You produce no proof of this; it is your bare assertion; and, I dare say, that one more false never was made.

The like of this meanness, however, happened in several instances. While prisoners with the Americans, great gratitude was frequently expressed for the kind and generous treatment which those prisoners received; but, at subsequent periods, these acknowledgments were retracted; and, in most cases, with very ungrateful accusations. And, here, (having omitted it before,) let me say a word or two on the manner of conducting the war. You decline to do this; and well you may; for the contrast is not such as would have suited your purpose.

When the war broke out, we had on board of our ships a great number of Americans, whom we had pressed in the manner in which James Tompkins and his three brave associates were impressed. We had, by the usual well-known means, compelled the poor fellows to serve us. We have recently seen an instance, in which it was sworn that one of them had a pistol placed to his temple, to *compel him to fight against his own countrymen*. But what did we do with them generally? Why, **WE MADE THEM PRISONERS OF WAR!** Answer that, Mr. James. We took them off the decks of our own ships, where many of them had been compelled to serve us for years, where many of them had been wounded several times; we took them from those decks and **SHUT THEM UP IN OUR PRISONS**, and kept them there to be exchanged against our people that the Americans might take in war. The world never saw the like of this before. I, who am an Englishman, despise and detest an American who pretends that he can forgive this; and, were I an American, I would destroy such a wretch as soon as I would destroy a toad or an adder. It is a thing that never will be forgotten or forgiven. The Americans are all humanity and generosity towards prisoners that fall into their power; but they never can forgive this; they never can pardon England for this unpardonable offence against them.

Many of the American prisoners, who had been taken from serving us on the decks of our ships of war, were imprisoned at DARTMOOR. They endeavoured to make their escape; and **MANY OF THEM WERE SHOT BY OUR SOLDIERS!** And, do you believe, Mr. James, that this is forgotten in America? Foolish man are you, and foolish men are your patrons, if they believe this. In thousands of houses in America, the names of the men shot at DARTMOOR are written and put upon the walls, and written

too, in human blood! Such things ought to be remembered. It argues a want of justice to forget them, and not to resent them. How did the Americans treat their prisoners of war, lawfully made prisoners? I believe that they never put any of them into prison at all. I believe that it was mere nominal imprisonment. Barracks, jails, dungeons, make no part of their system. They went no further, I believe, than what is called *parole of honour*. Poor Lord Liverpool, in a speech in the House of Lords, during the war, told the House that the Americans treated our people whom they had prisoners of war, more like friends and brethren than like enemies, whence that sagacious nobleman concluded, that the American people disapproved of their own Government for going to war with us, and that they were desirous "*of placing themselves under the protection of his Majesty's government!*" And it really required the beating which our people got at Lake Champlain and Plattsburg, to convince the profound premier of his great mistake. The Americans do not wreak their vengeance on prisoners of war. They inflict vengeance on haughty foes that are in arms. And now I think of it, Mr. James, what sort of prisoner were you in America? The first sentence of your book tells us that you were a prisoner there, and the third sentence tells us that you effected your escape. In a hundred parts of your book you accuse the Americans of falsehood and of foul dealing: it would not have been amiss, therefore, if you had explained to us in what kind of imprisonment you were in the United States. This explanation was fully due to a public, before whom you were placing yourself as an accuser-general of the American naval historians, and as a voucher-general for facts which directly contradicted the official statements of the American commanders. In many of the cases, you tell us that there is *no British official account of the battle*. This is particularly the case with regard to the memorable victory (so painful for an Englishman to think on) gained by the single frigate CONSTITUTION over the LEVANT and CYANE. You, with all the assurface imaginable, contradict the American commander, upon what you call the authority of "*British officers engaged*," but you take special care *not to name* any of those officers! This you do in many of those instances, and particularly in the case of the British defeats. In the instance of the St. Lawrence beaten by the American ship CHASSEUR, you say, "*no British official account has been published: but unofficial accounts state*;" and then you go on with your own story. It is you, therefore, whose accounts we receive; it is upon your authority that the contradiction is given to the American official accounts. It became you, then, sir, before you attempted to pass your word for so much, to tell us what kind of prison that was, from which in the United States, you "*effected your escape*,"—whether it was a prison made of bricks, mortar, and bars, or a prison formed only by your *parole*, or word; and if the latter, how you contrived to effect your escape from it without doing that which is commonly called *breach of parole*. If this was the way you effected your escape, you ought when you



come forward to vouch for facts in opposition to the American official statements, to bring somebody to vouch for yourself.

But, besides the treatment of their prisoners of war, how great was the difference in the manner of the two countries in conducting the war! It will be very long before the conduct of the English at *Hampton* will be forgotten. The visit to the *old man upon his death bed*, will long be remembered in the United States. You complain bitterly of the publication of private letters by authority of the Captain of the *Chasseur*. I well remember the publication of those private letters, and that they discovered scenes and motives of meanness, selfishness, low cunning, base greediness, such as I do trust in God no man with one drop of *English* blood in him is capable of being guilty of. The Captain of the *Chasseur* performed a duty to his country, to our country, and to the world. Those letters would have become shop-lifters in London. Such people can never uphold the glory of a country. A country *must sink* if they have any thing to do with her affairs.

You give us an account of the military operations at Washington, and of those at Alexandria. Your pretext is, that the fleet had something to do with those operations. But, had not the fleet also something to do with the affair at New-Orleans? Did not the fleet assist in achieving that inextinguishable defeat and disgrace? Did not the *COCHRANES* and *COCKBURNS* assist to gain for us that which Paddy would call "*father of a beating*?" Yet not a word do you say about the affair of New-Orleans. You suppress it altogether; and those who read your history, without having heard of the thumping at New-Orleans, must be unable to believe it possible that such a thing ever took place. This is your way of writing *inpartial* history!

There was one thing, however, which, one would suppose, you could not have omitted. Your gallant countrymen (of whom more another time) *took away a parcel of negroes from Virginia*. Strange that you should not mention this achievement! You dwell with great minuteness on their exploits at Washington; but say not a word about this negro expedition; which expedition, by-the-bye, **WE HAVE YET TO PAY FOR**. Whether the sum will be hundreds of thousands of pounds, is more than I can say; but, in a short time, we shall have the comfort of knowing what it is. Yet, not a word do you tell us about this part of the achievements of the navy. In short, you suppress every thing calculated to give us a true impression of the naval occurrences of which you profess to be the historian.

Before I dismiss these remarks, I will give the public a specimen or two of your manner of apologizing for Blue and Buff. When the schooner *St. Lawrence* was beaten by the *Chasseur* brig, which were, as nearly as possible, of equal force, the former was carrying despatches from Cockburn, or Cochrane, to some other commander, about the peace; the American attacked her, and took her in about fifteen minutes. Now let us hear the apology. "Men are not in the best trim for fighting, *just upon hearing the news of peace*; sailors are then dwelling upon their discharge from servitude, the sight of

their long absent friends, all the ties of their homes and families!" Shocking! Despicable! A navy has come to a pretty pass indeed, when such apologies can be offered for its defeats, and fast failing is the nation that can accept of such an apology.

I shall give one more instance of your miserable apologies. The *CONSTITUTION* American frigate was attacked by two British ships, the *Levant* and the *Cyane*, the former carrying 34 guns, and the latter 21. The American frigate appears to have mounted 56 guns, but then, as every one must see, the two ships had greatly the advantage. Indeed, they were aware that they should have the advantage! for you yourself say, that they resolved to attack her, and she *beat and captured them both*! And let us hear your crying account of this affair.

"On the 20th of February, 1815, H. M. ships *Levant* and *Cyane*, were proceeding in company, a few days out from Gibraltar, bound to the Western Islands. About 1 o'clock in the afternoon a strange sail was seen by the *Cyane*, upon her weather bow; her consort, the *Levant*, Captain Douglass, then hull down to leeward. The *Cyane* stood on until about 4 o'clock; when, having ascertained the character of the stranger, Captain Gordon Falcon bore up to speak the Commodore. At about quarter past 5, the two ships passed within hail of each other. Captain Douglass, the senior officer, resolved to engage the enemy's frigate, in hopes, by disabling her, to prevent her intercepting two valuable convoys, that sailed from Gibraltar about the same time as the *Levant* and *Cyane*. Both Commanders, at this time, fully believed that she was the American frigate *Constitution*: having received intelligence, before leaving port, of her being in their intended track.

"The two ships now tried for the weather-gage, but, finding they could not obtain it, they bore up, in hopes to prolong the engagement until night, when, by manœuvring in the dark, they might effect their object. The superior sailing of the *Constitution*, however, defeated that plan also; and, at 45 minutes past 5, the *Levant* and *Cyane*, hauled to the wind on the starboard-tack. No British official account of this action has been published; therefore, the details are taken, partly from the American accounts, and partly from the information of the British officers engaged.

"The *Constitution* had previously fired her bow-chasers at the *Cyane*, without effect, her shot falling short; and, now, having the two British ships under the command of her main-deck battery (they being at a distance from her of full three-quarters of a mile) she commenced firing her broadsides. Both ships returned her fire; but having only carronades, their shot fell short, while the *Constitution's* 24 pound shot were cutting to pieces their sails and rigging. As the British became gradually disabled, the *Constitution* shortened her distance; and, by her superiority in sailing, and working, frequently raked both her opponents.

"It is stated in the American '*Minutes of the Action*,' that, when the firing commenced, the contending ships were 'about 300 yards distant.' According to the positive testimony of the British officers, examined at the court-martial, the distance was, as

stated before, nearly three quarters of a mile. The object in framing this assertion, is evident. It is to show that the British had the use of their carronades from the first; and that the Constitution did not keep out of range, until she had crippled both ships.

"At about 35 minutes past six, was without a brace or a bow-line, except the larboard fore-brace. Yet, seeing her consort exposed to a heavy raking fire, owing to the Constitution having fired across her, she gallantly stood in between them, and received the broadside. The firing continued at intervals for a few minutes longer, when the Cyane turned the hands up to refit the rigging. Before that could be accomplished, the Constitution had taken a position on her larboard quarter, within hail. Being now totally unmanageable; with most of her standing and running rigging gone; main and mizzen-masts tottering, and other principal spars wounded; several shot in the hull, nine or ten of which were between wind and water; five carronades disabled, chiefly by the drawing of the bolts and starting of the cheeks; and the Levant having bore up to repair damages, since 6 40, and being now two miles to leeward, still bearing away; the Cyane fired a lee-gun, and hoisted a light as a signal of submission (see p. 433;) and, soon after seven, was taken possession of by the Constitution.

"At 8 15, which was as soon as the Levant had rove new braces, the gallant little ship again hauled her wind, to ascertain the fate of her companion, as well as to renew the desperate contest. On approaching the two ships, Captain Douglas, with a boldness bordering on rashness, ranged close alongside the Constitution, to leeward, being unable to weather her, and the two ships, on opposite tack, exchanged broadsides. This, by the American account, was at half past 8. The Constitution immediately wore under the Levant's stern, and raked her with a second broadside. At 9 30, Captain Douglas, finding that the Cyane had undoubtedly struck her colours, put again before the wind: in doing which, the Levant received several raking broadsides, had her wheel shot away, and her lower masts badly wounded. To fire her stern-chase guns, and to steer at the same time, was impossible, owing to a *sad mistake* in the construction of this new class of vessels! Seeing the Constitution ranging upon the larboard quarter, the Levant, at 10 p. m. by the American, and 10 40 by the British account, struck her colours to the 'gigantic enemy.'

"One could almost cry out, shame! shame! at the Constitution firing successive broadsides into such a ship as the Levant. It is surprising that she did not sink her. Had the Levant, on first bearing away, continued her course, she might have escaped; but that would have appeared like deserting her consort; and personal consideration in battle was never the characteristic of a DOUGLAS.

"The reader has, no doubt, already discovered the important variation between Captain Stewart's official letter (App. No. 108,) and the "Minutes of the Action," (No. 109,) by some unaccountable blunder of the Americans, published along with it. According to the latter, the two ships were captured at successive periods, three hours

and ten minutes apart; yet, says the former, both of which, after a spirited action of FORTY MINUTES, surrendered to the ship under my command! After this a *compliment* to British gallantry could not be expected; yet the advance of the Levant, at half past eight, and her ranging close up, and exchanging broadsides, with such an adversary would have elicited admiration from the breast of a Turk!

"The Levant lost 6 seamen and marines, killed, and an officer, and 11 seamen and marines wounded. The Cyane had 6 killed, and 13 wounded; total, 12 killed and 39 wounded. Captain Stewart, to make the complements of the ship appear greater than they were, states 23 as the killed, of the former ship, and 12, the latter. This is now become a stale trick, and scarcely deserves notice. The smallness of the British loss in this action shows clearly, that the Americans had already begun to relax in their discipline. The Constitution's fire, considering the disparity of force, falls far beneath the very worst of ours.

"Old Ironsides, as, from her strength and compactness she is very properly called in the United States, was too successful in keeping out of carronade-range, to allow many shot to reach her. Some, however, lodged in her sides; and a few others, it may be presumed, found their way through; or we should not hear of 6 men killed and mortally wounded, and 6 others wounded, severely and slightly. That both British commanders had drilled their men at the guns, is proved by the precision of their fire, during the short period that their carronades could reach.

"The Levant mounted 21 guns; eighteen carronades, 32-pounders, two long 9-pounders, and a 12-pound lanch carronade. Her established complement was 135 men and boys; but she had in the action 115 men and 16 boys; total, 131. Her marines were young raw recruits, that scarcely knew how to handle their muskets; and, although considered as *men*, would all have been rated as *boys* in the American service.

"The Cyane was a *deep-waisted* or a *frigate-built ship*, and mounted 33 guns, twenty-two carronades, 35-pounders, upon the main-deck, eight carronades, 18-pounders, an 18-pound lanch carronade, and two long 9-pounders, upon the quarter-deck and fore-castle. Not another gun did she mount; yet Captain Stewart has given her an additional 18-pound carronade, and two long 12's in lieu of 9's; and, in the "Sketches of the War," all her 'thirty-four guns' are described as 32-pound carronades!

"The established complement of the Cyane was 191 men, and 24 (including 12 supernumerary) boys: total 185. But on the morning of the action, she was deficient, in petty-officers and able seamen, 16, and had a surplus of two boys; making her complement, in this action, 145 men, and 26 boys; total, 171. Of this number, 4 men were sick and not at quarters. In computing his prisoners Captain Stewart has committed a mistake; which, added to



that respecting the killed of the two British ships, making their united complements appear greater than they were by 34 men.

"Three of the Cyane's men deserted to the Americans; but, generally, the two crews resisted the repeated offers to enlist with the enemy. It was stated by the British officers, at the court-martial, that the crews of the two ships were, for three weeks, kept constantly in the Constitution's hold, with both hands and legs in irons, and there allowed but three pints of water during the 24 hours. This, too, in a tropical climate! It was further proved, that, after the expiration of three weeks, upon the application of *Capt. Douglas*, one third of the men were allowed to be on deck four hours out of the 24, but had not the means of walking, being still in irons; that, on mustering the crews when they were landed at Maranh, five of the *Levant's* boys were missing; that, upon application and search for them, two of them were found locked up in the American captain of marines cabin; that a black man at Maranh was employed as a crimp and *enticed one of the Levant's boys to enter the American service*. Upon these facts, let the reader employ his own thoughts: if he possesses a *British heart*, he will need no prompter."

"*British heart*," indeed! Where was the British heart when James Tompkins and his comrades were impressed! Where was the British heart when they were so treated day after day? But who is to believe this story? It is nobody's story but yours; it is your own miserable story; and entitled to no belief. *You have no British official account of the action*. Does not this speak volumes! Would there not have been such official account of the action, if a good excuse could have been made out for this defeat and capture! You take your details, you say, partly from the information of the British officers engaged. Why do you not name one at least of the number. You talk of *Capt. Douglas*, and you say, with a species of national vanity that deserves not only beating but kicking, that "personal consideration in battle was never the character of a DOUGLAS." A Douglas indeed! Why not of a Douglas, you ridiculous coxcomb? Sad experience has taught me that roguery in collecting money is characteristic enough of "*a Douglas*," for "*a Douglas*" once robbed me in this way of a pretty many thousands of dollars. This, however, is a specimen of the nauseous flattery which you never fail to bestow on every Scotch officer that comes in your way.

Your story about the *breast of a Turk* might do well enough, if we could possibly believe the fact that you state; but upon what ground are we to believe you? You are flatly contradicted by the American official account; and there is no English official account. Were not the English Government pretty good judges of what they ought to do in such a case? If they did not publish their official account, had

they not their *reasons* for it, think you? In short, Captain Stewart says that he captured the two ships in forty minutes; and what ground is there for disbelieving him?

You are exceedingly offended at the *boastings* of the Americans. You have forgot all Dibdin's songs, I suppose? You have forgot all the songs, and all the odes, and all the plays, of all the pensioned parasites? You have forgot *Neptune* coming in his watery car to surrender his trident to that wonderful hero, King George the Third? You have forgot, doubtless, all the disgusting, all the sickening, all the loathsome, all the literary, vomit-producing flattery incessantly poured forth upon our navy, and all connected with it? Of all the boasters upon the face of this earth, we have been the greatest, the most shameless, the most contemptible and ridiculous.

However, it was not until 1814, that this boasting assumed a regular official character. Then it was that the *victory of the Serpentine River* came to crown all the boastings of this nation of boasters. You complain that *Capt. Stewart*, after capturing the two English ships, "*was welcomed at Boston by federal salutes; that he landed under a salute; that he was escorted to the Exchange Coffee-house by troops, amidst the repeated cheers of citizens of both sexes, who filled the streets, wharves, and vessels, and occupied the houses, while a band of music played national airs*." You are exceedingly offended at this, and seem to curse the manager of the play-house for having craved leave to announce, that the gallant Captain Stewart and the officers of the Constitution would, in *their full uniform, honour the Theatre with their presence*. You seem to be enraged at this enthusiasm of the people, and at this little trick of the play-house men; and yet not one word did you say about the victory on the Serpentine river!

On that famous sea in Hyde Park, the two fleets met, in order to give the foreign sovereigns, their whiskered followers, and the enlightened people of this royal Wen, ocular demonstration of the superiority of British skill and valour. The Yankees were superior in number of ships, and guns. Long and obstinate was the fight, but, at last, as the newspapers told us, "*the shouts of half a million of people communicated to the sky that Britannia still ruled the waves!*"

The citizens of Boston were very soon afterwards taking their turn; but, they had *something* to boast of. One of their ships had taken two English ships, which, every man must allow, ought to have taken her. There was really something to boast of. If you had been there, indeed, to explain to them, as you have done to me in pages 466 and 467, that the *Levant* was "*built of fir*;" that the *Cyane's* "*timbers were rotten*;" that her "*breeching bolts drew out*;" if you had been present at Boston to explain all this, as nicely as you have explained it to me, how you would have set the



Yankees a laughing! The play-house would have been the place for you to go to, where you would have occasioned more entertainment than all the other actors in the scenery. If you had told the Bostonians, as you told me, "that the Cyane was so slow that every merchant vessel ran by her, and that the Levant's officers declared that she could but just out sail her companion," how the Yankees would have laughed! They would have wondered, as I do, first, that there should have been two such ships in that glorious great British navy; second, that "*a Douglas*," and a *Gordon Falcon*, should have got into two such ships; and, third, that, being in two such ships, they should have gone in pursuit of the Constitution, with a view to disable her, if not to take her.

I have no room for more, and more, I trust, is not necessary. I cannot, however, conclude without bestowing my serious reprehension on your endeavours to disguise, to gloss over, to palliate, the inglorious acts of which you pretend to have written the history.—When a disposition to do this is entertained by a people, that people is manifestly destined to sink. The disposition arises from their not daring to look truth in the face. It arises from their consciousness of inability to recover what they have lost. God forbid that such a disposition should become general in England; but if you do not produce this mischievous, dishonourable disposition, it seems to me it will be for want of ability, and not for want of desire. It is invariably the case that the greediness for praise is in an inverse proportion to the merit of the party. Of this you have probably experienced the truth; but there arises a further inconvenience, and that is, when you have begun to bestow unjust praise, you lay the foundation of claim upon you to proceed to all lengths in the same course. After writing the book which you have sent to me, and upon which I have made these observations, there is nothing in the way of praise that any officer in the navy has not a right to demand of you; and if you refuse, I see no reason why you should not be liable to his lash.

To the officers of the navy I beg leave to observe, that I deem their profession highly honourable; that I think it ought to be held in great esteem by the people; that I deem the navy of the greatest importance to the country; that I am convinced that it would require the greatest skill and most undaunted courage on their part to enable them to maintain the dominion of the seas; and that to induce them to attain to this skill and to display this courage, they are not, I trust, to be told that a few pounds difference in weight of metal, that

a few tons difference in point of size, or that a few men or boys more or less, will ever be thought of by their country a sufficient ground of apology for their pulling down of that flag, which has for so many ages been borne triumphant through the seas.

To the government I say, that there must be a new system of promotion, and a new rate and manner of distributing prize money. Captain Dacres was indignant at seeing British seamen on board the American frigate which had beaten and captured him. He was particularly offended at an Irishman, whom he saw sitting coolly making buck-shot to fire at his countrymen. Alas! remember poor Cashman, who was hanged as a rioter, in 1817! Think of his fate and the buck-shot will sink out of your sight. Read his address to the judge who condemned him, and the buck-shot will wholly escape from your mind:

"My Lord: I hope you will excuse a poor friendless sailor for occupying your time. Had I died fighting the battles of my country, I should have gloried in it; but I confess that it grieves me to think of suffering like a robber, when I call God to witness that I have passed whole days together without even a morsel of bread, rather than violate the laws. I have served my king for many years, and often fought for my country. I have received *nine wounds in the service*, and never before have been charged with any offence. I have been at sea all my life, and my father was killed on board the Diana frigate. I came to London, my Lord, *to endeavour to recover my pay and prize money*, but being unsuccessful was reduced to the greatest distress, and being poor and penniless, I have not been able to bring forward witnesses to prove my innocence, or even to acquaint my brave officers, or I am sure they would all have come forward in my behalf. The gentlemen who have sworn against me must have mistook me for some other person, there being many sailors in the mob; but I freely forgive them, and I hope God will also forgive them, for I solemnly declare that I committed no act of violence whatever."

This poor fellow made a will and left his prize money to his brothers! He had been many months starving in London. He was an Irishman, and as brave a man as ever died.—There can be no doubt that if Cashman had received, in time, the money due to him, he would never have been in the mob upon that occasion.

I have not time to write any thing more at present. I break off abruptly; but a man like you merits no ceremony from

WM. COBBETT.

## LETTER FROM MISS INDIGO AT WORTHING, TO HER FRIEND MISS MARIA LOUISA MAZARINE IN LONDON.

"I know very well that those who are commonly called learned women, have lost all manner of credit by their impertinent talkativeness and conceit of themselves!—it is a wrong method and ill choice of books that makes them just so much the worse for what they have read."

*Swift's Letter to a Young Lady.*

**A** H! my dearest Maria Louisa! you who are still enjoying at the Institution the lectures of the most elegant of all professors; you who twice a week have an opportunity of witnessing his ingenious experiments in pneumatics, aërostatics, and hydrostatics, while he explains all the different *'ologies* of the alphabet, from anthology to zoology! you who are, perhaps, at this moment inhaling the gas of nitrous oxide or gas of paradise, how do I envy you your sensations and associations! Most joyfully do I sit down to perform my promise of writing an account of my journey to Worthing, not to indulge in the frivolous tittle-tattle to which so many of our sex are addicted, but to attempt a scientific journal worthy of our studies, and of the opportunities afforded us by our constant attendance at so many of the learned lectures in London. Nothing occurred on the road worthy of particular mention: the indications of the barometer, the mean temperature of the thermometer, and the contents of the pluviometer, will be found in the tables which we have agreed to interchange weekly. In the meadows through which we occasionally passed, I observed several fine specimens of the mammalia class of quadrupeds, such as the *bos taurus*, or common ox; the *ovis aries*, of Linnæus, or sheep; the *equus caballus*, or horse; the *asinus*, or ass, both Jenny and Jack; and the *capra hircus*, or common goat, both Billy and Nanny. By-the-by these vulgar methods of discriminating genders are very unscientific, and may often lead to mistakes. Learned language cannot be too precise.

In the hedges, I recognised some curious flowers, particularly the *bellis*, of the order *polygamia superflua*, vulgò the daisy; the cardamine, to which Shakspeare has given the vulgar name of the lady's smock; the *caltha*, or marigold, with its radiated discous flower, to which the lower orders as-

sign a coarser appellation; *culverkeys*, mentioned in Walton's Angler; mithridate mustard, or charlock; the *primula*, or primrose; violets, (you remember Shakspeare's sweet lines

"Violets dim,

But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,  
Or Cytherea's breath;")

*lotium* and *fumaria*, or darnel and fumatory, ingredients in the wreath of the broken-hearted Ophelia; together with several fine specimens of the *carduus*, or common thistle.

On our arrival at Worthing, we dined with our friends the Tomkins family, where we had the *scapula* of the *ovis*, or a shoulder of mutton, with a sauce of macerated *cepeæ*, two birds of the gallinaceous tribe served with *sissymbrium*, or water-cresses, and the customary vegetables of *brassica*, *lactuca*, and *spinacia*, through none of which the aqueous fluid had been sufficiently allowed to percolate. There was also soup which retained so considerable a portion of caloric, that it scalded my palatic *epidermis*, and the *piper nigrum*, or black pepper, with which it was seasoned occasioned a very unpleasant degree of titillation in the whole of the oral region. In the afternoon, the water in the kettle not having been raised to 212 of Fahrenheit, or that point at which evaporation commences, the *thea viridis*, or green tea, formed an imperfect decoction, in which state, I believe, its diaphoretic qualities are injurious. Mrs. Tomkins declared she never drank any thing herself but the simple element; but I informed her that if she meant water, it was by no means a simple element, but compounded of oxygen and hydrogen; and I availed myself of this opportunity for instructing her that atmospheric air is also a mixture, containing about seventy-three parts of azotic, and twenty-seven of oxygen gas, at which the ignorant creature only exclaimed, "Well, I have seen myself a good many red gashes across the sky, particularly at sunset."

She was dressed in a gown woven from the filaments of the *phalæna bombyx*, or silkworm, dyed in a red tincture of the small insect called *coccus ilicis* by Linnæus, which is found on the bark of the *quercus coccifera*. By way of changing the conversation, which was turning upon Mrs. T——'s proficiency in music, I asked her in allusion to the geological controversy, whether she preferred the Vulcanian or the Neptunian systems, when the silly girl replied with a stare that she had not heard of either of the tunes !!

But, my dearest Maria Louisa, I may confess to you, that I am daily more and more horrified by the sad blunders of mamma, who has not, like us, received the benefits of scientific instruction, and yet, while she sits at the window knitting, will every now and then catch a word which she fancies she understands, and betray the most pitiable ignorance in her attempts to join the conversation—For instance, while I was this morning explaining to Miss Tomkins the difference between hydrogen and oxygen, she exclaimed, without taking her eyes from her work, "Well, it's a liquor I never taste myself, but in my time Booth's was reckoned the best gin." We had been visiting a house in which I complained of an unpleasant empyreuma. "Child!" cried mamma, "I think an empty room a very unpleasant thing certainly, but you may depend upon it, there was not one in the whole house." While I was maintaining that bismuth and cobalt were different ores, she imagined in her imperfect hearing, and still more deficient comprehension, that I was talking of the two London coaches, and added with a nod, "Yes, my dear, they start at different hours, the Sidmouth at six in the morning, and the Cobourg at eight in the evening." After dinner, I took occasion to observe that cheese was obtained from curd by separating the whey by expression, when she told me there was no way of expression, no, not all the talking in the world, that would ever make a cheese !! Alluding to a short essay I had written upon the reflection of light, she interrupted me by desiring I would not indulge in light reflec-

tions, as I should be only subjecting myself to similar remarks from others; and when I was describing a resinous matter obtained by precipitation, she shook her head and exclaimed, "Impossible, child, nothing is ever gotten by precipitation: your poor dear father was always telling you not to do things in such a violent hurry."—Upon my explaining to a friend that antimony derived its name from its having been indulged in too freely by some monks, she cried "There, my dear, you *must* be mistaken, for monks, you know, can have nothing to do with matrimony;" and once when the professor showed me a lump of mineral earth, and I enquired whether it was friable, she ejaculated "Friable, you simpleton! no, nor boilable neither; why, it isn't good to eat." These are but a few specimens of her lamentable ignorance; in point of acute misapprehension she exceeds even Mrs. Malaprop herself, and you cannot conceive the humiliation to which I am constantly subjected by these exposures.

As to the experiments, I have not yet ventured upon many, for having occasioned a small solution of continuity in the skin of my forefinger by an accidental incision, I have been obliged to apply a styptic secured by a ligature. By placing some butter, however, in a temperature of 96, I succeeded in reducing it to a deliquescent state; and by the usual refrigerating process, I believe I should have reconverted it into a gelatine, but that it refused to coagulate, owing, doubtless, to some defect in the apparatus. You are aware that a phosphorescent light emanates from several species of fish in an incipient state of putrefaction, to which has been attributed the iridescent appearance of the sea at certain seasons. For the illustration of this curious property, I hoarded a mackarel in a closet for several days, and it was already beginning to be most interestingly luminous, when mamma, who had for some time been complaining of a horrid stench in the house, discovered my hidden treasure, and ordered the servant to toss it on a dunghill, observing that she expected sooner or later to be poisoned alive



by my nasty nonsense. Mamma has no nose for experimental philosophy; no more have I, you will say, for yesterday I was walking with a prism before my eyes, comparing the different rays of the *spectrum* with Newton's theory, I came full bump against an open door, which drove the sharp edge of the glass against the cartilaginous projection of the nose, occasioning much sternutation, and a considerable discharge of blood from the nasal emunctories. The mucus of the nose is certainly the same substance as our tears, but being more exposed to the air becomes more viscid, from the mucilage absorbing oxygen. By means of nitrate of silver, I have also formed some crystals of Diana, and I have been eminently successful in making detonating powder, although the last explosion happening to occur at night, just as our next-door neighbour Alderman Heavisides was reading of the tremendous thunderbolt that fell in the gentleman's garden at Holloway, he took it for granted he had been visited by a similar phenomenon, and in this apprehension shuffled down stairs upon his nether extremity, being prevented from walking by the gout, ejaculating all the way "Lord have mercy upon us! fire! murder!"—Upon discovering the cause of his alarm, he declared that the blue-stocking hussey, (meaning me) ought to be sent to the Tread-mill, and mamma says she fully expects we shall shortly be indicted for a nuisance.

In conchology, I cannot boast of any very important additions to my collection, having encountered few of what Hatchett calls the porcellaneous class, and none of the multivalves. Among the bivalves, however, I have met some curious specimens of the *Ostrea edulis*, or common oyster, the *cardium* or cockle, as well as several of the winkle and periwinkle class. While walking with my cousin George, who, as you well know, laughs at all my studies, and loses no opportunity of making a bad pun, we were accosted by a fisherman who asked us to buy some beautiful specimens of the *mytilus*, or common muscle, but George would not let me purchase, declaring that he was a staunch Hellenist, and during the pres-

ent glorious struggle would never give the least encouragement to a Mussulman.

But geology, or to speak more accurately geognosy, my favourite study, ah! my dearest Maria Louisa, could you imagine that I would leave my researches for a moment unprosecuted? No, no, I have pursued them with enthusiasm. Providing myself with a hammer and basket, I mounted a donkey, and, George accompanying me upon his favourite colt, we proceeded to the Downs, where we soon discovered a chalk-pit, exhibiting strata of flint in a horizontal direction, and some describing an angle of forty-five degrees, occasioned apparently by partial subsidence of the soil. Being obliged to beat my donkey severely to get him forward, George observed that I was giving him a specimen of *wacke*, and as the colt whinnied, and the ass made a grunting noise, he added that I might now make an addition of *whinstone* and *gruntstein* to my collection. A piece of granite in a state of disintegration, displayed an interesting union of quartz, feldspar, and mica; and I stumbled upon a bit of sandstone or grit, divided by fissure into parallel pipeds. While I was admiring it, George came galloping up to inform me he had just discovered two beautiful specimens, one of *amygdaloid*, or toadstone, and the other of *primitive trap*, and as I had just been reading of the latter in Mr. Jameson's Sketch of the Wernerian Geognosy, I eagerly hastened to the spot. Guess my disappointment, my dearest Maria Louisa, when I found the former to consist of a large toad squatted upon a great pebble; and the latter to be nothing but a hole dug in the turf, and provided with a springe to catch wheat-ears, which George with a horse-laugh maintained to be an indisputable example of primitive trap. By way of making amends, however, for this unfeeling joke, he declared, with a very serious face, that he had passed a perfect specimen of quartz, and assisting me to dismount, he clambered with me to the top of a steep hill, and pointing to a sheep-pond appealed to my own candid bosom whether it did not contain a great many quarts of dirty water.

Being determined to submit no longer to such egregious foolery; feeling moreover considerable craving in the digestive ventricle; and a stiffness in my knees from want of synovia to lu-

bricate the capsular ligaments, I remounted my donkey, made the best of my way home, and have devoted the afternoon to the present narrative of my scientific achievements.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### BALLAD.

1.

"AWAY! away to Normandy!  
Up, up, my son, and ride!  
And bring with thee, from that famed countree,  
A ladye for thy bride.  
The maidens there are gay and fair  
As the blossoms on the tree;  
Away! away! ere break of day  
To merry Normandy.

2.

Array thyself in thy best attire,  
And with words of honey speak,  
And thou'lt call the smile to many an eye,  
And the blood to many a cheek:  
Be kind to the meanest thou may'st meet,  
And to the lofty—free:  
Not in vain thou'lt ride, for a ladye-bride  
Shall be thine in Normandy.

3.

Seek out the noblest dame of all,  
And whisper in her ear,  
That thou lov'st her more than ever before  
Lov'd knight and cavalier.  
Say she is fairer than summer rose,  
(As thy father said to me),  
And thou'lt bring at thy side a wealthy bride  
From merry Normandy."

4.

"No! mother, no! I cannot part  
With the maiden of my home:  
A bride more kind I shall never find,  
Though the whole world through I roam.  
No! mother, no! I cannot leave  
My own beloved countree;  
Though 'tis bleak and wild, I still am its child,  
And want not Normandy.

5.

But I will don my best attire,  
And seek my lovely girl,  
Whose eyes are bright as the clear starlight,  
And whose teeth are white as pearl.  
And thou wilt own that the rose just blown  
Is not more fair than she;  
And that she may claim as pure a name  
As the best of Normandy.

6.

In the day of age she'll cherish thee  
With all a daughter's care,  
And walk with thee, and talk with thee,  
And bind thy silvery hair.  
She will bring to thee Spring's earliest flowers,  
And fruits from the choicest tree;  
And thou wilt forget, and ne'er regret,  
The maids of Normandy.

7.

She will guide thee when thy limbs are weak,  
And thy sight begins to fail;  
Or breathe a song, and when nights are long  
Beguile them with a tale.  
And when thou'rt gone to the sleep of death,  
(Oh! distant may that be!)  
She will wet thy bier with many a tear,  
Though not of Normandy."

8.

"My son, put on thy best attire,  
And seek thy lovely girl,  
Whose eyes are bright as the clear star-light,  
And whose teeth are white as pearl.  
And may she prove a source of love  
When I have pass'd from thee,  
And ever claim as pure a name  
As the best of Normandy."

### MEMENTO MORI. INSCRIBED ON A TOMBSTONE.

WHEN you look on my grave,  
And behold how they wave—  
The cypress, the yew, and the willow—  
You think 'tis the breeze  
That gives motion to these,—  
'Tis the laughter that's shaking my pillow!  
I must laugh when I see  
A poor insect like thee  
Dare to pity the fate thou must own:

Let a few moments slide,  
We shall lie side by side,  
And crumble to dust, bone for bone!

Go weep thine own doom!  
Thou wert born for the tomb,  
Thou hast lived, like myself, but to die;  
Whilst thou pity'st my lot,  
Secure fool! thou'st forgot  
Thou art no more immortal than I!

### ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG GIRL.

BEAUTY and Virtue crown'd thee!  
Death in thy youth hath found thee!  
Thou'rt gone to thy grave  
By the soft willow-wave,  
And flowrets are weeping around thee!

The sun salutes thee early,  
The stars begem thee rarely,  
Then why should we weep  
When we see thee asleep  
Mid a world that loves thee so dearly?

## AMERICAN WRITERS.

ONE is continually hearing more or less, about American literature, of late, as if there were any such thing in the world as American literature; or any such thing in the United States of North America, as a body of native literature—the production of native writers—bearing any sort of national character, either of wisdom or beauty—heavy or light—*or* having any established authority, even among the people of the United States. And go where one will, since the apparition of one American writer among us, (of whom a word or two more by and by,) some half-a-dozen stories and story-books; a little good poetry, (with some very bad poems;) four or five respectable, and as many more trumpery novels—with a book or two about theology—one is pretty sure to hear the most ridiculous and exaggerated misrepresentations, one way or the other, for or against *American* authorship, as if American authorship (so far as it goes) were anything different from English, or Scotch, or Irish authorship; as if there were any decided nationality in the style or manner of a book-maker in America who writes English, or endeavours to write English—to set him apart, or distinguish him from a book-maker in the United kingdom, who is engaged in the same business.

With two exceptions, or at the most three, there is no American writer who would not pass just as readily for an English writer, as for an American, whatever were the subject upon which he was writing; and these three are PAULDING, NEAL, and CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN, of whom we shall speak separately in due time.

We have hitherto underrated, or, more properly speaking, overlooked the American writers. But we are now running into a contrary extreme; abundantly overrating some, and in a fair way, if a decided stand be not taken against the popular infatuation, of neglecting our own for the encouragement of American talent.

Give the Americans fair play—

*that* we owe to ourselves. Deal justly with all who venture upon the perilous life of authorship—a life that ends oftener than any other in a broken heart, or a disordered mind—*that* we owe to humanity.

But if we would not over-cuddle the young American writers; kill them with kindness; turn their heads with our trumpeting, or produce a fatal revulsion in the popular mind, let us never make a prodigious fuss about any American book, which, if it were English, would produce little or no sensation. It is the sure way to defeat our own plans in the long run, however profound our calculations may be. Honesty is the best policy after all,—even for booksellers.

It is only insulting the Americans, whom we desire to conciliate by our gentlemanly candour, if we so cry up any tolerable book of theirs, as if it were a wonder to meet with anything tolerable from an American writer.

These noisy rushes of popularity never do any good. They are alike affronting to our countrymen and to the Americans; injurious to our literary men, and ruinous to theirs. They discourage ours, and spoil theirs; or, what is quite sure to be fatal, they provoke a calm, severe investigation of the grounds upon which judgment has been rendered.

The truth is, that there are more American writers in every branch of literature, and they are more respectable, ten times over, than our countrymen would readily believe: but then, there is no one of them whose works would abide a temperate, firm, unsparing examination, as a *standard* in its way, much less a conspiracy to write it down. We happen to know something of the matter, and without any professions of impartiality, (leaving our behaviour to speak for us on that score,) shall proceed in arranging it systematically, after a few observations.

Our arrangement will be alphabetical, so that those who happen to know the name of any American author,



may be able to tell, at a glance, what he has written; while others who know only the work, by referring to the title of the class, may learn the name of the author.

Some of these American writers have been very popular of late, and all are aiming to become so—as who, indeed, is not, even among our own countrymen! But let them be wary. Nothing is more short-lived than violent popularity. It is the tempestuous brightness of a moment—a single moment only—the sound of passing music—the brief blossoming of summer flowers.

Let them remember, that there is one law of nature, which governs alike through all creation. It is one to which all things, animate and inanimate, are subject; and which, if it were thought of, would make men tremble at sudden popularity. It is this—That which is a given time in coming to maturity, shall abide a like time without beginning to decay; and be a like time again in returning to the earth.

It is a law alike of the animal, the vegetable, and the mineral kingdom, applicable alike to the productions of nature and of art.

The longest-lived animals are the longest in coming to maturity. Diamonds, it is thought, since the discoveries of Professor Silliman, may require ages to consummate their virtues; other crystals are formed instantaneously. But the diamond is indestructible, and the latter dissolve in your breath.

Some islands are formed by accretion, and others are thrown up all at once from the bottom of the ocean. Ages and ages will pass away, without obliterating the vestiges of the former, while the others will disappear as they came, in a single night, leaving no record of their having been, but in the sea-legend of the mariner, or in the conflicting testimony of men upon the same voyage, who had hardly ever lost sight of one another, as their great ships went over the place of contention.

Cities, that are whole centuries in building, flourish for centuries, and

are centuries in dropping away; trees, that are a hundred years in coming to maturity, abide for another hundred years, without shaking to the blast, and sink away into dust and ruin again, like the very pyramids. Yet—yet—cities have sprung up in a season, and flowers in a night. But for what?—only for the one to be abandoned, and the other blighted, in the next revolution of the season or the sun.

Let no man be in a hurry about getting a reputation. That reputation is not worth having, which can be had easily, or in a little time.

Why is it that we are astonished at the first efforts of the unknown? It is for that very reason—it is because they *are* unknown. They have grown up in “brave neglect,” in wind and storm; disclosed their powers unexpectedly, without being intimidated or abashed by observation, or worried and fretted with public guardianship. It were better for the very giants to be unknown; and better for all, who would have their progeny either grand or beautiful, to bring forth all their young in the solitude, or the mountain. The world, and the temptations of the world, only enfeeble and enervate them. A sickly offspring is produced with more hardship in the crowded atmosphere of a city, than young lions in the wilderness.

Why is it that the sons of extraordinary men do not more frequently grow to the stature of their fathers? It is because they are intimidated and discouraged by continual comparison *with* their fathers: It is because they are awed and pestered out of their natural way, by the perpetual guardianship of that public, who never fail to spoil whatever they take a liking to: It is because they are overshadowed by the giants of whom they are born, and compared every hour, from their childhood up, with great full-grown men, who, if *they* had been watched over in the same way, would never have been full-grown men. Few things under heaven will endure the guardianship of a multitude, and fewer still, their tyranny and caprice.

The plants of genius, like children or costly flower-trees, may require continual attention, but then it is not the attention of the world—that only spoils them—it is the attention of the few, the sincere, and the delicate.

Why is it, that we are continually amazed at the *first* efforts—and with only the first efforts—of a thousand wonderful young men? *It is because they were not popular.* It is because we expected nothing from them, and they knew it. After their first essay, no matter in what department of art or science, they were known—and of course popular. Our expectations became unreasonable; we worked them beyond all decency,—all humanity. We called upon them to produce, in a few years, or perhaps a few months, amid the bustle, strangeness, and confusion of a great city, that which would be more wonderful than their first effort, though *that* had been the production of many years, in the spring-time of their heart's valour—in solitude—and had appeared even to ourselves miraculous.

So with all mankind. They never permit the same person to astonish them a second time, if they know it. To be astonished, indeed!—what is it but an imputation upon their breeding, foresight, wisdom, and experience? So they set their faces against it.—They seek, as it were, to avenge themselves for having been surprised into anything so ungenteel as a stare, (of astonishment, I mean,) by resolving never to be caught again—by him—whatever he may do.

Let him do better a second time, and he will appear to do worse. Do what he will, they are, and always will be, disappointed. But it is a thousand to one that he does worse. He becomes, on a second appearance, neither one thing nor another. One minute he will repeat himself; the next he will imitate himself, with variations, in those passages, attitudes, and peculiarities, which have taken well; then he will be caught with a sudden whim, (like an only child,) trusting to the partiality of his friends, or to his reputation for genius or eccentricity—coquetting timidly with

popular favour, in awkward imitation of established favourites, who do what *they* please, and are liked the better for it; then, without any sort of notice or preparation, he will be seized with a sudden paroxysm of originality. He springs into his saddle—up goes the whip, and he precipitates himself, head foremost, at some object, which other people dare not venture upon. But, just at the critical moment, just when nothing but desperation *can* carry him through, his heart fails him, he pulls up, (like the inexperienced rider, who gives whip and spur over the field, and check at a five-bar gate;) and finishes the adventure either by shutting his eyes and breaking his neck, or by turning aside with a laugh that is anything but natural or hearty, or with some unprofitable appeal to the indulgence of a jaded and disappointed public, as if any public ever cared a farthing for one of their pets, after a tumble or a balk.

The unknown do well at first, *because they are unknown*; because nothing was expected of them; because they had everything to gain, and nothing to lose. That made them fearless of heart. And they do badly, in a second effort, because their whole situation is reversed; because they are known—because too much is expected of them; and because, in one word, they have everything to lose, and nothing to gain.

That very reputation, in the pursuit of which they have accomplished incredible things—when overtaken, is a crushing load—a destroying power, upon all their finer and more sensible faculties. Hence it is, that some distinguished men (like Scott and Byron) so often venture anonymously, or under fictitious names, into the field, whenever they begin to distrust the partiality of the public, or to suspect the mischievous influence of that partiality, upon themselves, or their weapons. There is no other way to reassure their own hearts, when they begin to doubt a diminution of edge or power—they must on with their ponderous armour once more—away from the banquetting place—and scout

the world anew, under a blank pen-non, or a blank shield : and hence is it, that the course of others (like Moore and Southey) is one eternal zig-zag—through every kind of prose, and every kind of poetry—on every subject—now on one side of the question—now on the other.

All are striving by these expedients to avoid the inevitable catastrophe of popular favour : to prolong their dominion ; to keep off the evil day ; when, whatever may have been their merit, their thrones will be demolished ; their crowns trampled on, and their sceptres quenched, by that very multitude who have built pyramids, and burnt incense to them.

The world are unreasonable ; and always unmerciful to the second essay of every man—(that is, to his next effort after that which has made him known) but they always appear to the candidate himself, of course, far more unreasonable and unmerciful than they are. And hence is it, that ninety-nine times out of one hundred, nothing more is ever heard of him. He generally perishes in obscurity, sore and sick at heart, or dies cursing the caprice of the world.—Indeed—indeed—that reputation is not worth having which can be easily obtained.

The truth is, that we dread this kind of popularity, not only for others, but, strange as it may seem, for ourselves ; and we would seriously admonish all young writers to be on their guard against it—never to relax—never to lie upon their oars. Beside, there is a kind of reputation that rises about one, like the sea, while, to the common observer who looks only at the surface, it may appear to be receding : and there is another, which goes on slowly, accumulating against the barriers and obstacles which oppose it, until they give way on every side at last, and only serve to augment the power and impetus of that which has overborne them.

But, while we put those who are popular upon their guard against popularity ; and apprise others, who are slowly and silently making their way into popular favour, of how much they have to be thankful for, in the

neglect of the public—we may as well add a word or two of encouragement for all, by assuring them that the multitude are never long insensible to extraordinary power ; that sooner or later, opportunity *will* arrive to the watchful and brave ; that those who deserve to succeed, *will*, one day or other, succeed ; and that good sense, enthusiasm, perseverance, and originality, combined, are never unsuccessful, or out of fashion for a long time together.

Now, then, for the *American Writers*, whom we shall introduce as we have said before, in alphabetical order.

ADAMS JOHN QUINCY—SON OF JOHN ADAMS, late President of the United States America—is himself one of the candidates (of whom we gave some account in a late Number) for the next Presidency.—There is little or no doubt of his election, at this time.

Mr. Adams was born in New-England ; educated at Harvard University ; made no great figure there ; studied law ; wrote some common-place poetry ; (which has been recently reproduced by certain of his political partizans, in aid of his pretensions to the chair ; (as if the writing of tolerable poetry were a serious qualification for the office of a chief magistrate over ten millions of people :) and went forth with into political training, under the eyes of some American minister, to some European court.

Mr. Adams is a fine scholar ; a capital politician ; an admirable writer ; and a profound statesman. He has lived nearly all his life in the courts of Europe ; and is familiar with all the trick and accomplishment of diplomacy, without having been corrupted by it.

He has written only one book ; but that comes nearer to the character of a standard in its way, than any other American work, except the *Federalist*, which is, and very deservedly too, a sort of national boast in America.

This book, by Mr. Adams, is a series of lectures upon judicial and popular eloquence, delivered by himself at



Harvard University, an American college, near Boston, Massachusetts, which, from the number and variety of its professors, and the respectability of its endowments, really deserves the name of university. It is an able and beautiful production; and will, after all, perpetuate his name and character among those who may never know of, or care for, his having been President of the United States.

AMES, FISHER—A New-Englander also; a political writer; a fine orator; a lawyer, and an honest man. No vestiges remain of him, though he wrote continually for the journals and papers of the day, except a volume or two of essays and orations, which are not remarkable for any particular excellence, although when the latter were delivered by him spontaneously, the sober people of New-England were affected and wrought upon by them, as their more fervid brethren of the south were by the eloquence of Patrick Henry himself.

ALLEN, PAUL—History—Poetry—Miscellany. This gentleman, after he wrote *Lewis and Clarke's Journal*—(for which office he was chosen, we believe, by the American government, on account of his literary character—chosen, we mean, by intimation, probably from the Secretary of State)—was pronounced by no less a man than Mr. Jefferson himself, (as we have heard from high authority,) to be the very best, or one of the two best writers of America. This became publicly known, and was a great advantage to Mr. Allen, who took rank soon after over everybody in the country, except Robert Walsh, jun. esq. a gentleman (well known here) of whom we shall speak in due season.

Mr. Allen is a native of Providence, Rhode Island, one of the New-England States, and never was out of America. He was educated for the bar; took to poetry at an early age; read of Dr. Franklin, and, like him, resolved to seek his fortune—at Philadelphia.

Having arrived in that city, (then the quaker London of America,) he soon became engaged as a writer for the *United States Gazette*, or *Bronson's Gazette*, as it was called; a pa-

per well known in Europe for the uncommon ability and eloquence of its writers; and, soon after, in the *Port Folio*, (a periodical miscellany of high reputation, till it fell into the hands of the present editor,) to which he largely contributed, until a few years before the last war between America and Great Britain, when the Federal party of Maryland being about to establish a newspaper for political purposes, engaged Mr. Allen for editor. It was called the *Telegraph*; and, soon after, became incorporated with the *Federal Republican*. Out of these two papers, after their junction, grew the *Baltimore mob*, of which we have heard in this country—a mob that might have been overawed in ten minutes by a single company of horse, or half a hundred serious, determined men; and, perhaps, (had they been properly countenanced by the authorities of the city,) without any military aid, by the constables and police; a mob, however, that got possession of the town, (one of sixty thousand inhabitants)—blockaded the streets—demolished a large printing establishment—broke open the public prison—a fortress in appearance, into which a number of distinguished political men of the Federal party had been beguiled by the mayor, under pretence of providing for their safety—beat, mangled, and tortured all whom they found there politically obnoxious to themselves; and, finally, murdered an old revolutionary officer, (General Lingan).\*

Mr. Allen persevered, however, until the political animosity of the two parties having subsided—and the war being over—it was no longer a field worthy of him. Then he established the *Journal of the Times*, which held up its head only for a few months—abandoned that—and, finally, set up a newspaper, quite of a literary character, called the *Morning Chronicle*, which holds a very high rank among the American newspapers: and that—where newspapers are everything and where the ablest men of the

\* And were never punished for it—so much for mobs in that country.

country are most frequently to be found writing for them—is no common praise.

He remains editor of that paper to this day. His literary works are, (other than a world of miscellany, to be found in the journals and newspapers,) a poem, called *Noah*; a *History of the American Revolution*, of which he wrote nothing but the preface, which, I am certain, does not exceed three pages; *Lewis and Clarke's Tour*, (a compilation)—and—nothing more. Yet Mr. Jefferson has placed him at the head of the American literati.

Mr. Allen is a showy, eloquent prose-writer—who never thinks, and, if he can help it, never reasons. His language is often surprisingly beautiful, and as often surprisingly low and common-place, without significance. He has been somehow or other made sensible of the prodigious power in a colloquial style—a familiar, frank, bold, off-hand way of saying things; and he is continually balancing between his natural style, which is rich, harmonious, lofty, and full of picture—and this of the powerful, simple, and unpretending kind, for which he is utterly disqualified—until the most ludicrous combinations are perpetually occurring to startle or provoke the reader.

Mr. Allen is a man of uncommon genius—but no industry (except that of a steam engine, or a newspaper editor)—and little reflection, else he *might* have been one of the first writers, I will not say merely of his country, but of the age. His prose is full of poetry—his poetry miserably full of prose. His thoughts, which in prose are burning and bright, undergo so many revolutions and eclipses in poetry, as to appear no longer the same. Yet he has the material for a great poet. But the time of achievement has gone by now—he will live and die nothing better than a clever newspaper editor, somewhat given to cant.

*Lewis and Clarke's Tour* is nothing remarkable. The style has no particular attraction—nobody can remember anything about it. But quere—may not that be the highest praise?

It has been said of a fine woman, that nobody could ever recollect how she was dressed; and provided that our author can manage to fill our mind with his thoughts, facts, or doctrine, most of us will consent, perhaps, to forego the words.

His *Noah* is a sad mixture of affected simplicity—boyish combinations—outrageous poetry—and real genius. A short specimen will show his whole character, and conclude our sketch:

He is describing Noah's Vision:—  
(From Elisha, in 2d Kings.)

"Scarce had he spoke, when, with a sudden start,  
And wild, unusual throbbings of the heart,  
He turn'd around him oft a fearful gaze,  
Like one bewilder'd in a dread amaze:  
'What mean,' he cried, 'these sharpen'd points of  
flame,

That move in rapid circles round my frame?  
Now, they extend, a line of lengthen'd light;  
And now—they flash promiscuous on the sight!  
What mean those nodding plumes, that round me  
run,

And give their splendours to the golden sun?  
Those shining helms!—magnificent and clear,  
That thus alternate beam and disappear!  
What mean these coursers standing half reveal'd,  
The other half to human eye conceal'd?  
Now they emerge! and now they shake their  
manes!

And blazing chariots follow in their trains;  
I see a guard of glory round me stand,  
Horsemen and chariots form a flaming band;  
Proudly the steeds of such immortal birth  
Fret on the rein, and scornful stamp the earth!  
They pant their native element to share,  
And trample with their hoofs the fields of air;  
Could ye but see the congregation nigh,  
The brightest sunbeam would relieve the eye!—

\* \* \* \* \*

—and lo! the Zodiac rings  
With the loud clangor of descending wings."

BOZMAN.—This author we only know from one work, a book purporting to be a *History of Maryland*; and which but for the fact that there is no other history of Maryland, would not be worth mentioning. General Win-der, a celebrated advocate of Baltimore, once undertook to supply the deficiency, in Allen's *Journal of The Times*: but the manuscript was bad and the printing worse, so that the plan was given up. Since then, another attempt has been made by a Mr. Griffith, but the history of Maryland yet remains to be written.

BRECKENRIDGE, HENRY M.—A Pennsylvanian, a lawyer, and son of

Judge Breckenridge, who was alike distinguished as a humourist, a storyteller, and a judge. Mr. B., the son, is the author of *Views in Louisiana*, a respectable book, made up from personal knowledge of the country, during a long residence, after Louisiana was purchased by the United States, and while Mr. B. was traversing it in every direction as a circuit judge. It may be depended upon, so far as it goes. He also wrote a history of the American war (the last) with Great Britain, in which he has faithfully preserved the newspaper accounts of the day, as given by the Americans themselves. It is a work of no merit, either in a literary or political view. It can do no good, and may do much harm, to perpetuate the thousand-and-one lies of the American press, during the unhappy season of warfare, and furious political strife. It can do no good, even for purposes of amusement, and must be exceedingly mischievous, when they are put into a popular shape, as this "History of the War" is, and sent abroad through all the "western country" as a sort of school book. I have not forgotten Dr. Franklin's newspaper lie (since acknowledged by himself in his own Memoirs) about the "bales of human scalps, marked and numbered," which were supposed to have been forwarded by the Colonial Government of America to this, in the old American war. It was only got up for the day, but has outlived the rancour of many generations, and, spite of the doctor's own confession, stands now upon grave record in one of the most able journals of the United States, (*Niles's Register*)—a journal remarkable for integrity and plain truth—as an historical fact; and, what is worse yet, is actually believed in America by a large portion of the people. Nobody can think more highly of Dr. Franklin's virtues than we do, but we should be sorry to have all the consequences of such a wicked political trick upon our shoulders.

Mr. B. is the author of a work upon South America—political, commercial, and statistical, which is highly creditable to him. It is the fruit of his own personal observation during a

secret mission thither, under the authority of the United States Government, in company with two commissioners, (Mr. Justice Bland, now a district judge of the United States courts, and Mr. Rodney,) neither of whom will soon be forgotten by the Spanish Americans. Judge Bland understood no language but his own, not one word of Spanish or French; Mr. Rodney nothing of Spanish, and, I believe, little or nothing of French; and Mr. Breckenridge, their interpreter, secretary, and companion, though he spoke French pretty well, made sad work with Spanish. Yet these were the secret ambassadors of a wise government, in a season of great political anxiety.

BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN.—This gentleman's poetry has found its way, piece-meal, into England, and having met with a little of our newspaper praise, which has been repeated with great emphasis in America, is now set up among his associates for a poet of extraordinary promise, on the ground of having produced, within the course of several years, about fifty duodecimo pages of poetry, such as we shall give a specimen of. Mr. B. is not, and never will be, a great poet. He wants fire—he wants the very rashness of a poet—the prodigality and fervour of those, who are overflowing with inspiration. Mr. B., in fact, is a sensible young man, of a thrifty disposition, who knows how to manage a few plain ideas in a very handsome way. It is a bad thing for a poet, or for one whom his friends believe to be a poet, ever to spend a long time about the manufacture of musical prose, in imitation of anybody,—as Mr. Bryant and Mr. Percival both do of Milman, who has quite set the fashion in America for blank verse. Some lines, (about fifteen or twenty,) to a "water-fowl," which are very beautiful, to be sure, but with no more poetry in them than there is in the Sermon on the Mount, are supposed, by his countrymen, "to be well known in Europe." The following is taken from his poem, "The Ages."

"Has Nature, in her calm majestic march,  
Falter'd with age at last? does the bright sun



Grow dim in heaven? or, in their far blue arch,  
Sparkle the crowd of stars, when day is done,  
Less brightly? when the dew-lipped Spring comes  
on,  
Breathes she with airs less soft, or scents the sky  
With flowers less fair, than when her reign begun?  
Does prodigal Autumn to our age deny  
Th e plenty that once swell'd beneath his sober  
eye?"

BUCKMINSTER.—A clergyman of Boston, remarkable for his pathetic style of eloquence, and singular piety. After his death, two or three volumes of manuscript sermons were published by some of his friends—(who had not, perhaps, been much acquainted with any sermons but his)—for the sermons of Mr. Buckminster. Unluckily, however, a part of them appear to have been printed before. Some of his own are very beautiful; and those that were not his own, of course, would never have appeared as his with his own consent.

CHANNING—Clergyman of Boston. This gentleman, without any question, may rank among the first sermonisers that ever lived. Such of his writings as have been published are remarkable for simplicity, clearness, and power. The diction is of the heart—not of the

schools. It is, as it were, a language of his own—a visible thought.

CHANNING—Professor of Rhetoric and Belles-lettres at Harvard, a brother of the last,—a lawyer, and the Editor of the *North American Review* before Mr. Everett. There is nothing extraordinary about this man; but the little that he wrote for the *North American* was highly respectable, without having any particular or peculiar character of its own. He should have nothing to do with rhetoric or belles-lettres, except in the way of a concordance, or an index.—He has no sense of either, but might get up a good history of the country, which is wanted now at every turn by those who care to know the truth of America.

We have now done for the present: another paper of the same length, perhaps, will enable us to finish the whole alphabet of American writers in the same way; when our countrymen will judge for themselves concerning the truth of what we have said, and the course of policy which we have recommended in the outset.

*London, Sept. 4, 1824.*

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SONG. BY MR. WIFFEN.

O LADY, leave thy silken thread  
And flowery tapestry,  
There's living roses on the bush,  
And blossoms on the tree;  
Stoop where thou wilt, thy careless hand  
Some random bud will meet;  
Thou canst not tread but thou wilt find  
The daisy at thy feet.

'Tis like the birthday of the world,  
When Earth was born in bloom;  
The light is made of many dyes,  
The air is all perfume;

There's crimson buds, and white and blue—  
The very rainbow showers  
Have turn'd to blossoms where they fell,  
And sown the earth with flowers.

There's fairy tulips in the East,  
The garden of the sun;  
The very streams reflect the hues,  
And blossom as they run:  
While morn opes like a crimson rose,  
Still wet with pearly showers,  
Then, lady, leave the silken thread  
Thou twinest into flowers!

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SONNET.\*

*Crin d'oro crespo e ambra tersa e pura.*

BRIGHT hair of gold which on the breezes flies  
In waves of glory, with luxuriant play  
Shading at times those pure, those sunny eyes  
Whose glances turn my night to joyful day—  
Smile which alone can sooth my bitterest woe,  
When choicest pearls through parted rubies shine—  
Through which the words so soft, so sweetly flow,

And songs of melting harmony divine,  
That to the heart with power resistless go.  
Wisdom and worth matured in early youth  
Seldom or ne'er before amongst us known—  
The brightest beauty joined to fairest truth,  
Where mingled charms appear in you alone  
To whom the heavens their grace have largely shown.

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\* *From the Italian of Cardinal Bimbo.*

## ON DYING FOR LOVE.

To turn stark fools, and subjects fit  
For sport of boys and rabble-wit.—*Hudibras*.

**D**YING for love is a very silly thing. It answers no one good end whatsoever. It is poetical, romantic, perhaps immortalizing; but nevertheless it is silly, and oftentimes exceedingly inconvenient. I have been pretty near it myself six or seven times, but thanks to my obstinacy! (for which, indeed, I ought to be thankful, seeing I possess a very considerable portion of that unyielding essence,) I have contrived to keep Death from the door, and Despair from the sanctuary of my thoughts. I cannot, in fact, believe that half of those who have the credit (*I* should say *discredit*) of dying for love have really deserved it. A man fixes his affections on a piece of cold beauty—a morsel of stony perfection—or on one far above him in rank or fortune—or on an equal, who has unfortunately a lover whom she prefers. Well! he becomes melancholy, takes cold upon it, and dies. But this proves nothing; he might have died if his passion had been returned, or if he had never loved at all. The fate of my friend R—— is a case in point. He was deeply enamoured of a very beautiful but adamantine lady, and, as a matter of course, grew very low-spirited and very miserable. He did not long survive; and, as another matter of course, it was given out that he died for love.

As the world seemed to think it sounded better than saying, that his death was occasioned by drinking cold water immediately after walking ten miles under a burning sun, I did not contradict the report, although I had good grounds for so doing, and it became very generally believed. Some aver that Leander died of love, “because,” say they, “if Hero had not been on the other side of the Hellespont he would not have been drowned—*argal*, he died for love.\* These are your primary-cause-men! your wholesale deduction mongers! Now

I am a plain-spoken fellow, and am more apt to draw conclusions—*argal*, I say he died of the cramp, or from being carried away by the rapidity of the stream: although, I know at the same time that this is not the *current* opinion. I am no poet, and therefore take no poetic licences: the romantic *do*; and I am quite willing to let Common Sense decide between us. Let me, however, not be misunderstood; I argue not on the impossibility, but on the folly and inconsistency of dying for love.

That it has occasionally happened I am well aware. I remember Marian T——, when she was as lovely and lively a girl as ever laid a blushing cheek on a snowy pillow, and sank into dreams of innocence and joy. I remember her, too, when the rose was fading from her cheek, and solace and happiness had vanished for ever from her forsaken heart. There was the impress of blighted hope upon her brow—the record of a villain’s faithlessness upon her sunken cheek. Her eye told of long suffering, and her constant but melancholy smile evinced how patiently she endured it. Day by day the hue of mortality waxed fainter; her beautiful form wasted away, and she became at last like a spirit of heaven dwelling among, but scarcely holding communion with, the sons and daughters of the earth. The latter part of her life seemed an abstraction—a dream—an unconsciousness of what was passing around her. The sister of S—— (of S—— who had broken the vows that were pledged with such seeming fidelity to Marian) abhorred her brother’s perfidy, and was fonder than ever of the poor heart-broken girl. She sincerely pitied her—

For pitee renneth sone in gentil herte;

and sought by every means in her power to revive her past energies, and recall her to lost happiness and peace. But it was too late; although

\* See As you like it. Act iv. S. 1.

she complained not, her spirit was broken for ever; and in the effort of raising herself to give a last kiss to her friend, she sunk back and died without a struggle or a sigh. There were some lines in a periodical work, shortly after her death, evidently written by a person acquainted with the parties, which, I think may not improperly be inserted here.

To G— S—.

There's a stain on thee that can never fade,  
Tho' bathed in the mists of future years,  
And this world will be but a world of shade,  
Of sorrow, and anguish, and bitter tears.  
Thou hast seen a flow'et pine away,  
That, lov'd by thee, would have blossom'd fair,  
And thou shalt meet with a worse decay,  
And wither and die in thy soul's despair.

Like the Summer's breath was the gentle tale  
With which thou told'st of thy love und truth,  
But thy falsehood came, like the wintry gale,  
And blighted the flow'et in its youth.  
It has sunk to earth, but nor tear nor sigh  
Has e'er betray'd thy bosom's pain,  
Yet a day will come when thou would'st die  
To call it back from the grave again.

Had'st thou cherish'd it with the smile that won  
Its fadeless love in Spring's blooming hour;  
Had thy love beam'd o'er it like the sun,  
Whose rays are life to the drooping flow'r;  
It had still been fair, and thou had'st now  
Been calm as the lake that sleeps in rest;  
But the ray of Joy shall near light thy brow,  
Nor pleasure dwell in thy lonely breast.

For the lovely one whom thou left'st forlorn.  
A deep deep lament shall be;  
But no heart will sigh, and no bosom mourn,  
And no eye e'er weep for thee.  
Thou wilt pass away to the realms of death  
In solitude and gloom;  
And a curse will cling to thy parting breath,  
As awful as thy doom.

But this, and a few other extreme cases, I consider as mere exceptions to my general rule. Now, supposing, as I have said before, that a man dotes upon a beauty without a heart: What, in the name of reason, should induce him to die for one who does not care a rush for him? There may be others who would have more feeling, and less coquetry, with quite as many personal charms. Or supposing that he is attached to one far above him, either in fortune or rank, or in both. What then! Must he therefore waste away, and become the mere shadow of himself? A child

may long to catch a star as he does a butterfly, or to turn the sun round as he is accustomed to turn his hoop, but his non-success would not, as nurses call it, "be the death of him." Again: let us imagine that a man places his affections on an equal, and that she has a stronger yearning towards another. Still, I say, there is no harm done. Let him think (as I should do) that there may be other females with quite as many outward attractions, and more discernment. I have no notion of dying to please any one. I have had too much trouble to support existence to think of laying it down upon such grounds. I should deem it quite enough to perish for the sake of one who really loved me: for one who did *not*, I should be sorry to suffer a single twinge of the rheumatism, or the lumbago. I have read of a man who actually fancied he was fading away—"a victim to the tender passion;"—but who afterwards discovered that his complaint was caused by abstaining too long from his necessary food. This was a sad fall from the drawing-room window of romance into the area of common sense and real life; but he was forced to make the best of it; so he took his meals oftener and thought no more about it. He afterwards actually became a suitor to another, was married, and now, I have no doubt, thinks just as I do on the subject of dying for love.

Ere I part with you "my readers all!" take notice of these my last words, and farewell directions, which I give in sincerity of heart, and out of anxiety for your welfare. Ye who have never been in love, but who are approaching insensibly towards it—Corydons of sixteen! "Appolimes imberbes" come home for the holidays! take heed! Ye are entering on a little unknown and perilous sea. Look to your bark lest she founder. Bring her head round, and scud away before the wind into the port of Indifference. There is danger in the very serenity that sleeps upon the waves: there is faithlessness in the lightest breath that curls them. Ye who are in love—ye who are already



on the deceitful ocean—listen to me !  
Look out for squalls !—Beware of hur-  
ricanes !—Have a care of approach-  
ing storms ! There may be an ene-  
my's ship nearer than you wot of.  
Just give a salute, and sheer off to  
Bachelor's harbour. And ye, the  
last and most pitiable class of all—yet

who fancy yourselves dying for love,  
make a tack ! about ship ! and, above  
all, keep a plenty of good wine a-  
board ; so that when a sigh is rising in  
the throat you may choke it with a  
bumper ; and, in case of tears flowing,  
depend upon it that port will prove the  
best eye-water.

### THE PARTING CHARGE.

I SEE the white sails of thy ship,  
The blue depths of the sea ;  
I hear the wind sweep o'er the wave  
That bears thee, love, from me.  
Thy flag shines in the crimson sun,  
Now setting in the brine :  
That sun will set to-morrow there,  
But light no sail of thine !  
Yet, with to-morrow's evening star,  
Again I'll seek this spot :  
'Twas here I gave my parting charge,  
My last—"FORGET ME NOT !"

Around my neck there is a band,  
'Tis made of thy dark hair :  
Its links guard my heart's dearest prize,  
A broken ring they bear.  
A like pledge hangs upon thy breast,  
The last sweet gift love gave,  
We broke that ring, we twined that hair  
Upon a maiden's grave,  
A girl who died of broken vows—  
(How can love be forgot?)  
A fitting shrine for faithful hearts  
To sigh—"FORGET ME NOT !"

How can I bear to think on all  
The dangers thou must brave ?  
My fears will deem each gale a storm,  
While thou art on the wave.  
How my young heart will cling to all  
That breathes of thine or thee !  
How I will plant thy favourite flowers,  
And nurse thy favourite tree !  
And thou ! oh thou ! be shade or shine,  
Or storm or calm thy lot,  
Bear on thy heart our parting words—  
Our fond "FORGET ME NOT !"

Nay, pray thee, Mother, let me gaze  
Upon that distant sail ;  
What matters that my eye is dim,  
Or that my cheek is pale ?  
And tell me not 'tis vain to weep  
For him who is away ;  
That sighs nor tears will speed the flight  
Of but a single day :  
It is not that I hope to bring  
My Sailor to our cot,  
But who can say and yet not weep—  
Farewell !—"FORGET ME NOT !"

L. E. L.

### SAILORS SONGS. BY DICK WILLS.\*

THE rose had sipp'd the early dew,  
And balmy sweet perfumed the air,  
When *William* wept a last adieu  
Upon the bosom of his fair :  
"Farewell ! (he cried,) my lovely *Jane*,  
Though distant far across the main,  
This heart to thee shall true remain  
Till death its cords shall sever."

The morning breezes swell'd the sail,  
His vessel soon was lost to view ;  
But evening brought the angry gale,  
And vivid lightnings round them flew :  
In vain the billows' force they brave,  
Sinking beneath th' oppressive wave—  
Poor *William* found a watery grave,  
And bade "Adieu !" for ever.

NED SPLICE was a tar as devoid of all fear  
As e'er swabb'd a deck from the spray of a sea :  
He knew ev'ry rope, and could hand, reef, and steer—  
Book-larning, why, lord, 'twas all dickey to he.  
Our Chaplain could spin out a very fine yarn,  
And bother each man in his mess ;  
Says NED, "My brave boys, if your duty you'd larn,  
'Tis 'Succour a friend in distress.'  
'Ne'er get drunk ! (says the Priest, with a wave of  
his fist ;)

Never swear, never covet another man's prog :'  
But see him next day, when he's cheating at  
whist—  
My eyes, 'tis a storm in an ocean of grog.  
Says NED, "Them 'ere maxims I don't understand,  
We should practise the thing we profess ;"  
While the pray'r from his heart and the gold from  
his hand  
He gives to a friend in distress.

\* The poet of Greenwich Hospital.

## LATE VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

THE WONDERS OF ELORA. BY CAPT. SEELY.

## POONA.

THE roads leading into the city of Poona are in good repair. One route proceeds by the British residency at the Sangam, the other by a good substantial stone bridge over the Moota river. It was near sunset as I entered Poona; the setting rays of that glorious orb reflecting its beams on the venerable roof of the Parbutti temple, on turreted walls, large white terraced houses, lofty shining spires, and on handsome-looking pagodas, intermingled with Moghul buildings, Hindoo palaces, castles, and gardens, afforded, on a serene evening, an imposing sight to a stranger; while a fine river, running in front of the city, added an interesting feature to the view. This was not lessened upon entering a crowded city, where the objects were as varied in appearance as the external view had been half a mile off, and consisted of large heavy houses, built of stone, more for defence than comfort; many of them painted with representations of peacocks, figures of Ganesa and Hanuman. Shops of all descriptions were seen, having open fronts, with the goods exposed on an inclined platform. The streets narrow, and thronged with people; among whom might be discovered the sedate, decently clad Brahman; the delicate and pretty-featured Hindoo female; the portly, dignified, and handsomely-dressed Mussulman; Arab horsemen completely armed, prancing along upon their fine chargers; Fakeers in a state of nudity; Mahratta foot-soldiers, with sword and buckler; and groups of people from other countries in their various costumes, and with peculiar casts of countenance. In this diversified moving mass we must not forget a few Jews and Portuguese Christians, and occasionally a British Siphancee in his neat undress, on leave of absence for a few hours. This living picture has the addition of state elephants, splendid cavalcades of public officers, decked out with parade and show, accompanied by richly-caparisoned led horses, and

camels trotting along at a quick pace, with rows of little tinkling bells suspended round their necks. If to all this we add crowded markets, religious processions, and bands of noisy musicians, some idea may be formed of the tumult and bustle of the capital city of the Mahratta empire towards evening.

Notwithstanding all the absurd cry at home against the fanaticism and bigotry of the Brahminical character, the Portuguese had a chapel in the centre of Poona; nor were the Mahomedans less favoured, for at the annual festival of the Taâbout, in commemoration of the martyrdom of Hussein and Hassan, the Peishwa, in great state, with all his public officers, attended, with every symptom of good will and respect, and even public salutes were fired on the occasion. I have seen the Mahomedans pay respect to the Hindoo processions and worship, and join in the prayers and shouts of the multitude with decorum and friendship.

## FABULOUS HISTORY OF ELORA.

Dhrutarass, a blind and holy man, much favoured by Brâhma, had a son called Couroo, and a brother named Pundoo or Pandoo: it was so ordered, that the uncle and nephew were to govern the world; but it happened they could not settle about their respective sovereignties. They were ordered by a vision to settle the dispute by playing a certain game of hazard; and Pandoo, the uncle of Couroo, lost it. To hide his misfortune, and to obliterate from his mind all ideas of his former power and greatness, he vowed to retreat from the face of mankind, accompanied by his wife Contee. After travelling a great distance, they came to this part of India; the retirement of the place was congenial to their heavy sorrows, and here they fixed themselves. In the course of a few years they begat five sons; these were Yudishteer, Bheem or Bhima, Urjoon or Urzuna, Nacool, and Seyhuder. From a pious motive, and to please the god Crishna, they commenced excavating caverns for religious purposes; and, that the under-

taking might appear miraculous and wonderful to mankind, they entreated the god for a night that might last one year; which request was granted. Bheem, the second son, was the principal assistant, he being amazingly strong, and eating the enormous quantity of one candy and a half of meat during the day (900 lbs.) When the five brothers had finished their excavations, day broke forth; the brothers were then despatched to propagate the wonder; and millions of people flocked from the farthest parts to behold the mighty and favoured family of the Pandoos. Their father Pundoo was removed from this world to a better, for his piety; the sanctity of the brothers, and their supposed influence with the Deity, brought over boundless countries and dominion to their sway: in a short period of time they had seven millions of warriors and fighting men; while others were daily flocking to their standard. They then determined to wage war with their relation Couroo, who, from the length, mildness, and virtues of his reign, was universally beloved by his subjects. Even those that had deserted, and had gone over to the five brothers, from a mistaken notion of their being deified heroes, by the great wonders of the cavern being produced in one night, seceded, and joined Couroo, who called together his faithful followers, and found that his fighting men exceeded eleven millions, eager to repel aggression; but the event of the conflict was disastrous to Couroo, for the brothers had found favour with Crishna (Vishnu), as they had performed great and holy works. So much were they favoured, that Crishna stood before Urzoon while he mounted his charger, and bade him not fear the hosts of Couroo. Thus were the caves of Elora excavated: Visvacarma being the architect employed by the Pandoos.

#### GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON ELORA.

The principal object of worship at Elora is the stone so frequently spoken of, the Lingham, of "the changer of things," Māhā Deo (literally the great God), Siva. It is a symbol of him in his generative character; the base is inserted in the Yoni; the Ling is of a

conical shape, and often a black stone, covered with flowers (the *Belia* and and *Asaca* shrubs): the flowers hang pendent from the crown of the ling-stone to the spout of the *Argha* or *Yoni*, (mystical matrix :) and not a whit better than the phallus of the Greeks and its ceremonies. Whatever enthusiasts may say to the contrary, this symbol is grossly indecent, and abhorrent to every moral feeling, let the subject be glossed over as it may. Five lamps are commonly used in worship (*Puja*) at this symbol, but frequently one lamp having five wicks. Often the lotos is seen on the top of the Ling. The water that the *Argha* holds (the pedestal in which the Ling is inserted), is emblematical of Vishnu, and the dent or orifice in the frame, (*Yoni*) or rim, is called the navel of Vishnu. How comes it, as we find acknowledged by many, and which Major Moor supports both in his writings and prints, that Brahma sprung from the navel of Vishnu in the cup of the lotos? when it is asserted on the other hand, in Hindoo mythology, that Brahma was the *first* created being, and that Narayana was the spirit, the vivifying, animating, moving, abstract essence, so awfully expressed in our own divine book:

"And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."

The gross fables and inapplicable allegories engrafted in *modern* times, have rendered the Hindoo mythology both disgusting and unintelligible. I have every respect for the mythology of the ancients: it is to that we owe science, arts, and history, and like the emblems in heraldry, it speaks a symbolical language. The primitive Brahmins were philosophers and sages; whilst their successors have, to confirm and enslave the minds of the people, rendered a beautiful system of mythology and science vicious and stupid.

Idols, stones, and graven images, are not alone revered by the Hindoos. Trees, shrubs, and pieces of water, are in many places held in veneration: such was the tank, near the village of Elora; hence, probably, arose the celebrity of the place, and the idea of excavating the temples in the neighbourhood. The legend com-



municated to me by the Brahmins was—that Ecloo Rajah, whose father's territories were at Ellichpore, in the neighbouring kingdom of Hyderabad, was in a diseased state, and his body filled with maggots; but by dipping a cloth in the sacred spot, and rubbing it over his body, he was cleansed of the maggots, and a speedy cure effected. It is unnecessary to dwell on this extravagant fable, when it is added that the cistern, or koond, in which Ecloo bathed, was reduced from a large sheet of water, by the *commands of Vishnu*, to the small size of a cow's hoof, and that the event happened 7894 years ago. There is scarcely a chronological event of the Hindoos to which they do not attach some monstrous absurdity to awaken your wonder, but which they themselves implicitly believe. So pleased was Ecloo with his cure, that he instantly set about excavating the temples as a mark of his gratitude and piety. History informs us that Ecloo Raj flourished 930 years ago.

During my stay at Elora I met with no interruption whatever from the residents or visitors at the temples. I had but little intercourse with the village. The small supplies that I required, as milk, grass, rice, &c. were daily sent up to my tent by the *Kutval*, a Brahman, who was the head man of the village. For these necessities he wished to decline payment. The *Baee* (Holkar's Mother) defrayed all charges of pilgrims, &c.; but as I did not exactly come under that denomination, I begged to be under no obligation to her highness's bounty. The good-tempered Brahmin was not to be evaded; he insisted that I had cured several persons by means of my medical skill, and in "dispensations of the most excellent English medicine." If any radical cures were effected, it was by means of a good dose of calomel. One cure was ascribed to me which ought to have been ascribed to nature: it was extracting a long worm (*Narroe*) from the foot between the toes and the instep. I believe they are known to us as the guinea-worm. If they break inside the skin some danger may be apprehended. While they are forming under the skin or membrane, they

cause an excruciating pain. I had once seen a worm extracted: the swelling was brought to head by repeated poulticing, and then delicately perforated, and a small straw worked under the worm, round which with great care by the person performing the operation, he was by the motion of the straw wound round it and extracted. Others of my patients, who were mere hypochondriacs, were cured by a very common medicine in Europe, faith and imagination, which in many disorders and with many persons will kill or cure. Some of my patients I am certain were in this case, as, my dispensary running low, I was fain to substitute pills with little more than flour and water.

#### AURUNGABAD.

The extensive and fertile plains lying between Dowlutabad and Aurungabad, though possessing rich soils, and intersected by many streams, and in the vicinity of an imperial city, might be mistaken for a desert by those accustomed to the rich scenes of England, whose prosperity and security alike dwell together. During my ride I did not meet ten people, nor was a tenth part of the land in cultivation.

At a distance the view of Aurungabad has an imposing effect: lofty minarets peeping out from among groves of trees; the large white domes of mosques, with their gilded points, shining in the sun; a number of large terraced houses rising above the walls of the city, the whole covering a great extent of ground; but, as we approach, a different scene presents itself. After passing a large gateway, we at once enter the city, nearly half of which is in a state of decay and ruin, with a scanty population. It has the sign in every street of fallen greatness, and shows that its prosperity perished with its founder Aurungzebe.

The wall which surrounds Aurungabad is not at all calculated to sustain a regular attack. It is lower than they usually are, with round towers at intervals, and is sufficient for resisting the onset of a predatory body of either horse or foot; but Aurungzebe, in his lifetime, had no occasion to fear a regular attack in his capital: of the future

he thought and cared nought. The divine precept appears to be very fully and generally acted upon by the princes in India—"Sufficient for the day are the evils thereof," and he had enough upon his hands, what with the repeated rebellions of his brothers, and the encroachments of the Mahrattas in the Deccan, to occupy him in his long and turbulent reign.

The streets of Aurungabad are broad, and some few paved. There are many large and good houses in different parts. The public buildings, mosques, and caravanseras, are of a superior construction to those which we generally find in native cities. Gardens and groves of trees, court-yards and fountains, diversify the scene, and ornament the streets. The shops present to view many costly articles of Indian produce, but there is an air of dejection about the whole that tells you the glory of the regal city has fled. A few groups of grave and fine-looking Mussulmans, unoccupied by any thing but idle talk, are seen lounging at different quarters; or here and there one of the better order, clad in his flowing robe, passes you with a stately and measured step, conscious of his manly figure and handsome features. These, and a few solitary Fakeers, are the principal persons met with, except in the immediate neighbourhood of the markets, where some little bustle prevails; otherwise, there is nothing to remind us of an Indian city,—no pomp, no crowded streets, no horsemen, or cavalcades; none of the bustling motions or noisy sounds that proclaim industry, occupation, and prosperity. Partly deserted and partly in ruins, Aurungabad presents a cheerless view to a stranger.

After wandering about some time, a Mussulman very politely explained to me the way to a durrumsalla (caravansera) erected for the accommodation of travellers, that is to say, a place where you are protected from the sun and rain, and may spread your mat and go to sleep. I had had a fatiguing and hot ride, and did not expect my baggage for some time, so that I had nothing to do but to sit upon the edge of the elevated floor of my lodging, my legs dangling down outside the wall of

the terrace (as if they were tired of belonging to me), and to look about and to cogitate on the fallen grandeur of Aurungabad, or, as the natives term it, "to look and think together:" this promised to be my occupation for three hours to come. Do not imagine, reader, that because you have money in your pocket, and are teased with a craving appetite, that you may lay out the one and satisfy the other, by proceeding to a house and enjoying an exquisite banquet, consisting of a fine rump-steak, a cup of ale, and a roasted potatoe:—nothing of the kind in Indian travelling; you must carry every thing with you, to the salt that savours your meat, and must yourself look after the packing, despatch, and arrangement of your marching and household affairs, or your servants will forget or neglect one half of what they ought to do. Fruit may be procured in large towns; but in the heat of the day, after a long ride, it is not advisable to eat any. The parched grain and sweetmeats sold in the streets are both cloying and unpalatable, so that your only resource is patience; and, if you wish to practise that virtue in perfection, make a journey of two or three hundred miles in India, and you will find yourself quite an adept in the observance of it in all its bearings.

The following day was devoted to viewing the city, which consisted in seeing one or two objects of curiosity, that either the munificence or vanity of some former prince has raised in the shape of a tomb, a mosque, or pagoda. A native city possesses few charms or attractions to Europeans accustomed to the variety, arrangement, and beauties of a British city, where at every turning there is some object worthy of notice, to excite admiration or to interest his feelings. On the contrary, there is so much confusion, dirt, and wretchedness, in those cities under the native governments, that a stranger is rather willing to quit it, than, by exploring, only meet with objects that excite in his mind feelings of sorrow and disappointment.

The Hindoo, devoted to gain and superstition, cares but little as long as he increases his hoard and propitiates

his gods; while the Mussulman leads a listless and sensual life, lolling on carpets, eternally smoking, and for the most part of the day locked up in his haram with his women: his days pass on in one unvaried round; there is no society, no public institutions, places of public resort or amusement; he, like the Hindoo, goes through with zeal and earnestness the formularies of his religion, and, like the Hindoo, he knows no one and cares for no one beyond the walls of his own barricadoed mansion. With such an example, and in such a state of society, it may be supposed in what an abject state the lower orders remain; they are but mere slaves to the higher ranks. In this state of degradation it is not to be wondered at that their cities present an uniform appearance of meanness, poverty, and ruin. There are but two objects at Aurungabad that deserve a specific notice—the gardens and the tomb, or mausoleum of *Rabea Doorney*, reported to have been the favourite wife of the Emperor Aurungzebe.

#### CHRISTIAN CONVERSION.

It was partly the topic of conversation among a party of eight highly respectable Hindoos and Mussulmans I met by appointment in the garden-house of the venerable Shah Sâfit; the mildness of whose manners, and the total absence of all bigotry in his conversation, rendered him not only a pleasing, but an instructive, friend.

Upon my mentioning the well-known name of Swartz, the company said that no *real* converts had ever been made; that those who had professed Christianity were men who had lost their caste for crime, or some abomination, and they were glad to become Christians; or that those who were in the very degraded ranks (the Sudra), having nothing to lose by the change, born polluted, and always avoided by the other ranks, would wish to assume another character, and that was always attainable by their becoming Christians; but, even with this wretched people, our success, dishonourable as the converts were, was very trifling; and many, finding that nothing was to be gained by the change,

and that the promises held out to them had not been fulfilled, had relapsed into their former state. "Why," exclaimed Murrane Sing (a Hindoo who was present, and who could read English), "do you not convert the Jews, who live among you, know your virtues, and the excellence of your faith; and whose forefathers knew of the prophecies, and saw the wonders mentioned in your Vedas?" I replied, that they were a stubborn race, and the denunciations against their race had been fulfilled; and I instanced the occasions and times. "This is the more in favour of my argument," replied Murrane; "for if, under the sufferings they have endured, and the accomplishment of the curses threatened them, they still remain obstinate and sinful, how are we to be convinced, much less converted, who know nothing of these signs and wonders of which you speak, and have neither had promises nor threats held out to us, except by *mortals* like ourselves, who may or may not intend well? at least, they have nothing to show us on the contrary but *windy words*." He then referred to Paul, who, he observed, undoubtedly was a prophet, and one whose mission appeared very probable, had made no effect on King Agrippa, who was as civilized as the Hindoos; yet he was not to be persuaded, even though one of the principal propagators of it was present before him: "then how," he added, "am I to be persuaded by those who are neither saints nor prophets?"

The conversation now reverted to Catholics (Catholas), and I was asked by one, possessing much information, why those persons who were British, but of that faith, did not adopt the Protestant creed? I replied, that they were Christians, though some difference existed in the forms of worship. Here my theological reasoning was again set at nought. The Hindoo replied, that the Catholics did not permit the reading of the Bible, for reasons which he well knew; that they worshipped images, which our Scriptures forbid; that they had pilgrimages like the Hindoos, and holy water; but, what was more



than all, they had in their history mortal men, who sinfully presumed to have performed miracles which belonged alone to the only God Bhagavān ! Here he drew his sleeve over his mouth, and made three low reverences ; and then exclaimed aloud, " Forgive me, forgive me, forgive me, for the crime of repeating His holy name ! Now, sir," said he, " which is best : we poor Hindoos, who have not been taught other things from on high ; or your people, who have, but still disregard them ?" Of course I did not think it necessary to remind him of our Lady of Loretto, and the liquefactions of St. Januarius' blood, nor of our burnings in Smithfield ; neither was I then informed of the miracles of Prince Hohenlohe, nor had I heard that the waters of the Jordan were held as sacred by M. Chateaubriand as the Hindoos hold those of the Ganges. At that time, too, the worthy matron, Joanna Southcote, was unknown. I had no inclination, either, to revert to the many gross superstitions prevalent in many parts of England ; of the sale of children's cauls, &c. ; nor had I the impudence to tell him, that I could tell his character and disposition by examining his skull !

Indeed, it was unnecessary to remind him of our superstitions and absurdities ; for he slyly enjoined, " Now, my young friend, *you*, who are *Protestants*—why do you not perform your worship duly and zealously ? The nearest temple you have is at Bombay. Your European soldiers have no spiritual instructor. No, sir ! I speak it in humility, you care little about your *own* religion ; come to India with a box of clothes, take home a box full of money, and think you do a very meritorious act in subscribing a few rupees to convert *us*, and bring us to salvation, though apparently regardless of your own. " This," he continued, " is very pious and very generous ; but, believe me, before we give up the faith of our forefathers, a religion much older than yours, we must see you fulfil the doctrines it inculcates, and observe its ordinances ; neither must you wonder if we require signs

and wonders to convince us. But who are the persons sent out, and by whom ? Are they men of great learning, great science, and great abilities ? I have heard not ; and further, that your government (Sircar), and the bishops (Burra Padrees), do not generally support the attempted reformation. Is this true, sir ?" I replied, there was some difference of opinion existing in England on the subject. " Then," rejoined the Hindoo, " if that difference in opinion exists among Christians themselves, you may be assured there is none with us. Our lives are moral, the Almighty blesses us as he does you ; our Scriptures contain an excellent moral code, and we are taught to be virtuous and good ; we rigidly act up to our faith, and are neither hypocrites, nor deceivers, nor tyrants ; but are good men, and to you, sir, good subjects."

The generality of missionaries sent to India have not the smallest chance of success with the learned natives of India. With the Bible in his hand, and abundance of zeal, the missionary stalks forth into fields and villages, expecting that his well-meaning exhortations, and the pious examples he sets, is to convert the heathen. Nothing can be more fallacious. They are great idlers, and would, for the sake of gossiping, of which they are immoderately fond, run after, visit, and listen to a missionary ; but as to what they have heard, or what they may have received, it has as much effect upon their mind as the passing breeze. They are, as before observed, polite and decorous in their behaviour to strangers ; they will make professions, for they are adepts at dissimulation, and perfect at flattery. I have seen a Hindoo most devoutly listen to a discourse, beg a tract, and, on his return to the village, leave it on the threshold of the door of the temple, and fall down with his forehead on the floor, and worship the image of that ugly fellow Ganesa ! On my expostulating once on this impropriety with a convert, he replied, " My father did the same, and he was more prosperous than I am. The hopes and promises held out to me by the Padree (clergy,

man) have not been fulfilled; and one of your Burra Sāhibs (great men) has lately broken a commandment (alluding to a *crim. con.* just taken place, happily an event of rare occurrence in India); so, why may not I? Besides which," he added, "Ganesa is offended with me; and I will both pray to Ganesa, and listen to the Padree!"

I should consider myself guilty of great dissimulation and dishonour, did I not repeat with fidelity the ideas of the superior orders of the natives; for, till those persons are perfectly and radically converted, there is as little pro-

bability or possibility of the inferior orders following, as there is of the disciples of St. Peter at Rome giving up the Roman Catholic faith. Far easier would be the task of converting the multitude in England to any particular faith than the Hindoos. No people in the world have such deep-rooted and inveterate prejudices as them; and never were a people, whose conversion was attempted, ever attacked with weaker weapons, or more unfit assailants, than those employed at the present day.

## VARIETIES.

Original Anecdotes, Literary News, Chit Chat, Incidents, &c.

*Maxims of Sir Morgan O'Doherty.*

EPITAPHS.

We moderns are perhaps inferior to our ancestors in nothing more than in our epitaphs. The rules, nevertheless, for making a good epitaph, are exceedingly simple. You should study a concise, brief, and piquant diction; you should state distinctly the most remarkable points in the character and history of the defunct, avoiding, of course, the error into which Pope so often fell, of omitting the name of the individual in your verses, and leaving it to be tagged to the tail or beginning of the piece, with a separate and prosaic "*hic jacet.*" Thirdly, there should be, if possible, some improvement of the subject—some moral or religious or patriotic maxim,—which the passenger carries with him, and forgets not. I venture to present, as a happy specimen, the following, which is taken from a tomb-stone in Winchester church-yard, and which tradition ascribes to a late venerable prelate of that see, Dr. Hoadley:—

"Private John Thoms lies buried here,  
Who died of drinking cold small beer:—  
Good Christian! drink no beer at all,  
Or, if you will drink beer, don't drink it small."

Nothing can exceed the nervous pith and fine tone of this, both in the narrative and the didactic parts. It is really a gem, and confers honour on the Bishop—on whom, by the way, a clever enough little epitaph was written shortly after his death by a brother

Whig and D. D. Bishop Hoadley was, in this doctor's opinion, an heretical scribe, and his monument encroached too much on one of the great pillars of the Cathedral.

"Here lying Hoadley lies, whose book  
Was feebler than his bier.—  
Alive, the Church he fain had shook,  
But undermines it here.

ROASTING.

Of late they have got into a trick of serving up a roasted pig without his usual concomitants. I hate the innovating spirit of this age; it is my aversion, and will undo the country. Always let him appear erect on his four legs, with a lemon in his mouth, a sprig of parsley in his ear, his trotters bedded on a lair of sage. One likes to see a pig appear just as he used to do upon the board of a Swift, a Pope, an Arbuthnot. Take away the customs of a people, and their identity is destroyed.

"TRUTH LIES AT THE SURFACE."

There is not a truer saying in this world, than that truth lies on the surface of things. The adage about its lying in a well was invented by some solemn old ass, some "passymeasures pagan," as Sir Toby Belch calls him, who was ambitious of being thought deep, while, in point of fact, he was only muddy. Nothing that is worth having or knowing, is recondite or difficult to be discovered. Go into a ball-room, and your eye will in three seconds light (and fix) on *the* beauty. Ask

the stupidest host in the world to bring you the best thing he has in his house, and he will, without doubt, set a bottle of claret forthwith on your table. Ask the most perfect goose of a bookseller who is the first poet in the world, and he will name Shakspeare. I have never been able to understand the advantage of hard study, deep researches, learned investigations, &c. &c. Is there any really good author lying concealed anywhere among the litter of lumber ransacked only by the fingers of the Bibliomaniacs? Is there anything equal to punch, with which the drinking public in general remains unacquainted? I think not. I therefore take things easy.

#### DRAM-DRINKING.

There are *two* kinds of drinking which I disapprove of—I mean dram-drinking, and port-drinking. I talk of the drinking of these things in great quantities, and habitually. I have many reasons that I could render for the disgust that is in me, but I shall be contented with one. These potables taken in this way, fatally injure a man's personal appearance. The drinker of drams becomes either a pale, shivering, blue-and-yellow-looking, lank-chopped, miserable, skinny animal, or his eyes and cheeks are stained with a dry, fiery, dusky red, than which few things can be more disgusting to any woman of real sensibility, and true feminine delicacy of character. The port-drinkers, on the other hand, get blowsy about the chops, have trumpets of noses, covered with carbuncles, and acquire a muddy look about the eyes. As for dram-drinking, I think nobody ought to indulge in it except a man under sentence of death, who wishes to make the very most of his time, and who knows that, let him live never so quietly, his complexion will inevitably be quite spoilt in the course of the week.—*Blackwood.*

In helping a lady to wine, *always* fill the glass to the very brim; for custom prevents them from taking many glasses at a time; and I have seen cross looks when the rule has been neglected by young and inexperienced dandies.—*Id.*

#### FASHION.

The King, if Sir Thomas Lawrence's last and best picture of him may be believed, wears, when dressed for dinner, a very short blue surtout, trimmed with a little fur, and embroidered in black silk upon the breast, and all about the button holes, &c.—black breeches and stockings, and a black stock. I wish to call general attention to this, in the hopes of seeing his Majesty's example speedily and extensively adopted. The modern *coat* is the part of our usual dress, which has always given most disgust to the eye of people of taste; and I am, therefore, exceedingly happy to think, that there is now a probability of its being entirely exploded. The white neckcloth is another abomination, and it also must be dismissed. A blue surtout, and blue trowsers richly embroidered down the seams, form the handsomest dress which any man can wear within the limits of European costume.

#### SMOKING.

Mediocrity is always disgusting, except, perhaps, mediocrity of stature in a woman. Give me the *Paradise Lost*, the *Faerie Queen*, the *Vanity of Human Wishes*, that I may feel myself elevated and ennobled; give me *Endymion*, or the *Flood of Thessaly*, or *Pye's Alfred*, that I may be tickled and amused. But on no account give me an eminently respectable poem of the Beattie or Campbell class, for that merely sets one to sleep. In like fashion, give me, if you wish to make me feel in the heaven of heavens, a *hookat*. There is no question that this is the *Paradise Gained* of the smoker.—But, if you cannot give me that, give me a *segar*: with which whoso is not contented deserves to inhale sixteen pipes of *assafoetida per diem in secula seculorum*. What I set my face against is the vile mediocrity of a *pipe*, properly so called. No pipe is *cleanly* but the common Dutch clay, and that is a great recommendation, I admit: but there is something so hideously absurd in the appearance of a man with a clay pipe in his mouth, that I rather wonder anybody can have courage to present himself in such a position.



The whole tribe of *meerschaums*, &c. are filthiness itself. These get saturated with the odious oil of the plant, and are, in fact, poisonous. The only way in which you can have a pipe at once gay-looking and cleanly, is to have a glass tube within it, which can be washed with water immediately after use; but then the glass gets infernally hot. On the whole, unless you be a grandee, and can afford to have a servant expressly devoted to the management of your smoking concerns, in which case a *hookah* is due to yourself, the best way is to have nothing but segars.—*Blackw.*

## SEGARS.

The Havana segar is unquestionably at the head. You know it by the peculiar beauty of the firm, brown, smooth, delicately-textured, and *soft* leaf, and, if you have anything of a nose, you can never be deceived as to its odour, for it is a perfect *bouquet*. The *Chinese* cheroots are the next in order; but the devil of it is, that one can seldom get them, and then they are almost always dry beyond redemption. The best Chinese cheroots have a delicate greyish tinge; and, if they are not complete sticks, put them into an air-tight vessel with a few slices of good juicy melon, and, in the course of a few hours, they will extract some humidity from their neighbours. Some people use a sliced *apple*, others a *carrot*, either of which may do when a melon is not to be had, but that is the real article, when attainable. As to all the plans of moistening segars by means of tea-leaves, rum-grog, &c. they are utterly absurd, and no true smoker ever thinks of them. Manilla segars occupy the third station in my esteem, but their enormous size render them inconvenient. One hates being seen sucking away at a thing like a walking-cane.

No real smoker uses any of these little knick-knackereries they sell under the name of segar-tubes, and the like of that. The chief merit of the thing is the extreme gentleness and delicacy with which the smoke is drawn out of the leaf by the loving and animated contact, and eternally varying play and pressure of that most wonderful piece

of refined mechanism, the lip of man; whereas, if you are to go to work upon a piece of silver, ivory, horn, wood, or whatever these concerns are made of, you lose the whole of this, and, indeed, you may as well take a pipe at once.

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“A DEED DONE HAS AN END.”

*Italian proverb.*

This is one instance, among many in Italian history, of the great influence of proverbs in the affairs of that people. The two families of the Amadei and the Uberti, from a dread of the consequences, long suspended the revenge they meditated on the younger Buondelmonte, for the affront he had put upon them in breaking off his match with a young lady of their family, and marrying another. At length Moscha Lamberti, suddenly rising, exclaimed, in two proverbs, that ‘Those who considered every thing would never conclude on any thing!’ closing with the proverbial saying—*Cosa fatta capo ha!* “a deed done has an end!” This sealed the fatal determination, and was long held in fatal remembrance by the Tuscans, as the cause and beginning of the bloody factions of the Guelfs and the Ghibbellins. Dante has immortalized the energetic expression in a scene of the *Inferno*:

----- Then one

Maim'd of each hand, uplifted in the gloom  
The bleeding stumps, that they, with gory spots,  
Sullied his face, and cried—“Remember thee  
Of Moscha too—I who, alas! exclaim'd,  
‘The deed once done, there is an end’—that prov'd  
A seed of sorrow to the Tuscan's race.”

Milton, too, adopted this celebrated Italian proverb; when deeply engaged in writing “The Defence of the People,” and warned that it might terminate in his blindness, he resolutely concluded his work, exclaiming, although the fatal prognostication had been accomplished, *Cosa fatta capo ha!*

JUST AS IT FALLS, QUOTH THE WOORER  
TO THE MAID.—*Scotch.*

Kelly gives a ludicrous account of the origin of this saying. A courtier went to woo a maid; she was dressing supper with a drop at her nose; she

asked him if he would stay all night; he answered, Just as it falls: meaning, if the drop fell among the meat he would be off; if it fell by, he would stay.

"AS FINE AS CREDITON SPINNING."

*Devonshire proverb.*

As a proof of the fineness of Crediton spinning, it is related that one hundred and forty threads of woollen yarn, spun in that town, were drawn together through the eye of a tailor's needle; which needle and threads were to be seen for many years in Watling-street, London, in the shop of one Dunscombe, at the sign of the Golden Bottle. The discoveries, however, of Watt and Arkwright, have enabled the manufacturers of the present day far to excel ancient Crediton in the fineness of spinning.

"He that gives his goods before he be dead,  
Take up a mallet and knock him on the head."

Taken from the history of one John Bell, who, having given all his substance to his children, was by them neglected: after he died there was found a mallet with this inscription:—

I, John Bell, leaves here a mell, the man to fell,  
Who gives all to his bairns, and keeps nothing to himself.

"A WELCH BAIT."—*Welch.*

A short stop, but no refreshment. Such baits are frequently given by the natives of the principality to their kelfs, or horses, particularly after climbing a hill.

"A KENT-STREET DISTRESS."—*Surrey.*

A mode of distress formerly practised on the poor inhabitants of Kent-street; on non-payment, the rent collectors took away the doors of the defaulters.

"HE MAY REMOVE MORT-STONE."

*Devonshire.*

A saying of one who is master of his wife. Mort stone is a huge rock that blocks up the entrance into Mort's Bay in this county, which, it is fabled cannot be removed but by a man thoroughly master of his wife.

"WHEN DO YOU FETCH THE FIVE POUNDS?"—*Dorsetshire.*

A gibe at Poolites. A rich merchant of Poole is said to have left five pounds, to be given every year, to set

up any man who had served his apprenticeship in that town, on condition that he should produce a certificate of his honesty, properly authenticated. The bequest, it is said, has not yet been claimed; and it is a common water joke to ask the crew of a Poole ship; 'Whether any one has yet received the five pounds?'

"JOHN O'GROAT'S HOUSE."

Every one is familiar with the name and situation of this celebrated building, but few Southrens are acquainted with its origin. Its history is interesting:—

"John O'Groat's House is a memorable place, in the parish of Canisbay, in Caithness, in Scotland, which, perhaps, owes its fame less to the circumstances of its local situation, at the northern extremity of the island, than to an event which it may not be improper to relate, as it inculcates an useful lesson of morality. In the reign of James IV. of Scotland, three brothers, Malcolm, Gavin, and John de Groat, supposed to have been originally from Holland, arrived in Caithness, with a letter from that Prince, recommending them to the countenance and protection of his loving subjects in the county of Caithness. These brothers purchased some land near Dungisbayhead, and in a short time, by the increase of their families, eight different proprietors of the name of Groat possessed these lands in equal divisions. These eight families have lived peaceably and comfortably for a number of years, established an annual meeting to celebrate the anniversary of the arrival of their ancestors on the coast. In the course of the festivity on one of these occasions, a question arose respecting the right of taking the door, the head of the table, and such points of precedence, each contending for the seniority and chieftainship, which increased to such a degree as would probably have proved fatal in its consequences, had not John de Groat, who appears to have acquired great knowledge of mankind, interfered. He expatiated on the comfort they had heretofore enjoyed, owing to the harmony which had subsisted among them; he assured them that as soon as they appeared to quarrel, their neighbours, who had till then treated them with respect, would fall upon them, and expel them the country. He therefore earnestly requested them, by the ties of blood and their mutual safety, to return quietly to their several homes, and pledged himself that he would satisfy them on all points of precedence, and prevent the possibility of such disputes at their future anniversary meetings; they all acquiesced, and departed in peace. In due time John de Groat, to fulfil his engagement, built a room distinct from all other houses, in an octagon figure, with eight doors, and having placed a table of oak of the same shape in the middle; when the next meet-

ing took place, he desired each of them to enter by his own door, and to sit at the head of the table, he himself occupying the last. By this ingenious contrivance, the harmony and good humour of the company was restored. The building was then named John O'Groat's House; and though nothing remains but the foundation of the building, the place still retains the name, and deserves to be remembered for the intentions and good sense which gave it origin.

#### "JEMMY DAWSON."

Shenstone's pathetic and affecting ballad of *Jemmy Dawson* is founded in truth, and was taken from a narrative first published in *The Parrot* of the 2nd of August 1740, three days after the transaction it records. It is given in the form of a letter, and it is as follows:—

"A young lady of a good family and handsome fortune had for some time extremely loved, and was equally beloved by Mr. James Dawson, one of those unhappy gentlemen who suffered on Wednesday last, at Kensington Common, for high treason; and had he either been acquitted, or have found the Royal mercy after condemnation, the day of his enlargement was to have been that of their marriage.

"I will not prolong the narrative by any repetition of what she suffered on sentence being passed on him; none, excepting those utterly incapable of feeling any soft or generous emotions, but may easily conceive her agonies; beside, the sad catastrophe will be sufficient to convince you of their sincerity.

"Not all the persuasions of her kindred could prevent her from going to the place of execution; she was determined to see the last of a person so dear to her, and accordingly followed the sledges in a hackney-coach, accompanied by a gentleman nearly related to her, and one female friend. She got near enough to see the fire kindled which was to consume the heart she knew was so much devoted to her, and all the other dreadful preparations for his fate, without betraying any of those emotions her friends apprehended; but when all was over, and that she found he was no more, she threw her head back into the coach, and ejaculating, 'My dear, I follow thee! I follow thee! Lord Jesus! receive both our souls together,' fell upon the neck of her companion, and expired the very moment she had done speaking.

"The excessive grief which the force of her resolution had kept smothered within her breast, is thought to have put a stop to the vital motion, and suffocated at once all the animal spirits."

#### LIEUT. JOSEPH FRASER.

Died at Edinburgh, lately, Lieut. Fraser, of the 87th regiment of foot. Lieut. Fraser entered at the youthful age of sixteen. He passed with approbation through the grades from private to officer in the short space of eight years. His signal bravery at the taking of the Cape of Good Hope in-

duced the commanding officer to report him for an officer's commission; for he was one of the party of thirty, who, on that occasion, volunteered to storm a battery, and the only one of the party who survived (but not un wounded) the capture of it. His death was premature, at the age of 42.

#### A VIRTUOSO.

At Inspruck is to be seen a boot, which it is said belonged to CHARLES XII. The boot is the property of an Exciseman, who conceives it to be of the greatest value. An Englishman offered to fill it with guineas to become its possessor. He then had he said the babouches of MAHOMET II. the sandals of CARACALLA, the slippers of Charles IX. and the boot straps of CROMWELL.

#### CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

Some time ago a poor woman labouring under temporary derangement, hung herself in her own house. As soon as her husband was aware of her situation, he set off in search of a medical man, leaving his unfortunate wife suspended by the neck, and giving strict injunctions that she should not be meddled with till he returned. A number of persons collected in consequence of the alarm, among whom was a man who had tasted the "barley-bree," who bawled out—"Why don't you cut the woman down?" When several females immediately replied—"Ye drunken brute, wou'd you put a finger on her, when her gude man's awa' for a doctor." They nevertheless cut her down, but too late to save her life.

#### APPALLING ACCIDENT.

On Tuesday se'night, Mr. Ross, a respectable farmer, residing at Waterfowl, in Bramar, accompanied by a gentleman from Aberdeen and a guide, mounted to the summit of Lochnager, to enjoy the view from that stupendous height. The party had begun to descend, when Mr. Ross requested one of them to hold his pony, while he returned to survey a particular spot overlooking Lochgar. After waiting for some time, the gentlemen became alarmed; and on going back they discovered, dreadful to relate, that he had fallen from the cliff, which was here above 300 feet perpendicular height. It appeared that, in falling, he had struck against a projecting part of the rock, about fifty yards from the top, a part of his skull being found there; and it was with difficulty his mangled remains could be gathered together at the bottom of the cliff. It is impossible to say how the lamentable accident happened; but it is supposed that a stone had tripped his foot in going round the edge of the precipice, which at the part where he fell, branches off from the usual track taken by travellers.

#### A CLUB OF WATER DRINKERS.

In a small town in Lancashire a Society has been established whose tenets are of a singularly primitive character. The party consists of eight or ten members, all well acquainted with each other, all of whom are excellently initiated in the art of smoking.



It is a law with them as sacred as those of the Medes and Persians, to allow no fluid to assist in their festive rites but the pure drink of nature, and it is really a most amusing spectacle to behold these sober worthies passing away the afternoon of each day in the occupation of smoking round an old oak table, the chief duty of which is to sustain a huge pitcher of water whence they all indulge by turns in copious libations, with the same apparent satisfaction, that we are in the habit of seeing result from a similar vessel of good home-brewed ale.

#### JACK ASHORE.

On Tuesday last, as a party of seamen belonging to His Majesty's ship *Salisbury*, just arrived from the Halifax station, were walking up Point-street, Portsmouth, rather elated with a heavy wet, a bull, which had escaped from the King's slaughter-house came running towards the jolly Tars, with his tail erect in the air, when all the men jumped out of his way except one, and he being an immense sturdy fellow, stood in the street directly in the way of the bull, and hailed him in the following words—"Bull, ahoy! Bull, ahoy! I cry: Drop your peak, and put your helm a starboard, or you'll run aboard of me." The bull continuing his course, came in contact with Jack, and capsized him: but Jack not being intimidated, sprung from the ground, and shaking his clothes, very good-naturedly observed to the bull, "Oh you lubberly beast, I told you how it would be."

#### NEW RELIGIOUS SECT.

About the village of Millbrook, a considerable sect, named *Bryanites*, has lately sprung up, whose teachers claim not only the power of casting out devils, but pretend to possess a still more dangerous power—the power of seeing into the future world, and ascertaining the lot of the inmates thereof. In the application of this power, they of course see all those who think as they think in Paradise, while all those who do not belong to their persuasion, or who leave their association, are seen amidst hell torments; by which means the simple are gained and the doubting alarmed and bound to their creed. Some distressing instances of the effect of these anathemas have occurred. In the midst of their religious meetings they are caught in trances, when males and females are all huddled together and thrown into a dark cellar, where they remain till a spirit moves them. One of the fraternity having fallen dangerously ill, his wife, not one of them, sent for the clergyman of the parish to read prayers for the sick by him. This the clergyman went readily to perform; but upon his arrival, his entrance was opposed by a man decent in his appearance, judging from his dress, who assured him that he was too late; that all was over, and the devil dislodged from the sick man. I saw him (the devil) myself, said the Bryanite pastor, come out of the man, pass through this window, fly over the house, and next

over the adjoining heights, to his proper abode; and my brother, added he, is now watching at the bed side of the defunct, lest Satan return by stealth and enter him again. The clergyman, notwithstanding every effort made to get into the house, believing the man to be, as he really was, still alive, was compelled to give up the attempt, and next day, before he returned the poor man had actually expired.

#### ON WEARING FLANNEL.

For more than twenty years the language of the prophet (Ezekiel, xlv.) has occasionally engrossed my attention upon this subject. The prohibition is thus worded:—"They shall not gird themselves with wool that causeth sweat." Although Palestine and Babylon are regions many degrees nearer the equinoctial line than *Britannia Magna*, I think we need not restrict the precept to those limits. What everybody says must be true. The universal rage for wearing flannel next the skin made me try it; for who would be singular at the expense of his health? I do not know what I might wear in the Arctic regions; but in my routine of practice, I have observed that those who continue the use of flannel in immediate contact with the skin, are more susceptible of catarrh and quinsey than others. I have so long noticed the fact, that with me it admits of no doubt. Ten years ago, I was called in to Mr. D—, of Aldgate, to pass an opinion upon a very disagreeable and troublesome eruption. Upon inspecting the eruption, which covered the whole body and chest, I observed that he was encased with an armour of flannel, steeped with inspissated perspiration. My olfactory nerves were saluted by the fœtid exhalations, which had no means of escape. I exclaimed, "My good Sir, I would not submit to such purgatory for all the Cardinals in Italy: all this is self-procured; get into the hot bath, and put on a new flannel waistcoat over your linen." My patient was shortly well and often thanks me for my advice.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Colonel Leicester Stanhope is, we hear, preparing a publication on the actual state of Greece in 1823-4.

Mr. Soane is employed upon a History of Art, and Biography of its Professors.

"Tales of Irish Life" will, we are assured, appear on the first of November, with illustrations, by Mr. George Cruikshank, engraved by Messrs Thompson, Hughes and Bonner, in their best style.

A small volume entitled "Suicide and its Antidotes," by the Rev. Solomon Pigott, Rector of Dūpstable, and author of various works, will soon appear.

Mr. Dupin says, the number of our harbours, docks, piers, and lighthouses, extend over more than 600 leagues of coast; our canals in length 1000 leagues; our roads 46,000 leagues; and that even the pipes for conveying gas and water through the streets of London reach to 400 leagues.

# SPIRIT

OF THE

## ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

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### PERSONAL CHARACTER OF LORD BYRON.

Dear Sir,

The following article on the personal character of Lord Byron, will be read, I think, with peculiar interest, as your readers will immediately perceive that it is written by one who has had unusual opportunities of observing the extraordinary habits, feelings, and opinions of the inspired and noble Poet. I am quite sure that, after a perusal of the following paper, the reader will be able to see Lord Byron, mind and all, "in his habit as he lived:"—Much that has hitherto been accounted inexplicable in his Lordship's life and writings is now interpreted, and the poet and the man are here depicted in their true colours. I can pledge myself to the strict correctness of its details. I am, dear sir, &c.

\* \* \* \* \*

**L**ORD BYRON'S address was the most affable and courteous perhaps ever seen; his manners, when in a good humour, and desirous of being well with his guest, were winning—fascinating in the extreme, and though bland, still spirited, and with an air of frankness and generosity—qualities in which he was certainly not deficient. He was *open* to a fault—a characteristic probably the result of his fearlessness and independence of the world; but so *open* was he that his friends were obliged to live upon their guard with him. He was the worst person in the world to confide a secret to; and if any charge against any body was mentioned to him, it was probably the first communication he made to the person in question. He hated scandal and tittle-tattle—loved the manly straightforward course: he would harbour no doubts, and never live with another with suspicions in his bosom—out came the accusation, and he called upon the individual to stand clear, or be ashamed of himself. He detested a lie—nothing enraged him so much as a lie: he was by temperament and education excessively irritable, and a lie completely unchained him—his indignation knew no bounds. He had considerable tact in detecting untruth, he would smell it out almost instinctively; he avoided the timid driv-

eler, and generally chose his companions among the lovers and practisers of sincerity and candour. A man tells the false and conceals the true, because he is afraid that the declaration of the thing, as it is, will hurt him. Lord Byron was above all fear of this sort; he flinched from telling no one what he thought to his face; from his infancy he had been afraid of no one: falsehood is not the vice of the powerful; the Greek slave *lies*, the Turkish tyrant is remarkable for his adherence to truth.

Lord Byron was irritable (as I have said), irritable in the extreme; and this is another fault of those who have been accustomed to the unmurmuring obedience of obsequious attendants. If he had lived at home, and held undisputed sway over hired servants, led captains, servile apothecaries, and willing county magistrates, probably he might have passed through life with an unruffled temper, or at least his escapades of temper would never have been heard of; but he spent his time in adventure and travel, amongst friends, rivals, and foreigners; and, doubtless, he had often reason to find that his early life had unfitted him for dealing with men on an equal footing, or for submitting to untoward accidents with patience.

His vanity was excessive—unless it

may with greater propriety be called by a softer name—a milder term, and perhaps a juster, would be his love of fame. He was exorbitantly desirous of being the sole object of interest: whether in the circle in which he was living, or in the wider sphere of the world, he could bear no rival; he could not tolerate the person who attracted attention from himself; he instantly became animated with a bitter jealousy, and hated, for the time, every greater or more celebrated man than himself: he carried his jealousy up even to Buonaparte; and it was the secret of his contempt of Wellington. It was dangerous for his friends to rise in the world if they valued his friendship more than their own fame—he hated them.

It cannot be said that he was *vain* of any talent, accomplishment, or other quality in particular; it was neither more nor less than a morbid and voracious appetite for fame, admiration, public applause: proportionably he dreaded the public censure; and though from irritation and spite, and sometimes through design, he acted in some respects as if he despised the opinion of the world, no man was ever more alive to it.

The English newspapers talked freely of him; and he thought the English public did the same; and for this reason he feared, or hated, or fancied that he hated England: in fact, as far as this one cause went, he did hate England, but the balance of love in its favour was immense; all his views were directed to England; he never rode a mile, wrote a line, or held a conversation, in which England and the English public were not the goal to which he was looking, whatever scorn he might have on his tongue.

Before he went to Greece, he imagined that he had grown very unpopular, and even infamous, in England; when he left *Murray*, engaged in the *Liberal*, which was unsuccessful, published with the *Hunts*, he fancied, and doubtless was told so, by some of his aristocratic friends, that he had become *low*, that the *better* English thought him out of fashion and voted him vulgar; and that for the licentiousness of

Don Juan, or for *vices* either practised or suspected, the public had morally outlawed him. This was *one* of the determining causes which led him to Greece, that he might retrieve himself.

He thought that his name coupled with the Greek cause would sound well at home. When he arrived at Cephalonia, and found that he was in good odour with the authorities,—that the regiment stationed there, and other English residents in the island, received him with the highest consideration, he was gratified to a most extravagant pitch; he talked of it to the last with a perseverance and in a manner which showed how anxious his fears had been that he was lost with the English people.

They who have not resided abroad are very little aware how difficult it is to keep up with the state of public opinion at home. Letters and newspapers, which are rarely seen even by the richer traveller on account of the immense expense of their transmission, scarcely do anything more than tantalize the spirit, or administer food to the imagination. *We* gather the state of public opinion by ten thousand little circumstances which cannot, or only a few of which can, be communicated through any other channel of information. While on the spot, absence of calumny, or the fact of not hearing any thing disagreeable, is a proof of its non-existence; abroad, on the contrary, silence is ominous; the fancy is at work, and torments a sensitive man, whose reputation is public property, in a manner of which it is difficult to form an adequate conception: an approach is made to it by wilful seclusion even within the four seas; hence the irritability of Wordsworth; hence also, in a less degree, that of Southey, who mixes a little more with the world.

Lord Byron cannot be said to have been personally vain in any extraordinary degree, that is, not much more than men usually are. He knew the power of his countenance, and he took care that it should always be displayed to the greatest advantage. He never failed to appear *remarkable*: and no person, whether from the



beauty of the expression of his features, the magnificent height of his forehead, or the singularity of his dress, could ever pass him in the street without feeling that he was passing no common person. Lord Byron has been frequently recollected when his portraits have been shown—Ah! (the spectator has exclaimed, on either picture or engraving being seen,) I met that person in such or such a place, at such or such a time.

His lameness, a slight mal-formation of the foot, did not in the least impede his activity; it may perhaps account in some measure for his passion for riding, sailing, and swimming. He nearly divided his time between these three exercises: he rode from four to eight hours every day when he was not engaged in boating or swimming. And in these exercises, so careful was he of his hands (one of these little vanities which sometimes beset men) that he wore gloves even in swimming.

He indulged in another practice which is not considered in England genteel, that is to say, it is not just now a fashion with the upper classes in this country—he *chewed tobacco* to some extent.

At times, too, he was excessively given to drinking; but this is not so uncommon. In his passage from Genoa to Cephalonia, he spent the principal part of the time in drinking with the Captain of the vessel. He could bear an immense quantity of liquor without intoxication, and was by no means particular either in the nature or in the order of the fluids he imbibed. He was by no means a drinker constantly, or, in other words, a drunkard, and could indeed be as abstemious as any body; but when his passion blew that way he drank, as he did every thing else, *to excess*.

This was indeed the spirit of his life—a round of passion, indulgence, and satiety. He had tried, as most men do who have the power, every species of gratification, however sensual. Let no rich young man here who is not living under the surveillance of his relations or in the fear of the public, let no such person turn up

his nose. No men are more given to ring the changes upon gratification of all the sensual kinds than the English, especially the English on the continent,—the English, who in *speech* are the most modest people of the universe, and who, if you might trust their sly and reserved manner, think of nothing but *decorum*. Lord Byron did no more in this respect than almost every other Lord or Esquire of degree has done, and is doing, if he dare, at this moment, whether in London, Paris, Naples, Vienna, or elsewhere, with this difference—Lord Byron was a man of strong powers of intellect and active imagination; he drew conclusions and took lessons from what he saw. Lord Byron too was a man capable of intense passion, which every one who pursues the gratification of his appetite is not; consequently he went to work with a headlong, reckless spirit, probably derived exquisite enjoyment, quickly exhausted himself, and was then left stranded in satiety.

There was scarcely a passion which he had not tried, even that of *avarice*. Before he left Italy he alarmed all his friends by becoming penurious—absolutely miserly, after the fashion of the Elves and other great misers on record. The pleasures of avarice are dwelt on with evident satisfaction in one of the late cantos of *Don Juan*—pleasures which were no fictions of the poet's brain, but which he had enjoyed and was revelling in at that moment; of course he indulged to excess, grew tired, and turned to something else.

The passion which last animated him was that which is said to be the last infirmity of noble minds—ambition. There can be little doubt that he had grown weary of being known only as a *writer*; he determined to distinguish himself by *action*. Many other motives, however, went to make up the bundle which took him to the succour of the Greeks. Italy was waning in favour, he was beginning to grow weary of the society of the lady, to whom, after the manners of Italy he had been attached, and unfortunately her passion outlived his: even

in Greece she would gladly have joined him; but his Lordship had changed. Then, again, Greece was a land of adventure, bustle, struggle, sensation, and excitement, where the inhabitants have beautiful forms, and dress in romantic habits, and dwell in the most picturesque country of the world; and Lord Byron, as he said himself, had "an oriental twist in his imagination." He knew that the Greeks looked up to him as, what he really was, one of their greatest regenerators; he was aware that his money and rank, would give him unlimited power, influence, and respect; all of which he dearly loved. Then again, if any man ever sympathized deeply with bravery suffering in a generous cause, it was Lord Byron; and when he was roused, in moments of excitement, this sympathy was a violently propelling and a very virtuous motive. These and other secondary considerations led him to Greece, to sacrifice much of his personal comforts, much of his property, his health, and his life.

No two men were ever more unlike than Lord Byron excited and Lord Byron in the ordinary state of calm. His friends about him used to call it *inspiration*; and when men of their stamp talk about *inspiration*, there must no common change take place. When excited, his sentiments were noble, his ideas grand or beautiful, his language rich and enthusiastic, his views elevated, and all his feelings of that disinterested and martyr-like cast which marks the great mind. When in the usual dull mood in which almost every body wearies their friends nine hours out of the ten, his ideas were gross, his language coarse, his sentiments not mean certainly, but of a low and sensual kind; his mood sneering and satirical, unless in a very good humour, which indeed, he often, I may say generally, was. This is, however, the wrong side of the picture in Lord Byron—he may be said here to be taken at the worst. Without being what I have called *excited*, his conversation was often very delightful, though almost always polluted by grossness—grossness of the very

broadest and lowest description, like, I cannot help saying again like almost all his class—all of them that do not live in the fear of God, or of the public. His grossness had the advantage of a fertile fancy, and such subjects were the ready source of a petty kind of excitement; the forbidden words, the forbidden topics, the concealed actions of our nature, and the secret vices of society, stimulated his imagination, and stimulants he loved, and may be said at times to have wanted. He certainly did permit his fancy to feed on this dunghill garbage; now and then, indeed, even here he scratched up a pearl, but so dirty a pearl, few would be at the pains of washing it for all its price.

His letters are charming; he never wrote them with the idea of "The Letters of the Right Hon. Lord Byron, in 6 vols. 12mo." before his eyes, as unfortunately our great men must now almost necessarily do. The public are so fond of this kind of reading, and so justly too, that there is great reason to fear that it will consume what it feeds on. Few things are so charming as to see a great man without all the paraphernalia of his greatness, without his being armed capable for public contest, when every point is guarded, and every motion studied: when a man of reputation presents himself to the notice of the world, he must pretend to know every thing, or he will have credit for nothing—he must assume the air of infallibility, or the meanest creature that can read will discover that he is full of error; he must be supposed to have examined the subject in all its bearings, he must have consulted every authority, he must know what every body has said or thought previously on the matter, and he must anticipate what they can possibly say or think in future, or he will be voted a shallow writer, without information, who has produced a work of no value. Then as to style, it must be the abstract of language—it must be impersonal—unindividual—and just such as a literary machine which had the power of grinding thoughts might be supposed to utter. In short, the writer is every

moment afraid of either committing himself or his friends; he is on his good behaviour; and natural freedom, grace, and truth, are out of the question. The writer for the public is as much unlike the real man as the traveller in a stage coach or as the guest at a public ball or dinner is like the lively, careless, rattling, witty, good-natured, fanciful, pleasant creature, at his or her fire-side, among old friends, who know too much of the whole life and character to be alarmed at any little sally, and who are satisfied with such knowledge as their friend possesses, without requiring that he should know every thing. Lord Byron's letters are the models of a species of composition which should be written without an eye to any models. His fancy kindled on paper; he touches no subject in a common every-day way; the reader smiles all through, and loves the writer at the end; longs for his society, and admires his happy genius and his amiable disposition. Lord Byron's letters are like what his conversation was—but better—he had more undisturbed leisure to let his fancy ripen in; he could point his wit with more security, and his irritable temper met with no opposition on paper.

Lord Byron was not ill-tempered nor quarrelsome, but still he was very difficult to live with; he was capricious, full of humours, apt to be offended, and wilful. When Mr. Hobhouse and he travelled in Greece together, they were generally a mile asunder, and though some of his friends lived with him off and on a long time, (Trelawney, for instance,) it was not without serious trials of temper, patience, and affection. He could make a great point often about the least and most trifling thing imaginable, and adhere to his purpose with a pertinacity truly remarkable, and almost unaccountable. A love of victory might sometimes account for little disputes and petty triumphs, otherwise inexplicable, and always unworthy of his great genius; but, as I have said, he was only a great genius now and then, when excited; when not so, he was sometimes little in his conduct,

and in his writings dull, or totally destitute of all powers of production. He was very good-natured; and when asked to write a song, or a copy of verses in an album, or an inscription, for so poets are plagued, he would generally attempt to comply, but he seldom succeeded in doing any thing; and when he did, he generally gave birth to such Grub-street doggerel as his friends were ashamed of, and, it is to be hoped, charitably put into the fire. When, on the contrary, in a state of enthusiasm, he wrote with great facility, and corrected very little. He used to boast of an indifference about his writings which he did not feel, and would remark with pleasure that he never saw them in print, and never met with any body that did not know more about them than himself.

He left very little behind him. Of late he had been too much occupied with the Greeks to write, and, indeed, had turned his attention very much to *action*, as has been observed. Don Juan he certainly intended to continue; and, I believe, that the real reason for his holding so many conferences with Dr. Kennedy in Cephalonia was, that he might master the slang of a religious sect, in order to hit off the character with more verisimilitude.

His religious principles were by no means fixed; habitually, like most of his class, he was an unbeliever; at times, however, he relapsed into Christianity, and, in his interviews with Dr. Kennedy, maintained the part of a Unitarian. Like all men whose imaginations are much stronger than the reasoning power—the guiding and determining faculty—he was in danger of falling into fanaticism, and some of his friends who knew him well used to predict that he would die a Methodist; a consummation by no means impossible.

From the same cause, the preponderance of the imagination, there might have been some ground for the fear which beset his later moments that he should go mad. The immediate cause of this fear was, the deep impression which the fate of Swift had made upon him. He read the life of



Swift during the whole of his voyage to Greece, and the melancholy termination of the Dean's life haunted his imagination.

Strong, overruling, and irregular as was Lord Byron's imagination—a rich vice which inspired him with his poetry, and which is too surely but the disease of a great mind—strong as was this imagination—sensitive and susceptible as it was to all external influence, yet Lord Byron's reasoning faculties were by no means of a low order; but they had never been cultivated, and, without cultivation, whether by spontaneous exertion, or under the guidance of discipline, to expect a man to be a good reasoner, even on the common affairs of life, is to expect a crop where the seed has not been sown, or where the weeds have been suffered to choke the corn. Lord Byron was shrewd, formed frequently judicious conclusions, and, though he did not reason with any accuracy or certainty, very often hit upon the right. He had occasional glimpses, and deep ones too, into the nature of the institutions of society and the foundations of morals, and, by his experience of the passions of men, speculated ably upon human life; yet withal he was any-thing but logical or scientific.

Uncertain and wavering, he never knew himself whether he was right or wrong, and was always obliged to write and feel for the moment on the supposition that his opinion was the true one. He used to declare that he had no fixed principles; which means that he knew nothing scientifically: in politics, for instance, he was a lover of liberty, from prejudice, habit, or from some vague notion that it was generous to be so; but in what liberty really consists—how it operates for the advantages of mankind—how it is to be obtained, secured, regulated, he was as ignorant as a child.

While he was in Greece, almost every elementary question of government was necessarily to be discussed; such was the crisis of Greek affairs—about all of which he showed himself perfectly ignorant. In the case of the press, for instance, and in all ques-

tions relating to *publicity*, he was completely wrong. He saw nothing but a few immediate effects, which appeared to him pernicious or the contrary, and he set himself against or in behalf of the press accordingly. Lord Byron complaining of the licentiousness of the press may sound rather singular, and yet such are necessarily the inconsistencies of men who suffer themselves to be guided by high-sounding words and vague generalities, and who expect to understand the art of government and the important interests of society by instinct. In spite, however, of Lord Byron, the press was established in Greece, and maintained free and unshackled, by one of the greatest benefactors that country has as yet known from England, the Hon. Colonel Leicester Stanhope, who, by his activity, his energy, courage, but, above all, by his enlightened knowledge of the principles of legislation and civilization, succeeded in carrying into effect all his measures, as agent of the Greek committee, and who, by spreading useful information, and, above all, by the establishment of the press in all the principal points of reunion in Greece, has advanced that country in civilization many years, how many we dare not say. Before the establishment of the press, the Greeks were working out their regeneration in various parts of Greece, but not as a whole—without unity of design, or unity of interest,—each centre was ignorant of the operations of all the other centres, except by accidental communication; and communication, from the nature of the country and from the circumstances in which it was placed, was rare and hazardous. The press has greatly assisted to establish one feeling throughout the country; not merely is information passed from one quarter to another by its means, but an interchange of sentiments takes place, and a sympathy is created, advice and encouragement reciprocated, enthusiasm kept alive, and useful principles disseminated through the whole commonwealth. Not only will the press thus accelerate the liberation of Greece, but will also, when that libera-

tion is effected, prevent the separation and dissolution of the country into petty kingdoms and governments, which was the bane of ancient Greece. It is becoming to the body politic what the nerves are to the body physical, and will bind a set of disjected members into one corresponding and sensitive frame. As a proof of Lord Byron's uncertainty and unfixedness, he at one moment gave a very handsome donation of (50*l.*) to one paper, the Greek Chronicle, the most independent of them all, and promised to assist in its compilation. His friend and secretary, too, with his approbation, established a polyglot newspaper, the Greek Telegraph, with his countenance and support. The want of any fixed principles and opinions on these important subjects galled him excessively, and he could never discuss them without passion. About this same press, schools, societies for mutual instruction, and all other institutions for the purpose of educating and advancing the Greeks in civilization, he would express himself with scorn and disgust. He would put it on the ground that the present was not the time for these things; that the Greeks must conquer first, and then set about learning—an opinion which no one could seriously entertain who knew as he well did the real situation of the Greeks, who are only now and then visited by the Turks, descending at particular seasons in shoals, like herrings, and like them too to be netted, knocked on the head and left to die in heaps till the whole country-side is glutted with their carcases.—The aptitude of the Greeks is as great as their leisure; and if even the men were actively engaged for the most part of their time, which they are not, surely no exertion of benevolence could be attended with more advantage than instructing the children at home. This, to be sure, is a quaker kind of warfare, and little likely to please a poet; though it must be confessed, that in respect to the pomp and circumstance of war, and all the sad delusions of military glory, no man could have more sane notions than Lord Byron. Mercenary warfare and the life-and-death

struggle of oppressed men for freedom are very different things; and Lord Byron felt a military ardour in Greece which he was too wise a man ever to have felt under other circumstances. He was at one time, in Greece, absolutely soldier-mad; he had a helmet made, and other armour in which to lead the Suliotes to the storming of Lepanto, and thought of nothing but of guns and blunderbusses. It is very natural to suppose that a man of an enthusiastic turn, tired of every-day enjoyments, in succouring the Greeks, would look to the bustle, the adventure, the moving accidents by flood and field, as sources of great enjoyment: but allowing for the romantic character of guerilla warfare in Greece, for the excessively unromantic nature of projects for establishing schools and printing-presses in safe places, where the Turks never or very seldom reach; allowing for these, yet they were not the causes of his Lordship's hostility to these peaceful but important instruments in propagating happiness: he was ignorant of the science of civilization, and he was jealous of those who both knew it and practised it, and consequently were doing more good than himself, and began to be more thought about too, in spite of his Lordship's money, which in Greece is certainly very little short of being all-powerful. The Greeks, it is true, had a kind of veneration for Lord Byron, on account of his having sung the praises of Greece; but the thing which caused his arrival to make so great a sensation there was the report that he was immensely rich, and had brought a ship full of *sallars* (as they call dollars) to pay off all their arrears. So that as soon as it was understood he had arrived, the Greek fleet was presently set in motion to the port where he was stationed; was very soon in a state of the most pressing distress, and nothing could relieve it but a loan of four thousand pounds from his Lordship, which loan was eventually obtained (though with a small difficulty), and then the Greek fleet sailed away, and left his Lordship's person to be nearly taken by the Turks in crossing to Missolonghi, as another vessel which contained

his suite and his stores actually was captured, though afterwards released. It was this money too which charmed the Prince Mavrocordato, who did not sail away with his fleet, but stayed behind, thinking more was to be obtained, as more indeed was, and the whole consumed nobody knows how. However, the sums procured from his Lordship were by no means so large as has been supposed; five thousand pounds would probably cover the whole, and that chiefly by way of loan, which has, I hear, been repaid since his death. The truth is, that the only good Lord Byron did, or probably ever could have done to Greece was, that his presence conferred an éclat on the cause all over Europe, and disposed the people of England to join in the loan. The lenders were dazzled, by his co-operation with the Greeks, into an idea of the security of their money, which they ought to have been assured of on much better grounds; but it requires some time and labour to learn the real state of a country, while it was pleasant gossip to talk of Lord Byron in Greece. The fact is, that if any of the foreign loans are worth a farthing it is that to the Greeks, who are decidedly more under the controul of European public opinion than any other nation in the world; about their capability to pay no one can doubt, and their honesty is secured by their interest.

Lord Byron was noted for a kind of poetical misanthropy, but it existed much more in the imagination of the public than in reality. He was fond of society, very good-natured when not irritated, and, so far from being gloomy, was, on the contrary, of a cheerful jesting temperament, and fond of witnessing even low buffoonery; such as setting a couple of vulgar fellows to quarrel, making them drunk, or disposing them in any other way to show their folly. In his writings he certainly dwelt with pleasure on a character which had somehow or other laid hold of his fancy, and consequently under this character he has appeared to the public: viz. that of a proud and scornful being, who pretended to be disgusted with his species, because he

himself had been guilty of all sorts of crimes against society, and who made a point of dividing his time between cursing and blessing, murdering and saving, robbing and giving, hating and loving, just as the wind of his humour blew. This *penchant* for outlaws and pirates might naturally enough flow from his own character, and the circumstances of his life, without there being the slightest resemblance between the poet and the Corsair. He had a kind and generous heart, and gloried in a splendid piece of benevolence; that is to say, the dearest exercise of power to him was in unexpectedly changing the state of another from misery to happiness: he sympathized deeply with the joy he was the creator of. But he was in a great error with respect to the merit of such actions, and in a greater still respecting the reward which he thought awaited him. He imagined that he was laying up a great capital at compound interest. He reckoned upon a large return of gratitude and devotion, and was not content with the instant recompense which charity receives. They who understand the principles of human action know that it is foolish in a benefactor to look further than the pleasure of consciousness and sympathy, and that if he does, he is a creditor, and not a donor, and must be content to be viewed as creditors are always viewed by their debtors, with distrust and uneasiness. On this mistake were founded most of his charges against human nature; but his feelings, true to nature, and not obeying the false direction of his prejudices and erroneous opinions, still made him love his kind with an ardour which removed him as far as possible from misanthropy. It is very remarkable that all your misanthropists as painted by the poets are the very best men in the world—to be sure, they do not go much into company, but they are always on the watch to do benevolent actions in secret, and no distress is ever suffered to remain long unrelieved in the neighbourhood of a hater of his fellow men. Another cause of Lord Byron's misanthropical turn of writing was his high respect for himself. He had a vast reverence for his



own person, and all he did and thought of doing, inculcated into him, as into other lords, by mothers, governors, grooms, and nurse-maids. When he observed another man neglecting *his* wants for the sake of some petty gratification of his own, it appeared to him very base in the individual, and a general charge against all mankind—he was positively filled with indignation. He mentions somewhere in his works with becoming scorn, that one of his relatives accompanied a female friend to a milliner's, in preference to coming to take leave of him when he was going abroad. The fact is, no one ever loved his fellow man more than Lord Byron; he stood in continual need of his sympathy, his respect, his affection, his attentions, and he was proportionably disgusted and depressed when they were found wanting; this was foolish enough, but he was not much of a reasoner on these points,—he was a poet. In his latter quality, it was his business to foster all these discontented feelings, for the public like in poetry nothing better than scorn, contempt, derision, indignation; and especially a kind of fierce mockery which distinguishes the transition from a disturbed state of the imagination to lunacy. Consequently, finding this mood take with the public, when he sat down to write he began by lashing himself up into this state, his first business being, like Jove, to compel all the black clouds together he could lay his hands on. Besides, there is much that is romantic and interesting in a moody and mysterious Beltebros; it is not every body that *can* be *sated* with the most exquisite joys of society; a man to have had his appetite so palled must have had huge success, he must have been a man of consideration in the eyes of the beautiful and the rich. To *scorn* implies that you are very much better than those you scorn; that you are very good, or very great, or very wise, and that others are the direct contrary. To *despise* is another mark of superiority. To be *sad* and *silent* are proofs that much sensation, perhaps of the most impassioned kind, has been experienced, is departed, and is

mourned: this is touching; and a man who wishes to attract attention cannot do better, if he be handsome and genteel, than look woeful and affect taciturnity. Lord Byron was well aware of all this, and chose, for the purpose of exciting sympathy in his readers, to represent himself in the masquerade dress of Childe Harold. One day when Fletcher, his valet, was cheapening some monkeys, which he thought exorbitantly dear, and refused to purchase without abatement, his master said to him, "Buy them, buy them, Fletcher, I like them better than men; they amuse and never plague me." In the same spirit is his epitaph on his Newfoundland dog, a spirit partly affected and partly genuine. The genuine part he would certainly never have retained, if he had reflected a little more upon the nature of his own feelings, and the motives which actuate men in every the least action of their lives. Boys enter upon the world stuffed with school-boy notions which their tutors think it necessary to fill them with, about generosity, disinterestedness, liberty, honour, and patriotism; and when in life they find nobody acting upon these, and that they never did and never can, they are disgusted, and consider themselves entitled to despise mankind, because they are under a delusion with respect to themselves and every body else. Some of them, if men of genius, turn poets and misanthropists; some sink into mere sensualists; and some, convinced of the hollowness of the things they have been taught to declaim about, unwisely conclude that no better system of morality is to be had, that there is nothing real but place, power, and profit, and become the willing instruments of the oppressors of mankind. The fault lies in EDUCATION, and if there is any good to be done in the world that is the end to begin at.

Much of Lord Byron's poetry took its peculiar hue from the circumstances of his life,—such as his travels in Greece, which formed a most important epoch in the history of his mind. The "oriental twist in his imagination," was thence derived; his scenc-

ry, his imagery, his costume, and many of the materials of his stories, and a great deal of the character of his personages.—That country was the stimulant which excited his greatest powers; and much of the form in which they showed themselves is to be attributed to it. His great susceptibility to external impressions, his intense sympathy with the appearances of nature, which distinguished him, were the fruits either of original conformation, or a much earlier stage of his experience; but it was in Greece, the most beautiful and picturesque of countries, that he came to the full enjoyment of himself. Certainly no poet either before or since so completely identified himself with nature, and gave to it all the animation and the intellection of a human being. Benjamin Constant, in his work on Religion, lately published in Paris, quotes this passage from the *Island*, and appends to it the observation which I shall copy at the end.

How often we forget all time, when lone  
Admiring nature's universal throne,  
Her woods, her wilds, her waters, the intense  
Reply of hers to our intelligence!  
Live not the stars and mountains! Are the waves  
Without a spirit? Are the drooping caves  
Without a feeling in their silent tears?  
No—no—they woo and clasp us to their spheres,  
Dissolve this clog and clod of clay before  
Its hour, and merge our soul in the great shore.  
Strip off this fond and false identity!  
Who thinks of self when gazing on the sea?

*The Island.*

On this fine passage Benjamin Constant observes: "On nous assure que certains hommes accusent Lord Byron d'athéisme et d'impénétrabilité. Il y a plus de religion dans ces douze vers que dans les écrits passés, présents, et futurs, de tous ces dénonciateurs mis ensemble." Such is the Frenchman's notion of religion; if it be correct, our poets must be as of old our priests again, and clergymen be dismissed for want of imagination. Lord Byron had not the dramatic talent, that is, he could not discriminate human characters and assume them; but he seems to have had this dramatic talent as applied, not to human beings, but to natural objects, in the greatest perfection. He could nicely discern their distinctive differences, adapt words

and sentiments to them, and hold intercourse with them of a very refined and beautiful description. When he travelled, he communed with the hills, and the valleys, and the ocean. Certainly he did not travel for fashion's sake, nor would he follow in the wake of the herd of voyagers. As much as he had been about the Mediterranean, he had never visited Vesuvius or Ætna, because all the world had; and when any of the well-known European volcanic mountains were mentioned he would talk of the Andes, which he used to express himself as most anxious to visit. In going to Greece the last time, he went out of his way to see Stromboli; and when it happened that there was no eruption during the night his vessel lay off there, he cursed and swore bitterly for no short time.

In travelling, he was an odd mixture of indolence and capricious activity; it was scarcely possible to get him away from a place under six months, and very difficult to keep him longer. In the *Westminster Review*, there is an interesting paper formed out of his letters, and out of Fletcher's account of his last illness, which though written with fairness, has unhappily the usual fault of going upon stilts. All Lord Byron's movements are attributed to some high motive or other, or some deep deliberation, when his friends well know that he went just as the wind did or did not blow. Among a deal more of bamboozlement about Lord Byron going to Greece or staying here or there, very sage reasons are given for his remaining in Cephalonia so long. The fact is, he had got set down there, and he was too idle to be removed; first, he was not to be got out of the vessel in which he had sailed, in which he dawdled for six weeks after his arrival, when the charter of his vessel expired and he was compelled to change his quarters;—he then took up his residence in the little village of Metaxata, where again he was not to be moved to Missolonghi, whether he had declared his resolution of proceeding: ship after ship was sent for him by *Mavrocordato*, and messenger upon messenger; he promised and

promised, until at length, either worn out by importunity, or weary of his abode, he hired a couple of vessels (refusing the Greek ships) and crossed.

It is said that his intention was not to remain in Greece,—that he determined to return after his attack of epilepsy. Probably it was only his removal into some better climate that was intended. Certainly a more miserable and unhealthy bog than Misso-longhi is not to be found out of the fens of Holland, or the Isle of Ely. He either felt or affected to feel a presentiment that he should die in Greece, and when his return was spoken of, considered it as out of the question, predicting that the Turks, the Greeks, or the Malaria, would effectually put an end to any designs he might have of returning. At the moment of his seizure with the epileptic fits prior to his last illness, he was jesting with Parry, an engineer sent out by the Greek committee, who, by dint of being his butt, had got great power over him, and indeed, became every thing to him. Besides this man, there was Fletcher, who had lived with him twenty years, and who was originally a shoemaker, whom his Lordship had picked up in the village where he lived, at Newstead, and who, after attending him in some of his rural adventures, became attached to his service: he had also a faithful Italian servant, Battista: a Greek secretary; and Count Gamba seems to have acted the part of his Italian secretary. Lord Byron spoke French very imperfectly, and Italian not correctly, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he could be prevailed upon to make attempts in a foreign language. He would get any body about him to interpret for him, though he might know the language better than his interpreter.

When dying, he did not know his situation till a very short time before he fell into the profound lethargy from he never awoke; and after he knew his danger, he could never speak intelligibly, but muttered his indistinct directions in three languages. He seems to have spoken of his wife and his daughter—chiefly of the latter; to this child he was very strongly attached,

with indeed an intense parental feeling; his wife I do not believe he ever cared much for, and probably he married her from mercenary motives.

I shall not attempt any summing up of the desultory observations which I have thrown together, in the hope of superseding the cant and trash that has and will be said and sung about the character of this great man. All that it is necessary to add by way of conclusion, may be condensed into a very few words. Lord Byron was a *Lord* of very powerful intellect and strong passions; these are almost sufficient *data* for a moral geometer to construct the whole figure; at least, add the following sentence, and sufficient is given: whether by early romantic experience, or by a natural extreme sensitiveness to external impressions, it was of all his intellectual faculties the imagination which was chiefly developed. Putting them together, we may conclude, as was the fact, that he was irritable, capricious, at times even childish, wilful, dissipated, infidel, sensual; with little of that knowledge which is got at school, and much of that acquired afterwards: he was capable of enthusiasm; and though intensely selfish, that is, enjoying his own sensations, he was able to make great sacrifices, or, in other words, he had a taste for the higher kinds of selfishness, i. e. the most useful and valuable kinds; he was generous, fearless, open, veracious, and a cordial lover of society and of conviviality; he was ardent in his friendships, but inconstant; and, however generally fond of his friends, more apt to be heartily weary of them than people usually are.

No more epithets need be heaped together; all that men have in general, he had in more than ordinary force; some of the qualities which men rarely have he possessed to a splendid degree of perfection.

Such is *the PERSONAL character of Lord Byron*, as I have been able to draw it from having had access to peculiar sources of information, and from being placed in a situation best calculated, as I think, to form an impartial opinion.

R. N.



## CRYSTALIZATION OF ALUM.

SIR,

I HAVE just been spending a most agreeable half-hour in viewing an elegant and varied assemblage of ornaments, fabricated by the simplest, yet most beautiful chemical process—the crystalization of alum: the whole being the result of a few spare hours of patient industry in regulating the steps of this simple process, so as to cause the aluminous deposit to affix itself to almost any desired object or form.

I do not claim to myself the original principle of this pleasing invention, which I believe has been chiefly confined to the fabrications of flower-baskets for chimney ornaments among the more amiable sex, and the enchainment with an artificial crystal of busts, &c., by the idlers of our own: But as the result of my own experience and consequent gratification, I am induced to offer some observations which I am persuaded may contribute in some degree to the pleasure of others (more especially to the lovers of botany and other branches of natural history), as relates to the more extensive application of aluminous crystalization.

The steps of the operation are these;—Dissolve eighteen ounces of pure alum in a quart, beer measure, of soft spring water (observing the same proportion for a greater or less quantity) by boiling it gently in a close tinned vessel over a moderate fire, keeping it stirred with a wooden spatula until the solution is complete. When the liquid is almost cold, suspend the subject to be crystalized, by means of a fine thread or twine, from a lath or small stick laid horizontally across the aperture of a deep glazed earthen jar, into which the solution should now be poured, as being best adapted to the process. The respective articles should remain in the solution about twenty-four hours; when they are taken out, they are again to be carefully suspended in the shade until perfectly dry. The whole process of crystalization is best conduct-

ed in a cool situation. When the subjects to be crystalized are put into the solution while it is quite cold, the crystals are apt to be formed too large; on the other hand, should it be too hot, the crystals will be small in proportion. Experiments have convinced me that the best temperature of the liquid is about 95° of Fahrenheit's thermometer.

I shall subjoin a list of the subjects which are admirably adapted to the purpose I have mentioned, all of which I have succeeded in bringing to a most beautiful state of crystalization by the above method.

Among the vegetable specimens, are the common moss-rose of the gardens; the protuberance or *bur* found on the wild rose, *rosa canina*, occasioned by an insect depositing its ova thereon—this should be plucked with its foot-stalk and a few of the leaves—small bunches of hops, ears of corn, especially millet-seed, and the bearded wheat, berries of the holly, fruit of the sloe bush, the hyacinth, pink, furze blossom, ranunculus, garden daisy, and a great variety of others: in fact there are but few subjects in the vegetable world that are not eligible to this mode of preservation. In the animal kingdom, the lizard, large spider, grasshopper, all the beetle kind, the nests of small birds, with their eggs, forming most beautiful specimens, when neatly secured in portions of the branches of the tree, &c., in which they are accustomed to resort. A considerable degree of attention is requisite to prevent too great a deposit of the alum on some of the abovementioned subjects, by which their beauty would be obscured; they ought therefore to be frequently inspected while crystalization is going on, and removed as soon as it can be ascertained that they have acquired a sufficient coating. Various articles of turnery, &c. intended as chimney ornaments, in almost every diversity of form if first carefully covered over with common cotton, wound

round them, may be submitted to crystallization with the same beautiful result.

W. H. WEEKES.

P. S. If desirable, the crystalized subjects may be tinged with almost any variety of colour, by boiling in the alum solution a little indigo, Brazil logwood, French berries, or other vegetable and mineral dyes. A little care and ingenuity will likewise enable the operator to confine his tints to the crystal surrounding flower-blossoms, and other particular parts of plants which he may wish to preserve.

Among the vegetable tribe, the class of lichens, especially the *cup-moss*, are most eligible subjects, nor are many specimens of fungi less adapted; the two latter tribes of vegetables have moreover the advantage of permanently retaining their native colours, without any aid whatever from art. A thin coating of the crystalizing matter only should be allowed to obtain on most individuals of the *cryptogamia*, which is adequate to their preservation, and much more essential to the beauty of the specimen.

### JOURNAL OF AN OFFICER

IN THE IRISH LEGION, LATELY SERVING IN COLUMBIA.—TOUR FROM MERIDA TO THE VALE OF SANTA MARIA ANNA.

**L**EAVING Merida in the morning, we proceeded to the vale of Santa Anna: in our way we visited the ruined monastery that belonged to the Dominican friars previous to the revolution. Here, instead of bare walls, we were surprised to find gilded roofs, marble altar-pieces, and other vestiges of grandeur, that might have done honour to Rome or Paris. In the nave and chancel lay many good and holy fathers, whose pious stories were engraved upon their tombs for the benefit of posterity; but, unfortunately, time and the damps had been extremely busy with them. One monument struck me more particularly: it bore a copper-plate, nearly fitted into the marble-slab, surmounted by two panes with wings, which covered the tomb, and on this was the name of the late superior of the order, in Spanish, with many encomiums on his good qualities. Amongst many other titles, all too flattering for any virtue except that of a romance, he was classically styled, *Fulcrum Miserorum, gemma virorum*. Having a natural curiosity to know something of a man's history in whose character those rare traits were to be met with, I inquired of an old Frenchman, who accompanied me, as to his knowledge of the superior. He told me that the monk had originally come

from Seville, in old Spain, with a view to improve his fortune; that, in consequence of the refusal of another prelate to place himself at the mercy of the wind and waves, he was appointed Bishop of Venezuela, and that on his translation to this rich see he resided between Maracaibo and Merida. I asked the Frenchman whether the hero of this tale had died rich? "Oui, Monsieur;"—not content with an income of forty thousand dollars, on the death of the governor of Maracaibo, he made free with the treasure in the royal chest; a defalcation of six hundred thousand dollars was the consequence, which could not be accounted for, and the governor's haciendas were confiscated in order to make good the deficiency. Not thinking it prudent to return to old Spain, he retired to the convent, where he assumed the character of a hermit, and lived with the fathers a life of piety and mortification, according to some; but, as others tell the tale, in all manner of voluptuousness and hypocrisy. He himself had been pressed into the Monk's service as baker-general to the convent, to superintend the bread and pastry, and also to act as pilot to his pleasure-barge on the lake; during the lifetime of the superior he had enjoyed a tolerable easy place of it, but after his

death the monks had obliged him to cut fuel to serve the ovens, for which he got many benedictions in lieu of his promised salary. I asked him to whose gratitude the superior was indebted for his handsome monument; he replied, to the fishermen of Maracaibo, in return for his having obliged his flock to abstain from meat three times a week, which gave them a good market for their fish: perhaps the hint was taken from Pope Leo, who proclaimed Saturday a fast day in England, to oblige the pious fishermen of that country, who gave him a *douceur* of five hundred pounds for his papal benevolence.

The monk could hardly have fixed on a more delightful spot through the whole earth, than that retreat which his own see afforded: here he could enjoy his *otium cum dignitate* to his heart's content, unruffled by the care of this world, amid the romantic scenery of forests, lakes, rivers, rocks and hanging gardens, with a climate the most favourable. The gardens belonging to the convents have gone to ruin since the revolution, but sufficient vestiges of taste and decoration still linger to tell what they once were. Innumerable flowers and blooming shrubs emit a delightful fragrance, while the numerous exotics once collected in the green-house of the convent have been suffered to remain, and, beautiful even in neglect and wildness, lend a charm to desolation. These monasteries are connected with the female convents in the vale by a serpentine walk about a mile in length, shaded by tall trees interwoven so as to exclude the rays of the sun: at proper intervals, little arbours are placed, festooned with the acacia, in bloom the whole year round, and other flowery shrubs equally rare to the European. Here the fathers were often entertained by the sisterhood with coffee, lemonade, and fruits, until dusk. Our French guide also told us, that the demon of civil war caused a feud amongst the nuns of the two convents, who espoused the cause of their respective partizans as fiercely as the contending generals and their armies: it was not unusual, he said, to see the

radical nuns going before the inquisitor-general of their order with black eyes, and other tokens of the courage with which they maintained their doctrines. In the avenues of the shrubbery or *tinta* we met a fat monk, who in the course of our conversation with him, regretted that the extreme poverty of the brother and sisterhood prevented our being received with the usual hospitality of their prosperous days. As he looked too comfortable a personage for a pauper, I remarked that fasting and mortification were forgotten with other comforts. This ill-timed repartee he took no notice of more than by a significant shrug, remarking, that before the revolution, they enjoyed many privileges, but that the country growing poorer, and consequently more wicked, contributed very little at present to their support. I told him, for his consolation, that a French and English colony would soon repeople the land, and give a fresh energy to manufacture and commerce. "Oh, Santa Maria," said he, "Voltaire and Paine's disciples!" A prolonged ha-ra-co succeeded a pause, in which he was evidently labouring under some mortifying perplexity; to add to his chagrin, I told him a worse evil than those was to follow, as the Methodist missionaries were instructing some Saint in the Spanish language, in order to preach the gospel in South America to the people of colour. I can hardly describe the emotions of the good father on hearing this account: he looked in despair, and prayed to God to remove him out of the world before that occurrence should take place. I left him, however, to his own reflections, which I dare say were any thing rather than pleasant. The Frenchman wrinkled up his face into an arch smile, exclaiming, "Monsieur padre is von damned grand gourmand," and added that this fellow was a greater plague to him than any of the fathers; "he used to squeeze my nose, Senor, in the wafer tongs, if he had not the wafer for the sacrament and his breakfast-bread by six o'clock in the morning."

In our way onwards, we saw five



other convents, mostly in ruins from the earthquake; but, dreadful as such an event must be, one can hardly regret its having destroyed these receptacles of pious indolence, which operated as a double tax on the community, by withdrawing from the general toil so many people capable of labour, and then taxing those that remained, for their support.

This charming spot is infinitely picturesque and delightful: a succession of the most fertile hacundas cover the vale for nine leagues: as far as the eye can range over to the lofty Paramos de los Cunegos Mountains you are sure to see the vine and olive appear in rich luxuriance, festooning the

props that support them, while vast plantations of sugar-cane diversify the appearance in the vallies. Nothing is wanted to the perfection of this scene, but that moral beauty which is supplied by the presence of an industrious population, and humanity would hope that this will not long be wanted; the tide of liberty and intelligence is setting in with a powerful flow over the whole world; and though despotism may check the rapidity of its course by temporary barriers, it must eventually bear down every obstacle opposed to it, and leave only the ruins of slavery as the earthquakes have left the ruins of the convent.

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COUNTRY CHURCHYARDS. No. IV.

**M**Y next Chapter, I think, was to be of "graves, and stones, and epitaphs." Come then to the churchyard with me, whoever shrinketh not from thoughtful inspection of those eloquent sermon books. Come to that same churchyard where lately we saw the assembled congregation—the aged and the young—the proud and the lowly—the rich and poor collecting together on the Sabbath morning to worship their Creator within those sacred walls. Many months since then have slept away—the green leaves have withered, and dropt, and decayed, and the bare branches have been hung with icicles, and bent down under the weight of winter snows, and again they have budded and put forth their tender shoots, and the thick foliage of summer has cast its broad shadow on the dark green sod, and again "decay's effacing fingers" are at work, and the yellow tints of autumn are gaining on the rich verdure of summer. And man!—the ephemeron! who perisheth as a flower of the field—whose time on earth is like the shadow that departeth—how hath it fared with him during the revolving seasons! How many are gone to their long home, and their place on earth knoweth them no more! How

many of those who, when last we looked upon this scene, stood here among their friends and neighbours, full of life and health, and the anticipation of long years to come, full of schemes, and hopes, and expectations, and restless thoughts, and cumbersome cares, and troubles and pleasures of this life! How many of these are since returned to this spot—Yea—but to tarry here—to occupy the house appointed for all living—to lie down and sleep, and take their rest, undisturbed by winter winds, or summer storms—unawakened by the chime of the church-bells when they summon hither the Sabbath congregation, or by the voices of those they loved in life, who pass by their lowly graves, already, perhaps, forgetful of "the form beloved" so recently deposited there!

"So music past is obsolete—  
And yet 'twas sweet! 'twas passing sweet!  
But now 'tis gone away."

This is again a Sabbath day—the evening of an autumnal Sabbath—Morning and afternoon divine service has been performed within those walls, and now Nature is offering up her own pure homage. The hymns of winged choristers—the incense of her

flowery censor—the flames of her great altar, that glorious setting sun. See! how his departing beams steal athwart the churchyard between those old oaks, whose stately trunks, half darkly defined in the blackness of their own shadow, half gilded by the passing brightness, prop that broad canopy of “many twinkling leaves” now glittering underneath with amber light, while above, the dense mass of foliage towering in heavy grandeur, stands out in bold and bleak relief against the golden glory of the western horizon. How magnificent that antique colonnade! How grand that massy superstructure! Lo! the work of the great Architect, which might well put to shame the puny efforts of his creatures, and the frail structures they erect to his glory, were it not, that he whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain, hath vouchsafed to promise, that where a few faithful hearts are gathered together to worship him in spirit and in truth, He will be there in the midst of them, even in their perishable temples. Therefore, though yon majestic oaks overtop with their proud shadow the low walls, and even the ivied tower of that rustic church, yet are they but a fitting portico, an “outer porch,” to the sanctuary more especially hallowed by His presence. Neither is their spreading arch, too magnificent a canopy for those obscure graves, so peacefully ranged beneath it. Many a sincere and humble Christian rests from his labours beneath those green hillocks. Many a faithful believer, who has drunk without a murmur his earthly cup of bitterness, because it was awarded to him by the divine will, and because, trusting in the merits of his Redeemer, he cast down his burden at his feet, looking forward, through his promises, to be a partaker of the glory which shall be revealed hereafter. Many a one, “to fortune and to fame unknown,” who walked thus humbly with his God, sleeps unrecorded in the majestic shadow of those venerable trees. But when those giants of the earth shall have stood their appointed season,—shall have lived their life of

centuries,—them also, the unsparing hand shall smite, and they too, shall lie prostrate in the dust; and for their sapless trunks there shall be no renovation, while the human grain, now hidden beneath their roots, retains, even in corruption, the principles of immortality, and shall, in the fulness of time, spring up to life eternal.

What histories—not of great actions, or of proud fortunes, or of splendid attainments, but of the human heart, that inexhaustible volume! might be told over these graves, by one who should have known their quiet tenants, and been a keen and feeling observer of their infinitely varying natures! Nay, by one who should relate from his own remembrance, even the more obvious circumstances of their obscure lives!—What tales of love, and hope, and disappointment, and struggling care, and unmerited contumely, and uncomplaining patience, and untold suffering, and broken hearts, might be extracted from this cold earth we tread on! What heart-wrung tears have been showered down upon these quiet graves! What groans, and sighs, and sobs of uncontrollable grief, have burst out in this spot from the bosoms of those who have stood even here, on the brink of the fresh-opened grave, while the coffin was lowered into it, and the grating cords were withdrawn, and the first spadeful of earth rattled on the lid, and the solemn words were uttered—“Dust to dust!” And where are those mourners now, and how doth it fare with them?—Here!—they are here!—And it fareth well with them, for their troubles are over, and they sleep in peace amongst their friends and kindred; and *other* mourners have wept beside *their* graves, and those, in turn, shall be brought back here, to mingle their dust with that of foregone generations.

Even of the living multitude assembled here this day twelvemonths, how many, in the short interval between that and the present time, have taken up their rest within these consecrated precincts! And already, over the graves of many, the green sods have again united in velvet smoothness.

Here, beside that of William Moss, is a fresher and higher hillock, to which his head-stone likewise serves for a memorial; and underneath his name there are engraven on it—yes—two other names. The aged parents and the blooming son at last repose together; and what matters now, that the former went down to the grave by the slow and gradual descent of good old age, and that the latter was cut off in the prime and vigour of his manhood? If each performed faithfully the task allotted to him, then was his time on earth sufficient; and, after the brief separation of a few years, they are reunited in eternity. But here—behold a magnificent contrast to that poor plain stone!—Here stands a fine tall freestone, the top of which is ornamented in a basso-relievo, with a squat white urn swaddled up in ponderous drapery, over which droops a gilt weeping willow—it looks like a sprig of samphire—the whole set off by a blue ground, encircled by a couple of goose wings. Oh! no—I cry the sculptor mercy—they are the pinions of a pair of cherubims. There are the little trumpeters' cheeks puffing out from under them; and the obituary is engraven on a black ground in grand gold letters, and it records—Ah! Madam Buckwheat—is it come to this? Is all that majesty of port laid low? That fair exuberance of well-fed flesh! That broad expanse of comely red and white, “by Nature's sweet and cunning hand laid on,”—Doth all this mingle with the common earth? That goodly person, clad in rustling silks! is it shrunken within the scanty folds of the shroud, and the narrow limits of a cold brick grave? What! in the very flush of worldly prosperity—when the farmer's granaries were overflowing with all manner of store—when your dairy had yielded double produce—when the stock of cheeses was unprecedented—when your favourite Norman had presented you with twin calves—when you had reared three broods of milk-white turkeys, and the China sow had littered thirteen pigs! Just as the brindled heifer of that famous cross was coming

into milk—and just as the new barn was built, and the parish rates were lowered, and the mulberry tree was beginning to bear—and just as you had brought yourself to feel at home in your long sleeves, and unfettered by the great garnet ring, and to wear gloves when you were out visiting; and, to crown all, just as your youngest hope—you favourite daughter—had made a splendid conquest of a real gentleman—one who had come down from Lunnion in his own shay, and talked about “Hastleys,” and “the Hoppera,” and “Wauxhall,” and the Vild Beasts, and Vaterloo Bridge, and all them there things, and was to install Betsey (the old lady always forgot to say Eliza) lady and mistress of a beautiful ouse in Fleet Street. Oh! at such a time to be torn from “Life and all the joys it yields!” Ah, Madam Buckwheat! is it so indeed? Alas! too true—

“A heap of dust is all remains of thee,  
’Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be.”

Take care!—never tread upon a grave—What! you saw it not, that scarce distinguishable hillock, overshadowed by its elevated neighbour. It is, however, recently thrown up, but hastily and carelessly, and has of late been trodden down almost to a flat surface, by the workmen employed in erecting that gilded “tribute of affection,” to the memory of the farmer's deceased spouse. A few more weeks and it will be quite level with the even sod, and the village children will gambol over it unmindful of their old friend, whom yet they followed to that grave with innocent regretful tears that were shed for the poor outcast of reason. The parish pauper sleeps in that grave—the workhouse idiot. He for whom no heart was tenderly interested, for he had long, long outlived the poor parents to whom their only child, their harmless Johnny (for they thought him not an idiot), was an object of the fondest affection. There were none to take to him when they were gone, so the workhouse afforded him refuge, and sustenance, and humane treatment;



and his long life—for it was extended nearly to the term of seventy years—was not on the whole joyless or forsaken. His intellect was darkened and distorted, but not so as to render him an object of disgust and terror, or to incapacitate him from performing many tasks of trifling utility. He even exercised a sort of rude ingenuity in many little rustic handicrafts. He wove rush baskets and mats, and neatly and strongly wove them, and of the refuse straw he plaited coarse hats, such as are worn by plough-boys, and he could make wicker cages for black birds and magpies, and mouse-traps, and rabbit-hutches; and he had a pretty notion of knitting too, only that he could never be brought to sit still long enough to make any great proficiency in that way. But he was useful besides, in many offices of household drudgery, and though his kind master never suffered poor Johnny to be “put upon,” he had many employers, and so far as his simple wits enabled him to comprehend their several wills, he was content to fulfil them. So he was sent to fetch water, and to watch that the coppers did not boil over, and to feed the fire, and blow the bellows, and sift the cinders, and to scrape carrots and potatoes, and to shell beans, and to sweep the floor, (but then he would always waste time in making waves and zig-zags on the sand,) and to rock the cradles, and *that* office he seemed to take peculiar delight in, and would even pretend to hush the babies, as he had seen practised by their mothers, with a sort of droning hum which he called singing. But besides all these, and other tasks innumerable, more extended trust was committed to him, and he was never known but to discharge it faithfully. He was allowed (in exception of those rules of the house imperative on its sane inmates) to wander out whole days, having the charge of a few cows or pigs, and for a trifling remuneration, which he brought regularly home to his master, who expended it for him with judicious kindness, in the purchase of such simple luxuries as the poor idiot delighted in,—a little snuff and tobacco, or the

occasional treat of a little coarse tea, and brown sugar.

Then was old Johnny in his glory, when, seated on some sunny road-side bank, or nestling among the fern leaves in some bosky dingle, within ken of his horned or grunting charge, of which he never lost sight, he had collected about him a little cluster of idle urchins, with whom he would vie in dexterity in threading daisy necklaces, or sticking the little white flowers on a leafless thorn branch, or in tying up cowslip balls, or in making whistles, or arrow heads of hollow elder stalks: or in weaving high conical caps of green rushes, and then was Cæsar in his element, for then would he arm with those proud helmets the heads of his childish mates, and marshal them (nothing loath) in military order, each shouldering a stick, his supposed musket; and flourishing his wooden sword, and taking the command of his new levies, he marched up and down before the line of ragged rogues, gobbling like a turkey cock, with swelling pride, in all the martial magnificence of his old-cocked hat and feathers, and of his scarlet tatters with their tarnished lace.

But sometimes was he suddenly cast down from the pinnacle of earthly grandeur, by the malicious wantonness of an unlucky boy, who would slyly breathe out a few notes from an old flute, well anticipating their effect on poor Johnny. Rude as were those notes, they “entered into his soul.” In a moment his proud step was arrested, his authoritative, uplifted hand fell nerveless by his side; his erect head dropt, and large tears rolled down his aged face; and at last sobs! burst from the bosom of the poor idiot, and then even his mischievous tormentor almost wept to see the pain he had inflicted. Yes, such was the power of music, of its rudest, simplest tones, over some spring of sensibility, deep hidden in the benighted soul of that harmless creature, and he had apparently no control over the tempestuous ebullition of its excited vehemence, except at church, during the time of divine service.

There, while the Psalm was being

sang, he was still, and profoundly silent. But when others rose up from the form beside him, he sunk still lower in his sitting posture, and cowering down, bent forward his head upon his knees, hiding his face there within the fold of his crossed arms, and no sound or sob escaped him, but his poor frame trembled universally, and when the singing was over, and he looked up again, the thin grey hair on his wrinkled forehead was wet with perspiration. *Now*, let the clarion sound, or the sweet hautboy pour out its melodious fulness, or the thrilling flute discourse, or the solemn organ roll over his grave its deep and mighty volume, and he will sleep on undisturbed—ay, till the call of the last trumpet shall awaken him, and the mystery of his earthly existence shall be unfolded, and the soul, emerging from its long eclipse, shall shine out in the light of immortality—At that day of solemn reckoning, how many, whose brilliant talents, and luminous intellect, have blazed out with meteoric splendour, not to enlighten, but to dazzle and mislead, and bewilder the minds of their fellow-mortals, in the mazes of inextricable error—How many of those who have so miserably abused the great trust reposed in them, shall be fain to exchange places with that unoffending innocent, crying out in the agony of their despair, “to the mountains, fall on us, and to the hills, cover us !”

Farewell, old Johnny—quiet be thy rest !—harmless and lowly was thy life !—peaceful and unnoticed thy departure !

Few had marked the gradual decline of the poor creature, but for many months he had wasted away, and his feeble, deformed frame had bowed nearer and nearer to the earth, and he cared little for any nourishment, except his favourite regale of tea, and

the mistress’s occasional bounty, a slice of white bread and butter ; and there was less willingness to exert himself than formerly. He still crept about his accustomed tasks, but slowly and silently, and would sometimes fall asleep over his more sedentary employment, and when spoken to, he seldom replied but by a nod and a smile—that peculiar smile of idiotic intelligence. Some said the old man grew lazy and sullen, for “what could ail him ?” they wondered. Nothing—nothing ailed him—nothing to signify—only the cold hand of death was on him, and he dropt at last with the leaves in autumn. One evening, long after milking-time, the cows he had been entusted to watch came straggling home without their keeper. Search was made for him, and he was soon discovered by the children, who were well acquainted with his favourite haunts and hiding-places.

They found him gathered up in his usual posture, among the dry fern leaves, at the foot of an old hawthorn, near which ran a reedy streamlet. His back rested against the hawthorn’s twisted stem, his old grey head was bare, and a few withered leaves had dropt upon it. Beside him lay a half-finished cap of woven rushes ; one hand was on it, and the other still grasped the rude materials of his simple fabric. There was a smile upon his countenance, (he was always smiling to himself,) but his head had dropt down on his bosom, and his eyes were closed as if in sleep. He was dead—quite cold and stiff—so they took him from his pleasant fern bank, to his late home, the workhouse, and the next day he was screwed down in the shell of rough boards, the last allowance of parish bounty, and before sunset, those green sods were trampled down over the pauper’s grave.—Farewell, old Johnny !

#### SONG.

Oh ! no, no, this love is not love for me :

This life and death love is too grave :

Bemine like the sight of yon sea bird, whose wings

Just skim, but sink not in, the wave.

If but for one moment a chain I could bear,

It must be as light as the day ;

Oh ! form it of opals, which change with the sky,

A fresh colour for every ray.

MACADAMIZING *versus* STREET-PAVING.

SIR,

**Y**OUR last number contains a few sensible remarks, by Mr. T. Single on the subject of street-paving, which at present occupies, and in a great measure divides, the public opinion. It would appear truly unaccountable that this branch of our civil economy should have been so long misunderstood or wilfully perverted, were it not notorious, that all such departments of public duties, are subject to the control of select boards, committees, or whatever other title the parties may assume: such committees consisting usually of a few active individuals in each parish or district, who cannot be supposed to be totally exempt from a wish to serve their own immediate friend whenever an opportunity occurs.

That this has been the primary cause of the shameful mismanagement of the street-pavement of the metropolis for many years past cannot for a moment admit of doubt. And the consequence has very naturally followed the cause,—the parties, who have been favoured with the contracts for such parish jobs, have, in almost every case, made the most of them by executing the work in a negligent, and oftentimes a scandalous manner. It is not necessary to mention instances; they abound in different parts of the metropolis, where the pavement is in a disgraceful, and frequently in a dangerous, state; yet there appears to be a continual repair going on in these places.

In order to understand how such anomalous proceedings can go hand in hand, it will be necessary to examine briefly of what materials our street-paving consists.

Mr. Single, in his paper, has stated some of the evils which arise from the bad workmanship of paviours, but not all. He very justly says, that “in order to place the paving stones of different sizes together in the same mass of paving, they are obliged to scratch away the loose ground below, till the upper face of the stones become nearly horizontal, when the rammer is applied to cover all the defects beneath, so

that, in fact, the present system of paving is nothing more than putting the ground into a state of hard and soft, or hills and holes, and placing stones upon it to prevent our seeing or believing that it is so.”

Mr. Single then recommends, very judiciously, that all paving stones should be reduced to nearly the same size, in order to produce a good firm pavement; and, that instead of loosening the soil below, as in the usual bungling way of paving, the ground should be previously rammed as hard as may be before the stones are placed. But Mr. S. should also have advised, that paving stones be placed in as *close contact* as possible. For it is well known that the admission of water between the stones is one of the principal causes of their becoming loosened almost immediately after the pavement becomes deluged by rain.

This must be so obvious as scarcely to require explanation; for if any portion of the sand used by paviours be soluble in water (and, from the rubbish employed very frequently for this purpose, at least one-half of it must be soluble), it will evidently be washed out from the interstices of the pavement, leaving the stone in a bed of quagmire.

It should also be observed, that the *system* on which these job-contracts are taken—that of paving so many square feet at a given price—offers a temptation to the paviour to substitute the cheapest materials for the best, without any regard to the accommodation of the public, or the durability of the work: indeed, this interest is promoted by the frequency of the necessary repairs; consequently he takes care, like the leasehold builder, not to render his work too durable. And as rubbish, brick-dust, sand, &c. are far cheaper materials than granite paving-stone, the less of the latter substance in every hundred feet of pavement the better. There is an immediate saving of twenty or thirty per cent. and provision made for another job the ensuing year, instead of waiting three or four years



for "a consummation so devoutly to be wished!" To be serious. The scandalous manner in which these tradesmen execute their contracts, though notorious to every observer in the metropolis, has been permitted from year to year, *from some reason or other*, to the entire disgrace of the heads of parishes and the local police. However, like most other evils, this great nuisance to the inhabitants (especially to the proprietors of horses and vehicles of any kind) is rapidly abating; not in consequence of the liberality or vigilance of the *managing parties* of districts, but in consequence of the talents and perseverance of an enterprising North Briton!

It is notorious that, even at the present day, when experience has demonstrated, as clearly as any proposition in Euclid, that a good, firm, hard road-way may be advantageously made in every tolerable wide street, that doubts and queries are continually started as to its eligibility! The plan of road-making adopted by Mr. McAdam is far from being any visionary scheme, and is intelligible to every man of the most ordinary capacity, who does not wilfully shut his eyes. The principle is simply this: to have the substratum made very nearly level, or just sufficient for the water to drain off; to have the road-material of the hardest stones which can be procured; to break such stones down to one uniform size, in order that no unequal interstices may be left between them when embedded together; and to exclude the use of rounded gravel, and the loam, sand, or clay with which they are usually combined. The angular fragments of the broken stones serve to keep them firm in their place, whilst the pulverized matter from the friction on the surface fills up the interstices with the best kind of cement. For want of these angles, it must be obvious that the rounded or diluvial gravel, usually dug from gravel pits, cannot bind firm, but when exposed to wet, acting on the loam, &c. will invariably form a loose or shifting mass, which must be continually liable to fall into holes or inequalities, according to the

hardness of the substratum on which it rests.

What has been called McAdam's system (perhaps with some justice, as a compliment to his perseverance in following it up in defiance of all the interested opposition he has experienced), is in reality nothing more than that of preventing water from gaining access to the materials of the road, and using materials of the very best kind, instead of the compost of sand, clay, and chalk, called road-gravel; or of substituting the softer varieties of limestone or sandstone.

It is, I believe, one of the maxims of Mr. McAdam to recommend the purchase of the best material, at almost any price, as a measure of ultimate economy. It is however very easy to perceive, that if any gentleman who happens to have a bed of inferior gravel on his estate, also *happens* to be a trustee or commissioner of turnpikes, that the virtue of such commission would probably transmute the gravel (containing thirty or forty per cent. of loam) into a *better* material for road-making than hard limestone, iron sandstone, or granite dug from a quarry out of the pale of such commission.

Another advantage, which Mr. McAdam appears to possess over most other road-makers, is that of being able to judge where good materials are likely to be obtained, by sinking a certain depth below the soil. And in a case where his hands have been unfettered by any of the local considerations above-mentioned, he has converted, what was formerly one of the worst pieces of road between any two opulent cities, into one of the finest in the whole kingdom: I mean the twelve miles between Bath and Bristol. The soft Oolite stone which forms the surface of that district being a miserable material for road-making, the height of a hill was reduced; at the same time an abundance of very hard iron sandstone was procured, equal, if not superior, in some respects to granite.

With regard to the superior economy of employing this latter substance for road-making in London-streets, there can be no doubt; the old paving

stones furnishing a surplus quantity for the improved system. But there is probably greater durability and less dust from the use of flint, if that material can be obtained in sufficient quantity. I fully agree with your correspondent Mr. Single, that (if paving the carriage-way of our streets be at all necessary) granite is the best material we can use; but I differ from him in his conclusion against the new system applied to narrow streets. He says, "it will not do where there is much traffic, from the frequency of opening the ground in order to repair the water and other pipes." But he surely must admit that excavations can be filled up with the broken stone *à la* McAdam in a fourth part of the time and with half the nuisance to passengers, that attend the job-contract-system of paving.

The chief objection to laying gravel instead of pavement in a narrow street, is the ruts which are liable to be cut by carriages following each other in the same track. This, however, might be in a great measure avoided, by having

a vigilant and civil resident-inspector or street-keeper, to see the road always kept in good repair, by scraping and moderate watering, and superintending the carriage traffic of the streets.

The progress of this decided improvement to the metropolis is now, in spite of all the opposition of "vested interests," corporate and parochial, making very rapid strides; and I have no doubt the experience of seven years will make us blush for the passive obedience, which has been heretofore conceded by a generous public to the local jurisdiction of a few parish or district dictators. I shall conclude by citing one instance as a proof whether the street pavements of the metropolis were formerly done as well as they might have been:—That fine area Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, instead of being gravelled, is now nearly new-paved in a manner vastly superior to any work of that kind previously performed. Should not the opulent inhabitants of that square erect a statue in honour of McAdam?

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WRECK of a warrior pass'd away,  
 Thou form without a name!  
 Which thought and felt but yesterday,  
 And dreamt of future fame.  
 Stripped of thy garments, who shall guess  
 Thy rank, thy lineage, and race?  
 If haughty chieftain holding sway,  
 Or lowlier destined to obey!

The light of that fixed eye is set,  
 And all is moveless now,  
 But Passion's traces linger yet,  
 And lower upon that brow:  
 Expression has not yet wax'd weak,  
 The lips seem e'en in act to speak,  
 And clenched the cold and lifeless hand,  
 As if it grasped the battle brand.

Though from that head, late towering high,  
 The waving plume is torn,  
 And low in dust that form doth lie,  
 Dishonour'd and forlorn,  
 Yet Death's dark shadow cannot hide  
 The graven characters of pride,  
 That on the lip and brow reveal  
 The impress of the spirit's seal.

Lives there a mother to deplore  
 The son she ne'er shall see?  
 Or maiden, on some distant shore,  
 To break her heart for thee?—  
 Perchance to roam a maniac there,  
 With wild flower wreaths to deck her hair,  
 And through the weary night to wait  
 Thy footsteps at the lonely gate.

Long shall she linger there, in vain  
 The evening fire shall trim,  
 And gazing on the darkening main,  
 Shall often call on him  
 Who hears her not—who cannot hear:—  
 Oh! deaf forever is the ear  
 That once in listening rapture hung  
 Upon the music of her tongue!

Long may she dream—to wake is woe!  
 Ne'er may remembrance tell  
 Its tale to bid her sorrows flow,  
 And hope to sigh farewell;—  
 The heart, bereaving of its stay,  
 Quenching the beam that cheers her way  
 Along the waste of life—till she  
 Shall lay her down and sleep like thee!

## PRESERVATION OF THE COPPER SHEATHING OF SHIPS.

**T**HERE is scarcely any single department of practical science so pregnant with interest to a maritime nation like Great Britain, as the recent discoveries made by that illustrious chemist Sir Humphrey Davy, applicable to the preservation of the copper-sheathing of vessels from corrosion. The expenditure, occasioned by the rapid destruction of the sheathing of his Majesty's ships, alone forms a very considerable item in the naval department of the public service. But the loss to the country from their decay bears but a small proportion, during time of peace, to the aggregate loss sustained by the mercantile interests, from similar causes. Indeed the very considerable expense of copper sheathing, added to its rapid decay, serves to prohibit its use in numerous instances, notwithstanding the additional security it gives to a ship, by preventing the opening of her planks, and consequent leakage, in bad weather. But in spite of this expense and sacrifice, every ship destined for navigating the tropical seas, if not protected by sheathing, in a very short period becomes perforated through the bottom by the innumerable marine animalculæ which abound in the warmer latitudes. It would perhaps be an interesting inquiry to many persons concerned, to compute the annual loss which the ship-owners of this great maritime nation sustain, from the corrosion and destruction of copper-sheathing; but although the amount must be obviously very great, it would encroach too much upon your miscellaneous columns to enter into such investigation. I shall therefore proceed to give your readers an abstract of the valuable researches of Sir H. Davy, which promise to lead to the most important results in the preservation of shipping. The president, in the communication of his important researches on this subject, to the Royal Society, after alluding to the rapid decay of the sheathing of the ships in his Majesty's service, observes:

It has been generally supposed that sea-water had little or no action on pure cop-

per, and that the rapid decay of copper on certain ships was owing to its impurity. On trying, however, the action of sea-water on two specimens of copper, sent by J. Vivian, Esq. to Mr Faraday for analysis, I found the specimen which appeared absolutely pure, was acted upon even more rapidly than the specimen which contained alloy: and on pursuing the inquiry with specimens of various kinds of copper which had been collected by the Navy Board and sent to the Royal Society, and some of which had been considered as remarkable for their durability, and others for their rapid decay, I found that they offered only very inconsiderable differences on their action upon sea-water; and consequently the changes they had undergone must have depended upon other causes than the absolute quality of the metal.

Sir Humphrey then describes the chemical agency between sea-water and a sheet of copper as follows:

When a piece of polished copper is suffered to remain in sea-water, the first effects observed are a yellow tarnish upon the copper, and a cloudiness in the water, which takes place in a few hours. The hue of the cloudiness is at first white, it then changes to green. Within a day a bluish green precipitate appears at the bottom of the vessel, which constantly accumulates, at the same time the surface of the copper corrodes, appearing red in the water, and grass-green where it is in contact with the air. Carbonate of soda gradually forms upon this grass-green matter, and these changes continue until the water becomes much less saline. The green precipitate, when examined by the action of the solution of ammonia and other tests, appears to consist of an insoluble compound of copper (which may be called a hydrated sub-muriate) and hydrate of magnesia.

According to the views which I developed fourteen years ago, of the nature of the compound of chlorine, and which are now generally adopted, it is evident that soda and magnesia cannot appear in sea-water by the action of a metal, unless in consequence of an absorption or transfer of oxygen. It was therefore necessary, in order to produce these changes, that water should be decomposed, or that oxygen should be absorbed from the atmosphere. I found that no hydrogen was disengaged, and consequently no water was decomposed; the oxygen of the air must therefore have been the agent concerned, as appeared subsequently by numerous experiments.

Copper placed in sea-water, deprived of air by boiling or exhaustion, and exposed in an exhausted receiver, or in an atmosphere of hydrogen gas, underwent no change whatever. But an absorption of atmospheric air was shown, when copper



and sea-water were exposed to its agency in close vessels.

Sir Humphrey, after referring to the principles of chemical and electrical agency, which he developed twelve or fourteen years ago by his beautiful experiments on the alkalis, farther observes :

Copper is a metal only weakly positive in the electro-chemical scale, and, according to my ideas, it could only act upon sea-water when in a positive state, and consequently, if it could be rendered slightly negative, the corroding action of sea-water would be null ; and whatever might be the differences of the kinds of copper sheathing and their electrical action on each other, still every effect of chemical action must be prevented, *if the whole surface were rendered negative*. . . . . I began with an extreme case. I rendered sea-water slightly acidulous by sulphuric acid, and plunged into it a polished piece of copper, to which a piece of tin was soldered equal to about one-twentieth of the copper. Examined after three days, the copper remained perfectly clean, whilst the tin was rapidly corroded. No blueness appeared in the liquor : though in a comparative experiment, when copper alone and the same fluid mixture were used, there was a considerable corrosion of the copper and a distinct blue tint in the liquor. If one-twentieth part of the surface of tin prevented the action of sea-water, rendered slightly acidulous by sulphuric acid, I had no doubt a much smaller quantity would neutralize the action of sea-water, when depending only on the oxygen contained in common air. And on trial, I found that one two-hundredth part of tin in proportion to the copper was sufficient to prevent the corrosion of the latter. . . . . In pursuing these experiments, and applying them in every possible form and connexion, the results were of the most satisfactory kind. A piece of zinc as large as a pea, or the point of a small iron nail, was found fully adequate to preserve forty or fifty square inches of copper ; and the result was equally as satisfactory, in whatever part of the sheet of copper the other metal was placed. And even when the connexion between different sheets of copper was completed by wires or thin filaments of the fiftieth of an inch diameter, the effect was the same ; every side, every surface or particle of the copper remained perfectly bright after being placed in sea-water for many weeks ; while the iron or zinc was slightly corroded.

A piece of thick sheet-copper was cut in

such a manner as to form seven divisions, connected only by the smallest filaments that could be left ; and a slip of zinc, one-fifth of an inch wide, was soldered to the upper edge. The whole, after being immersed for a month in sea-water, left the copper in a *bright polished state*, as at first. The same experiment succeeded with a slip of iron, soldered to the copper ; whilst similar pieces of copper, *undefended*, were considerably corroded by the salt water.

The importance of this discovery in the preservation of our shipping can at present scarcely be appreciated : for there appears to be not a shade of doubt as to its complete efficacy when reduced to practice. Sir Humphrey is still pursuing his researches on a large scale ; but his observations on a comparative experiment, made for the purpose of demonstrating its practical effects, is all I shall venture to extract from his late communication to the Royal Society,—

As the ocean may be considered, in its relation to the quantity of copper in a ship, as an infinitely extended conductor, I endeavoured to ascertain whether this circumstance would influence the results. By placing two very fine copper wires, one *undefended*, the other *defended* by a particle of zinc, in a very large vessel of sea-water, which water may be considered as having the same relation to so minute a portion of metal, as the sea to the copper-sheathing of a ship. The result of this experiment was equally satisfactory with that of all the preceding. The defended copper underwent no change whatever ; whilst the undefended wire tarnished, corroded, and deposited a green powder.

These electro-chemical researches bid fair to open a most extensive field for investigation, and to prove of infinite value to the arts : for it seems not improbable that means will speedily be found, in almost every case, to prevent that destruction, or at least injury, to which all metallic surfaces are liable. from what is termed oxidation by the atmospheric air. I shall not fail to communicate to your readers, in the ensuing numbers, such new facts as become developed in this very interesting department of science.

## WASHINGTON IRVING'S NEW WORK.

MY DEAR SIR,—

I NEED not tell you how much your request flatters me, nor how willing I am to comply with it. Having reflected a good deal on the character of Washington Irving's writings, a very few hours have enabled me to adjust my ideas with respect to his last work.

I have looked forward to the publication of Geoffrey Crayon's new work with much greater anxiety than to that of a new novel from the indefatigable pen of the Great Unknown. Geoffrey (said I), does not write against time, as the novelist does. He pays his readers more respect and does himself more justice. He loves fame as well as money. Besides, even when the G. U. was chary of his reputation, and leaned but lightly on his feather, I do not know that so much value (taking the *utile* and the *dulce* together) was derivable from any of his works as from those of our transatlantic brother, Geoffrey. At least, speaking for myself, who always wish to combine in my reading profit with pleasure, the perpetual insinuation of stories or passages where the strain of reflection is so deep as to amount almost to philosophy,—the insinuation of such stories or passages amongst those of a more purely amusive kind, will ever render such works as the Sketch Book much more acceptable to me than novels like those of the Author of Waverley, which are wholly devoted to entertainment. I read the latter, as it were, against my conscience. When I have finished one, and another, the question inevitably recurs—What have I gained by such an expense of time and eyesight? Am I wiser? Very little. Or better? Not much. What have I gained, then? Why, so many hours' amusement. And is this all? All: what would you more?—Instruction. I do not ask a sermon, or a philosophical essay; but instruction of some kind or other, an accession to my previous stock of knowledge, something which I can chew upon, digest, and turn to my own aggran-

dizement, I must have, or I would nearly as soon spend my time at a billiard table. Indeed altogether as soon; for a good game of billiards invigorates the body, whilst a novel, such as I speak of, debilitates the mind. The imagination being pampered, we have no energy of appetite for the simple fare of reason and wisdom which other books set before us. That is a higher kind of writing which, in however small a degree, addresses the heart or the understanding as well as the fancy. I do not, however, mean to be taken as one who condemns romantic or imaginative works; I merely say that those not wholly so are better. It would be hard upon readers as well as writers to prohibit (were that possible in effect) all works of mere entertainment; there are many who can read only such works, and some who can write none other. Yet perhaps it is unjust to say so: there are probably few readers who would not willingly imbibe the lessons of wisdom if they were sufficiently few and concise, if they were agreeably displayed and happily illustrated; there are probably few writers who could not impart such lessons, if they took half the pains to deserve their own approbation that they do to merit the applause of others.

To instruct by delighting is a power seldom enjoyed by man, and still seldomer exercised. It is in this respect that Homer may be called the second of men, and Shakspeare the first. The wisdom of the Greek was not so universal as that of the Briton, nor his genius so omnipotent in setting it forth attractively. From the several works of the latter, a single work might be compiled little less worthy of divine sanction than any other extant, and by the beauty of its nature, far more secure of human attention. But Shakspeare has done so much in this way, so nearly all that is sufficient,—he has made the laws of the decalogue and all their corollaries so familiar, he has exhibited the passions and propensi-

ties, the feelings and emotions, incident to humanity, so freely, and as I might say, graphically,—that another such artist would be superfluous. Nature might create a second Shakespeare, but it would be bad economy. What the first has left undone, may be completed by a much less expense of Promethean fire than would go to the creation of a second. We are therefore not to look for a similar being, at least until we acquire new attributes, or are under a new moral dispensation. Spirits of an inferior order, a Milton, a Pope, or a Cowper, are potent enough to disseminate the remaining or minor truths of natural morality amongst the people, or rather to repeat, illustrate, and impress them on our hearts and memories. Writers of this class whom we may call the lay ministers of the Deity, to teach from the press instead of the pulpit, in the closet instead of the church, we may expect; and with them should we be satisfied. Though we cannot reasonably hope for another high prophet of profane inspiration to re-communicate to us the lessons of divine wisdom which are already to be found in Shakespeare, it is no presumption to hope that the spirit of illumination will descend upon humbler poets, and make them our secular guides in morality. This is the office which should be sought by every writer, and for which he ought to prepare himself, as the will to become is (independent of genius) one and the same with the power to be. In this case it is not God who chooses what priests shall serve him, but the priests who choose whether they will serve him or not.

The preceding exaltation of the poetic character into something of a sacred nature, the designating poets, as it were,—a temporal order of moral teachers,—may astonish those who have been accustomed to degrade poetry into a mere collection of sounding words and glittering images. But a great poet is always a philosopher and a moralist; such also, in some degree, is every poet who is worthy of that name. The moral state of a nation may be judged of by its poetry, and it is its poetry which chiefly influences

its morals. For one man on whom a moral lesson is impressed by a sermon, there are at least an hundred on whom it is much more deeply impressed by a poem. No one who ever read can forget—

I dare do all that may become a man,  
Who dares do more is none.

But we hear every Sabbath many more maxims than we care to remember. A nation's poetry is then its immediate Scripture, and the digest of its practical wisdom and morality. A nation's poets are the best moral teachers of its people. In ancient times, when the priesthood was not so separate an order as at present, the task of instructing the people devolved almost wholly on the poets; especially on the dramatic writers. And hence we find the Greek and Roman dramas so replete with maxims, precepts, pious exhortations, and moral sentiments.

But to combine the poet and the philosopher is not given to every one. To instruct and delight at the same time is, as I before observed, not within the power of every author; at least, in this respect, there is a great difference in different authors. In the single province of amusing they are more on a level both with each other, and with the professors of many less intellectual arts,—the painter, the musician, the actor, and the buffoon. But he who can, at once, improve our hearts, expand our minds, and entertain our fancy, is a far superior genius to him who can do but one of these. It is in this general faculty that I think Washington Irving excels his contemporaries. This is the age of "deep feeling," but of little else. Few authors endeavour to merit the reputation of being as wise as they are passionate. The author of *Waverley* is certainly a more powerful writer than the author of the *Sketch Book*; that is, his subjects are more lofty, his imagery is more daring, and his language is, if I may so express myself, much louder and more vehement. But though a more powerful, he is not a more effective writer. He agitates the heart more, but he does not more forcibly persuade it towards his object.



And he would as soon think of putting on band and cassock as of addressing the reason instead of the fancy of his readers. I say not this to disparage the author of *Waverley*; by no means. His line of writing may not admit of such a proceeding. His talents may lie in another direction, and, powerful as they are, they may not be universal. I merely wish to point out in what I conceive Washington Irving's superiority to consist. He is certainly the only author I can now recollect, who, in the present day, largely intermingles moral reflection with the poetry of composition. This is the consummation devoutly to be wished by readers, and devotedly to be sought after by writers. The author of the *Sketch Book* is, in my opinion, a model for that class of writers to whose works the multitude chiefly resorts for its mental recreation, apprehensible by almost every age, sex, and condition, yet not beneath any. He unites much of the solid with more of the splendid; a certain degree of reflection with a greater degree of imagination; considerable power and will to instruct, still more considerable power and will to delight. But such unions are rare; unions by which Nature sometimes endeavours to make compensation for the myriads of fools whom she brings every day into the world.

How beautifully, for instance, does the story of "The Widow and her Son," in the *Sketch Book*, intervene between "The Country Church," and "The Boar's Head Tavern!" How much sweet and unobtrusive wisdom is inculcated by the sketch of "Westminster Abbey" and several others in these volumes! How frequently does the author lead us unwarily into a train of reflection! and in the midst of his liveliest stories how often do we meet with sentences and passages of gentle admonition or instructive remark, a maxim or a moral, tending to make us better or wiser, disclosing a new truth, or impressing an old one!—but of this beautiful and most praiseworthy introduction of moral reflection into works of entertainment, "Rural Funerals" is the

happiest example. The subject is interesting to the most insensible reader; the language is some of the sweetest I have ever met with; and the sentiments are of that deeply impressive moral kind, pregnant with feeling, simple, yet full of thought,—composing a master-piece of its kind, which it is almost vain for me to recommend to imitation; for it can scarcely be imitated with success, perhaps by the author himself. The last page or two where he speaks of "the sorrows for the dead," are worthy of perpetual study and eternal remembrance. They are at once beautiful and sublime; instructive and delightful. To them I would chiefly point my reader's attention, as exhibiting that degree of reflection, and that measure of instruction, which I am anxious to see all our general authors impart to some portions of their writings. I am not an admirer of didactic composition; but I confess it is not without some compunction that I sacrifice my time to the perusal of works where the imagination alone is pampered, and the reason altogether starved. Idle meditation would be a more profitable employment than such reading.

With these pre-dispositions in Mr. Irving's favour, and with these expectations from his forthcoming work, you may judge, my dear sir, of my disappointment, when instead of the qualities I have mentioned as raising him so far above his cotemporaries, I found little in his *Tales of a Traveller*, but the style, to admire. Here is scarcely a gleam of his playful and Addisonian wit; nothing of his vivid delineation of character. But this is not the worst. The *Tales of a Traveller* are a number of short stories comprised in two volumes of about the same size as his former works. *Not one* of these stories is of the reflective character. In not one of them does the author indulge that fine strain of sentiment and moral feeling which makes his *Sketch Book* such a family-treasure,—even for the space of an ordinary paragraph. Some of the tales are to be sure of a serious na-

ture; serious as any one of those hundred thousand frightful little stories of ghosts and Italian banditti that appal the midnight milliner,—and just as worthy of any other reader's admiration. Except in beauty and grace of language they are not a whit superior to an equal number of pages torn from the innumerable garbage-novels which Paternoster pours upon us every publishing week. It is curious enough too, that the author in his preface actually makes a boast of the "sound morality" inculcated by each of his stories; not by *some* of them, observe, but by *each* of them. Now I beg leave to put the question to Mr. Irving,—Where is the "sound moral" of the following stories, viz. The Great Unknown, The Hunting Dinner, The Adventure of my Uncle, The Adventure of my Aunt, The Bold Dragoon, The German Student, The Mysterious Picture, The Mysterious Stranger, i. e. *all* the stories of Part I, except the last.) Is there one of the stories in Part III which contains more "sound morality" than banditti stories generally do? The impression left on my mind by Mr. Irving's fascinating description of these heroic ruffians is rather in *fav-*  
*our* of robbing. I don't know but that if I possessed a good villainous set of features, and the tact of dressing myself *point device* in the "rich and picturesque jackets and breeches" of these Italian cut-throats, I should be tempted into the romance of taking purses amongst the Abruzzi mountains, were it for nothing but to pick up some of that "sound morality" which Mr. Irving says is to be found there. But to be serious: it will be very evident to all who read these volumes, that in the two parts I have specified (i. e. half the book), the morality is either evil or exceptionable.

I have reason to believe that Mr. Irving received a very liberal sum from his publisher for this work; and if this be really the case I am sorry for it. Should I be asked wherefore? I answer; that (not to speak of fame) it is much to be feared his own interest, as well as that of the public, will

eventually suffer by it. Irving will now perhaps begin to "write against time" as others do, and destroy his own credit with his readers, as others have done. Being myself a man of no superfluous wealth, I shall certainly reflect maturely before I give four-and-twenty shillings for his next work, whatever it may be. And how does the interest of the public suffer? Why in this manner: the author, as I may say, defrauds us of the deeper riches of his mind, putting us off with the dross which lies nearest the surface, can be more easily gotten together, and more readily delivered over to the task-master, his publisher. The tales of a Traveller seem to tell one more tales than the author would wish to make public,—viz: that Geoffrey Crayon knows something of "The Art of Bookmaking" beyond the mere theory. They bear unequivocal marks of having been composed for Mr. Murray, and not for the public. Whilst reading them, I was perpetually haunted by a singular vision; I fancied that I saw the author at his writing-desk, armed with a goose-quill and other implements of literary husbandry, whilst the aforesaid eminent bibliopoliſt stood at his elbow, jingling a purse of sovereigns, from which a couple descended into the author's pouch according as he finished every page of foolscap. Hasty composition is written in palpable yet invisible letters on the face of the whole work. The subjects chosen are most of them common-place; and the manner of treating them is not very original. There is in these volumes, as I have said, nothing of that sweet and solemn reflection, no traces of that fine rich vein of melancholy meditation, which threw such an air of interest over his first and best work, which infused such a portion of moral health into the public constitution.\* Yes, there is one passage of this nature, and it

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\* It is ungenerous I acknowledge, but I cannot help wishing that the author of the Sketch Book had remained a little longer under the pressure of that misfortune (whatever it may have been) which seemed to have dictated those pathetic and deeply-affecting little stories, that form the principal charm of his maiden work.



is the best in the whole work. It is the description of a wild and reckless youth who returns, after many wanderings, to visit the grave of the only being he had loved on earth, his mother. Geoffrey Crayon wrote this passage. We may perceive, also, traces of the other end of his pencil in the humorous Dutch stories which form part IV. of his collection. The pun has some truth in it which asserts that Mr. Irving is *at home* whenever he gets among his native scenes and fellow countrymen. Though even in this part the touches of humour are fewer and less powerful than of old; faint flashes of that merriment which were wont to set his readers in a roar. Rip Van Winkle and Sleepy Hollow are stories beyond the inspiration of Albemarle-street. Of the remaining Tales in these volumes, the author of Bracebridge-hall may have written some,—and any other “gentleman of the press” (only borrowing Mr. Irving’s easiness and grace of language) might have written the rest. One or two *Americanisms*, and a general dearth of those peculiar beauties in thought and expression which overspread his former works, indicate the same negligence and haste which I have remarked as comparatively distinguishing these volumes. At least I had rather impute these faults to those causes than to a mind worn out, or a genius broken down. The author may possibly have written this work at the feet of Fame, not under the eye of Mammon; but if so—Farewell! his occupation’s gone! Geoffrey Crayon *was* Mr. Irving, but Mr. Irving *is not* Geoffrey Crayon.

As to delineation of character, I could scarcely persuade myself that he who drew the admirable portrait of Master Simon could err so lamentably as our author has, in attempting to depict several miniatures in the present volumes. A “worthy fox-hunting old baronet” tells a most romantic love-tale, with all the sensibility of a disciple of Della Crusca, and an officer of British dragoons is made to speak in the following style, so very characteristic of that order of gentlemen: “Oh! if it’s ghosts you want,

honey,” cried an Irish captain of dragoons, “if it’s ghosts you want, you shall have a whole regiment of them. And since these gentlemen have given the adventures of their uncles and aunts, faith and I’ll even give you a chapter out of my own family history.” To be sure this officer had the ill-luck to have been born in the same country with Burke, Sheridan, and Grattan; he was, it must be confessed—an Irishman; and it is past doubt that Irishmen in general can never wholly divest themselves of a certain mellifluous elongation of tone called the *brogue*, nor perhaps of a greater breadth of pronounciation than our English nicety of ear can digest; but although my experience has lain pretty largely amongst gentlemen of that nation, I must in justice say that I never yet met with one whose idiom in any degree approached the plebeian model here brought before us. Mr. Irving judging probably from the “rascal few” whom crime or vagabondism, has driven to his country, that common *refugium peccatorum*, conceives it necessary to make an Irish gentleman express himself like an Irish American; or perhaps he has taken Foigard and Macmorris for his *beau-ideal*. To me, who have kept better company than Mr. Irving probably met with in Hiberno-America, his delineation of an Irish gentleman, as we must presume every dragoon-officer to be, appears offensively unnatural. Being moreover put forth as a general characteristic description (which, with Mr. Irving’s seal to it, must necessarily have its influence on foreign opinion), the gentry of that nation cannot but consider it as an insult and an injustice which the ignorance that dictated it can alone excuse.

In the L’Envoy to the Sketch Book Mr. Irving speaks of the “contrariety of excellent counsel” which had being given him by his critics. “One kindly advised him to avoid the ludicrous, another to shun the pathetic.” If the turn of an author’s genius is to be determined from the line of writing which he seems most to indulge, *humour* is certainly the reigning quality of Mr. Irving’s mind. Bracebridge-



Hall, much and the best part of the Tales of a Traveller, are written in the humorous vein. On the other hand, if the turn of genius is to be estimated by the felicity of execution, we should perhaps say that our author's forte was the pathetic. But in truth, the fine melancholy shade which was thrown over the Sketch Book seems to have been only the effect of sorrow's passing cloud,—and to have past with it. Could not Mr. Irving manage to be humorous and pathetic at the same time, and give us another

Sketch Book? He would thus please both parties, instead of neither.

To conclude: it is an usual complaint with the authors of one popular work that their succeeding efforts are ungraciously received by the public; but the inferiority of the Tales of a Traveller to Mr. Irving's preceding works is so palpable, that I am sure he himself must acknowledge the sentence that condemns it as unworthy of his talents to be just.

I am, &c. &c.

#### --- LINES ON THE LOSS OF A SHIP.

HER mighty sails the breezes swell,  
And fast she leaves the lessening land,  
And from the shore the last farewell  
Is waved by many a snowy hand;  
And weeping eyes are on the main,  
Until its verge she wanders o'er;  
But, from the hour of parting pain,  
That bark was never heard of more.

In her was many a mother's joy,  
And love of many a weeping fair;  
For her was wafted, in its sigh,  
The lonely heart's unceasing prayer;  
And, oh! the thousand hopes untold  
Of ardent youth, that vessel bore;  
Say, were they quenched in waters cold?  
For she was never heard of more!

When on her wide and trackless path  
Of desolation, doomed to flee,  
Say, sank she 'midst the blending wrath  
Of racking cloud and rolling sea?

Or, where the land but mocks the eye,  
Went drifting on a fatal shore?  
Vain guesses all—her destiny  
Is dark—she ne'er was heard of more!

The moon hath twelve times changed her form;  
From glowing orb to crescent wan:  
'Mid skies of calm, and scowl of storm,  
Since from her port that ship hath gone:  
But ocean keeps its secret well,  
And though we know that all is o'er,  
No eye hath seen—no tongue can tell  
Her fate—she ne'er was heard of more!

Oh! were her tale of sorrow known,  
'Twere something to the broken-heart,  
The pangs of doubt would then be gone,  
And Fancy's endless dreams depart:  
It may not be!—there is no ray  
By which her doom we may explore:  
We only know she sailed away,  
And ne'er was seen nor heard of more!

#### --- LETRILLA. BY MR. WIFFEN.

SOFT wind that go'st flying, and murmuring too,  
The delightful world over, with nothing to do!  
Play me a tune with the elm-leaves above,  
Whilst the maid sleeps whom so dearly I love.

To-day, pleasant wind, thou must give sweet repose

To a beautiful creature who very well knows  
To make me long vigils of tenderness keep,  
But knows not to lull my sad sorrows asleep;  
Come, win thee my favour, since thou wakest too,  
Flying all the world over with nothing to do;

Play me a tune with the elm-leaves above,  
Whilst the maid sleeps whom so dearly I love.

Thou who midst the green leaves gaily sing'st at a guess

Of my past happy fortune and present distress,  
Fresh, grateful, and straying, the whole summer through,

This delightful world over, with nothing to do!  
Play me a tune with the elm-leaves above,  
Whilst the maid sleeps whom so dearly I love.

## IRELAND—HOAXING.

**L**ET your philosophical contributors fix the cause, I content myself with asserting the fact, that in every considerable town except Dublin, where I have yet sojourned, practical hoax seems to be the esteemed relaxation of gentlemen at large of the middle rank, and men of business and profession, whose facile method of despatch, or whose waste time, allows them the primary means for its indulgence. Passing by countless instances of this scientific waggery, which, if you had been as long as I have been in Ireland, would amuse you, allow me to submit one grand *tour* illustrative of the almost desperate extent to which it can reach. I am about to mention important facts and dates, and am aware of the authenticity of which I ought to base my narrative; but if my own eyes and ears may serve, they are your warrant in attaching implicit credence to the sequel. In one word, I shall not state a circumstance which I do not know of my own knowledge.

Thus, then, you will easily call to mind, that at the death of the ever-to-be-lamented Princess, now some years ago, the day of interment was previously understood throughout the United Kingdom, and every town and village proposed to mourn the melancholy event on a Wednesday, I believe, with closed shops, suspension of business, prayers and homilies. I need not remind you that I was then in Ireland, partly on your own mission, and residing in a certain city of Ireland. The appointed morn rose on that certain city as on all others, and the people duteously attended, or rather began to attend, to the orders judicially issued for its sad observance. No shopkeeper unmasked the broad and shining face of his shop window; no petty marketting or cries ushered in the day; death-bells were knelling; the loyal and pious, including the garrison, proposed to go to divine service; and all the preachers in the town had been up two hours be-

fore their usual rising time, to re-con and polish the long-balanced funeral oration. These were the symptoms down to half-past seven o'clock; but lo! at or about that hour, forth rushes the town-crier, without a hat, his face pale, his looks wild, his gesticulation vehement, and his voice choked with precipitancy; and he rings me his bell at every corner, and endeavours to pronounce the following:—"By special orders of Mr. Mayor, the funeral is not to take place till Friday morning. God save the King!" The shops were opened, the bells ceased to toll, and business and bustle proceeded as usual. I went to the public reading-room to satisfy myself on this extraordinary occurrence. The Dublin mail had not arrived; but the Mayor had received the news by despatch from the Castle the night before, and all was right. It was eight—half-past eight o'clock, and we heard, at last, the "twanging horn" of the mail-coach as it drew up at its allotted resting-place. Many a wistful eye now peered out of the windows adown the street to reconnoitre the boy, who had been for an hour before placed with his shoulder to the little black wooden pane in the shop window of "the post-office." He came at last, pale and breathless, and with an ominous pendency in jaw—for oh! he had held whispering converse with that important inland personage, the guard of the mail, and his ear still rung with fearful sounds. We tore open the papers—the Dublin papers of the preceding evening, despatched at eight o'clock, six hours sooner than a Mercury could have left town to be in—at one o'clock in the morning, which was the case stated. We tore them open, I say; our eyes glanced like electricity to the *readings* of the different journals, then to the tail of the column, where "second edition," in good capitals, ought to have been. We did this and more. *We*—who? The magistrates of the city among the rest, with the

Mayor at their head !—the wise caterers for public order and decorum !—the men of counsel and council !—the “Daniels—I say the Daniels !” Muse of Hogarth or of Rabelais ! coquet with me only for one felicitous instant, while I try to paint the vacuity of horror, yet redolence of the ridiculous, which bespoke the first full suspicion of a hoax, that was—no doubt—villainously good, but also of a blunder that was execrably palpable ! But I dare only to leave this scene to the imagination. Let it suffice that the Mayor appealed to his despatch from the Secretary—produced it—and, to mend the matter, “lo, ’twas red !” What could be done ? The town itself might be managed after a manner—the crier might make another *sortie* to cause the shops to be shut, and the customers turned out—the bells might easily be set again in motion ; but the country districts, the villages six, eight, ten, fifteen miles off ! At seven o’clock in the morning the two troops of horse in garrison had been despatched to these several places with orders to suspend the homilies till Friday : there was not a trooper left to pursue them with countermanding orders !—and again I inquire, what could be done ? Nothing but what was done. The day, while all the rest of the British Empire mourned, the city of — and her dependencies waxed merry and busy ; and when the cloud had passed from the world beside, they had at last their time of exclusive sorrow. Any comment upon the moral propriety of this hoax might be out of season,—certainly would be superfluous. If contemplated to the excess it ran, there can be no second opinion as to the delinquency ; and in any view it was most indecorous, and no doubt you and your readers will call it shocking. But I am strongly led to question the first case ; and with the second can have little to do. I only state, as in duty bound, facts, that even in their excesses present to you, I think, a trait of national character, whose demerits at least contain some, and a peculiar mental activity—in idleness.

And since we have stumbled on

national portraiture, suffer me to present you with another feature which may interest. I have met with more than one profound Munchausen in Ireland ; that is, a regular story-teller, who glories in his talent, who has built up to himself much fame and admiration from its repeated exercise, and whose effort is to preserve his character by a succession of ridiculous fictions. The king of this race of queer mortals is now dead ; he abode in the very metropolis ; was the idol of merry meetings in taverns, and at respectable private houses too : and, by all I can learn, never had competitor. His name was Sweetman—“Jack Sweetman.”—Oh ! how the bare mention of his name will set poor Scotch’s eyes twinkling, and slightly curve the right line of even Mr. O’Regan’s mouth !—As master Slender would observe, however, “He is dead—Jack Sweetman is dead ;” and those of his unconscious emulators whom I have seen were not your city wags : Pure rustic geniuses they ; teeming with their own original conceptions, and flinging them out and about in their own quaint idiom and slippery tongue. The picture of the cleverest of them I have encountered, is before me : A comfortable country gentleman, about fifty years of age, tall, a little fat, a round red shining face, not at all strongly marked, and no index to his talent, if you should except the sparkle of two small blue eyes, rebelling against the affectation of gravity imposed on his well closed lips. At his own table, or at any other table, he was and is the father of tempestuous laughter. He knows what is expected from him—and that is every thing—and without apparent effort he yields full and eternal satisfaction. I have heard him always with amazement, and, I must own, often with real excitation of spirits. We have no idea of such a man in England. He has told in my presence, upon four or five occasions that I have sat with him, half a hundred stories at least, no one resembling the other, and, I have been informed by those who knew him long, unlike any that he had ever told before. In fact, during some thirty



years of professional practice, it would appear he scarcely ever finds it necessary to repeat himself. This you will say is imaginative fecundity with a vengeance. If you proceed to interrogate me on the merit or style of these extemporaneous effusions, I fear I can answer nothing satisfactory. As to matter, they are the most monstrous and matchless combinations of narrative, out-Munchausening Munchausen—always new, always jangling against each other; and, all I can add is, fit to be laughed at for their very unfitness to any thing else. But you should hear this man tell them. There is the whole charm. You should listen to him as he sits at his ease with his whisky-punch before him, and his friends around him, and his face in its unclouded meridian, without a muscle wincing, as the fluent words quietly pour out for ever, and choke every one else with convulsions of mirth. Let your fancy so far assist me as to get him thus present, and I proceed, as the best mode of illustration, to relate one—though by no means one of the best of his stories. I select it for its brevity. It would begin thus: “Arrah, come now—(turning to a grave guest)—this will never do, father Cokoran—maister, sir, maister—or maybe you’d be for an oyster? We’ll get them there; an’ I pray God there may’nt be such a story to tell o’ them as the night last week that the gauger was here. I was in town that day, an’ bought just as fine a hundred as ever

was seen; Dick put them down on the dairy floor to keep them cool; and here we sat as we are now, God bless us all, after dinner, when we heard such a screeching an’ hubbub as rang through the house, an’ brought us out to see what was the matter. Into the dairy we went—an’ I’ll tell you how it happened. The rats came in, you see, in the dark, an’ were for being curious about the oysters; an’ one of the oysters that was as curious an’ just as cute as any of the rats, opened himself a little to take a peep about the dairy; an’ when a rat put in his fore foot to have a crook at the oyster, faith it held him as fast as it could; which not being to the rat’s mind, nathing could make up to the passion he gat into, an’ the noise he made. We staid some time looking on, an’ then went out for a dog to worry the rat; an’ as we had to go thro’ the yard to the dog, we were for stepping down stairs quietly, when—what you think?—By the life of O’Pharaoh, Sir, we were forced to stand aside, an’ give way to a hundred rats at least, that were come from borrowing a crow-bar from the forge, an’ they had it between them, walking up stairs in a body to break open the oyster an’ deliver their namesake from his hands.” —I shall add no comment upon this *facile* narrative, further than to say, that it strikes me to be quite as good as the three hundred rats of which Mr. Hogg has made memorable use in his last Novel.

## SONG.

IT is not for your eagle eye,  
Though bright its glance may be—  
It is not for your sunny smile,  
That, *Utric*, I love thee.  
It is not for your marble brow,  
Nor for your raven hair:  
It is not that you ride the ring,  
And wear my colours there.  
It is not for your gifts of gold,  
Not for your lute’s sweet chords;  
It is not for your lordly birth,  
Not for your honied words:—  
But it is that I deem your heart  
Is given quite to me:  
You love me, and can I do less,  
Dear *Utric*, than love thee?

## LOUIS XVIII. AND CHARLES X.

THE French physicians predicted as far back as May last, that if the weather was hot, the King could not get over the summer. His legs had been a mass of corruption; but in June, instead of acute, the pains became chronic, and he was in a state of continual lethargy. To give the appearance of his being much better in health than he was, he was prevailed on to take his drives as usual; but though he travelled over the pavement at the rate of twelve or fourteen miles an hour, the shaking had no effect on his lethargy, and it was very rarely that he uttered a syllable from leaving the chateau to returning to it. At intervals the sense of pain roused his dormant faculties, and he was capable of transacting business for a few minutes; but so impatient of contradiction was he, that he dismissed, without ceremony, even those to whom he had been longest attached,—the companions of his exile and his friends in adversity. Of this number were the Dukes de Blacas and La Chatre,—the former, for having presumed to offer an opinion differing from that of his Majesty on a very trifling point, was dismissed from service, and, to gild the pill of disgrace, appointed Ambassador to Naples; the latter, presuming on the very long intimacy, the affectionate attachment that had always subsisted between them, and the long and valuable services he had rendered his Majesty, conjured the King to abandon the project of the lowering the rate of interest of the public funds, as contrary to public opinion. The King made no answer; but on the Duke going the next morning to attend as First Gentleman of the Chamber, the Usher in waiting would not let him pass, and told him that his Majesty had no farther occasion for his services. The poor old Duke was thunder-struck; he retired to Meudon to pour out his sorrows in the bosom of his old friend the Duke de Castries; but the shock was too great for the consolation of friendship to heal the wound: as he was eating an egg at breakfast

he fell down in an apoplectic fit, lingered a few days, and expired. On the King being told of it, he merely said, "He was a good man and a faithful servant."

The King treated M. de Chateaubriand in the same manner, and on the same account. At nine o'clock on Sunday morning, the minister was totally unacquainted with his fate; at eleven, on going to the Chateau, he was stopped, and told he would, on returning home, find the reason why he was not admitted.

These acts, so totally at variance with all our ideas of the forms of polished life, and especially of a Court which sacrifices more to exterior forms than any other, are only to be attributed to the extreme irritation occasioned by a state of continual bodily suffering.

About this time caries of the spine spread itself. The King was now obliged to be strapped in his chair; and it was evident that he could not suffer much longer. As the malcontents had long calculated on the royal demise for an insurrection, it was thought advisable to take every means of concealing the state of his Majesty's health; and for this purpose the censorship of the journals was revived, so that no intelligence of the kind could reach the Provinces. And as his decease was shortly anticipated, the genius of M. de Villele suggested the idea of making the principal changes necessarily consequent on a new reign, during the old one; so that when Charles X. came to the throne, there could be no discontents from dismissing one set of men to make place for others, and those in office would be grateful at keeping their places; while all the odium, if any, of the changes would rest with the old King, who had made them: hence the very numerous changes in the Council of State, the Prefects, &c. &c. &c. This was a deep stroke of policy in M. de Villele, which, it is believed, has secured him the entire confidence of Charles X.

The King's health gradually declined, yet it was thought good policy to

produce him as usual on State occasions, so that neither the regular receptions of his own Court nor of the foreign ministers were ever suspended. He even held his regular leveé on the 7th instant for the reception of the diplomatic corps. Although he was then in a dying state, he was strapped in his wheel chair to prevent his falling forward, his head sunk entirely on his breast, and his chin concealed in the blue riband of the Order of the Holy Ghost; his hat, fringed with white feathers, lying on his lap, and his hand upon it. For a few minutes he appeared to be asleep; at length he gave tokens of existence, and the Baron Lalive, conductor of the Ambassadors, named them according to the order in which they stood in the circle, and each advanced to salute his Majesty. At two or three of the first names the King muttered something, but unintelligibly; he then relapsed into the lethargic state, and the Ambassadors withdrew. At this leveé the Count d'Artois appeared in perfect health, vigorous and active, as if he were not above forty or fifty years of age.

It was now evident that the King could not survive many days; his florid complexion appeared to be owing to art, and the decay of nature seemed approaching the last crisis; the suppuration of the wounds became suspended; the animation of the lower extremities was gone; and the spark of life was only prolonged by a surgical operation to which he was very unwilling to submit.

His Majesty's attachments were few; and out of sight out of mind was rather a part of his character. M. de Cazes was a long time his favourite; he used to call him his Son; he could not pass a day without seeing him: but when the Duke de Berry was murdered, and De Cazes's enemies attributed it to his favouring the Liberaux too much, preposterous as the charge was, the King, on finding a loud outcry against his favourite, abandoned him. M. de Villele seemed latterly to possess his unbounded confidence; and on the marriage of the Minister's daughter, the King presented the bride with one hundred thousand francs. It is stated

that, on his deathbed, he refused to see the children of the Duchess de Berry: it is known that the King was not fond of them, and this is attributed to circumstances almost too ridiculous to be related. On St. Louis's Day, in 1822, when the children were brought to him, he asked the little Princess to sit on his lap; she refused: on being asked by the Duchess (her mother) why she would not sit on the King's lap, she said she did not like it, because the King smelled. The other anecdote is equally frivolous as a motive of dislike: the King asked the little Duke of Bourdeaux, a few months since, if he would like to be a king? "No, Sir," was the reply.—"Why, my child, would you not like to be a king?"—"Because I like to run about." The boy fancying, from the only specimen he saw, that the inability to walk was one of the attributes of royalty.

The character of his Majesty, will, of course, be variously drawn—it may be summed up in a few words: He was neither cruel nor ambitious; all he wanted was peace and tranquillity; his long and painful state of suffering prevented his paying the attention to business that was requisite: equally inconstant in his likes and dislikes, he evidently possessed few or none of those higher affections which identify souls with each other; and it might be said of him as Goldsmith said of Garrick—

He threw off his friends as a huntsman his pack,  
For he knew, when he pleased, he could whistle  
them back.

Charles X. on succeeding to the Throne, has promised to observe the charter and the institutions of the State, as his brother had done. This, certainly, is not promising much, for many and frequent were the infractions of the charter by Louis XVIII. Indeed, the charter, got up in a hurry, betrays all the haste and incompleteness of its origin: as an organic constitution, it is extremely imperfect; the *lacunæ* are numerous, and those attempted to be filled up have not been filled up in the most desirable manner. This is not to be attributed entirely to the want of liberality in Louis XVIII. but to the ceaseless efforts of the Buonapartists and



Republicans to sow dissensions, inspire distrust, create disturbances, and foment conspiracies. These were at length carried to such a height, that a general conspiracy to overturn the Government was organized throughout the kingdom; almost every regiment was corrupted: the conspiracies were detected on several points, but, notwithstanding they failed at Paris, at Befort, at Colmar, at Poitiers, and Rochfort, the spirit of the conspirators was unbroken when the insurrection in Spain broke out. As it had been found impossible to collect a considerable body of rebels on any single point in France, it was resolved to effect it in Spain, and thither all the discontented and revolutionary flocked from France, Belgium, England, and America: General Lefevre Desnouettes and General Lallemand came from America with this object; the former was drowned off the coast of Ireland, but Lallemand sailed from England to Spain, where Colonel Fabrier had organized a body of French refugees; Sir Robert Wilson and his Aide-de-Camp went to Spain to join them, and proclaimed himself the precursor of "ten thousand English, who would soon join them, to put down all *tyranny* and *tyrants*." The total failure of all attempts of the refugees to make a landing in France, or corrupt the invading French army, gave the death-blow to the hopes of the conspirators; and the result of the Spanish war destroyed entirely their sanguine expectations of effecting a revolution in France at the moment, or organizing it at the death of the King. But it was this well known threat and intention which induced M. de Villele and M. de Corbiere to take every precaution, when they found the King hastening to his final dissolution; hence the censorship, and the numerous changes of Prefects, Sub-prefects, Mayors, &c. through all the departments. We, who know France, firmly believe the precaution unnecessary: yet it was probably as well to convince the disaffected that every thing was foreseen.

From the conduct of the Count d'Artois, it was supposed he was strongly inclined to ultra-royalist prin-

ciples and absolute power. This arose from the necessity which heirs apparent generally feel of forming a party, which must necessarily differ in political principle from that of the Court, or it would cease to be one. Now there were only two extremes to choose from, the liberals, or what is called the pure royalists. That the Count d'Artois should not prefer the party of the revolution, can be easily imagined; therefore he had no alternative but taking the other course, which was more consonant with his principles, his habits, and the position in which he was placed. But this may be said for the Count d'Artois, that he always disapproved of the excesses of his own party, and if he pardoned them, it was from a noble feeling—that of never forgetting the services of an old friend, and which induced him to forgive slight or temporary errors. In this point Charles X. differs widely from Louis XVIII.: his affections are strong, and constant as they are strong; he will make few political changes, save to recompense the zeal, fidelity, and constant friendship of the companions of his exile; and that he is no friend to absolute power, will be evident from the suppression of the censorship, which will be taken off almost immediately. His mind is not so cultivated by study as that of the late King; but whatever superiority Louis XVIII. had over him in that respect, it was more than counterbalanced by that habitual suffering, which paralysed the understanding and affected the judgment.

The King is healthy; he is in the full possession of all his faculties; he can see with his own eyes and judge for himself; and there is little doubt of France being happy and prosperous during his reign, for the rising spirit of rebellion is put down, and its elements dispersed.\*

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\* We give this interesting account as we have received it, knowing the ample means our Correspondent possesses of obtaining the best information, where he is not a personal observer. Where we might differ from him in opinion, we have refrained from urging our views, because we do not feel that we enjoy such good grounds whereon to form a judgment.

## VARIETIES.

Original Anecdotes, Literary News, Chit Chat, Incidents, &c

*Why the eyes of a portrait, which look directly at a spectator in front, do so also in any other position, has remained without an explanation until lately.* Dr. Wollaston after considering the matter, observes, when two objects are seen on the ground at different distances from us, in the same direction, one appears, and must be represented to a picture, as exactly above the other, so that a vertical plane from the eye would pass through them; and since such line will be seen upright, however far we move to one side, it follows that the same object will still seem to be in a line with us, exactly as in the front view—seeming, as we move, to turn from their first direction. In portraits, the permanence of direction, with reference to the spectator, depends on the same principles. So the nose, drawn in front with its central line upright, continues directed to the spectator, though viewed obliquely; or, if the right side of the nose is represented, it must appear directed to the right of the spectator, in all situations.

The temporary derangement of vision, which very commonly follows acidity or flatulency in the stomach, and as commonly precedes sick-headach, or else unusual sleepiness, in great numbers of persons (the writer amongst the number), has lately attracted the attention of Dr. Wollaston, who, with his wonted sagacity, has discovered that, usually, one half only, either to the right or to the left of each eye, is in these cases temporarily affected with blindness. From a careful consideration of the circumstances attending five cases of temporary half-blindness, which are detailed in the *Philosophical Transactions* just published, the doctor has been led to an important anatomical discovery, as to the semi-decussation of the optic nerves in the human subject; that is, instead of the entire optic nerves from the two opposite thalami of the brain, crossing each other, and proceeding entire to the eyes, on opposite sides, as has generally been supposed, that portion of nerve which proceeds from the right thalamus to the right side of the right eye, passes to its destination without interference; and, in a similar manner, the left thalamus supplies the left side of the left eye with one part of its fibres; whilst the remaining halves of both nerves, in passing over to the eyes of the opposite sides, intersect each other, either with or without intermixture of their fibres. On this principle, Dr. Wollaston most ingeniously explains how single vision is produced by two eyes—how infants are enabled to avoid squinting, &c.

### MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

The migration of birds was a subject which, during many years, engaged the attention of the late celebrated Dr. Jenner, having been early in life stimulated to the inquiry by the investigation on this subject which the great John Hunter was carrying

on, whilst Mr. Jenner was resident in his house as a medical pupil. The son of Dr. Jenner has, since his decease, communicated to the Royal Society his father's manuscripts on the subject, which have been printed in the *Philosophical Transactions*,—a recapitulation of which is as follows, viz.—First, Dr. Jenner adduces some arguments in support of migration, because of the fact itself not being generally admitted by naturalists of celebrity, and also against the hypothesis of a state of torpor, or what may be termed the *hybernating system*. He next shows, from repeated observations, that the swallow tribe, and many other birds that absent themselves at stated periods, return annually to the same spot to build their nests; and that any inference drawn from this fact, in support of a state of torpor, would be fallacious, upon physiological principles. In corroboration and continuation of the observations of John Hunter, Dr. Jenner shows, that certain periodical changes of the testes and ovaria are the exciting causes of migration,—and states many facts, hitherto unnoticed, with respect to the cause which excites the migrating birds, at certain seasons of the year, to quit one country for another, viz. the enlargement of the testes of the male, and ovaria in the female, and the need of a country where they can, for a while, be better accommodated with succours for that infant brood than in that from which they depart. It is attempted to be shown by Dr. Jenner, that their departure from this country is not in consequence of any disagreeable change in the temperature of the air, or from a scarcity of their common food,—but the result of the accomplishment of their errand, i. e. the incubation and rearing of their young, and the detumescence of the testes and ovaria; that successive arrivals of migrating birds are attributable to the progressive development of the generative system in the male and female; that progressive developments are wise provisions of the Creator; that premature arrivals and departures are frequently to be accounted for on the same principle; that the departure of the spring migrators is owing to a change in the testes and ovaria, the very opposite of that which took place in the spring; that the departure of the young birds is not guided by the parents, but the result of an unknown principle. In the second part of the doctor's paper some observations are made on the winter birds of passage:—that they quit their homes in this country, in the spring, in quest of a country better suited to their intended purpose than this; that they are actuated by the same impulse in quitting this country that causes the spring birds to come to it, and that want of food cannot be the inducement; that the emigration of the winter birds is less complete than that of the others, or spring migrators; that

some species breed here, especially the wild-duck and wood-pigeon; that the red-wings and fieldfares are the most regular and uniform in their appearance and disappearance, and most probably never risk the trial of incubation here, or at least not in the part of Gloucestershire where Dr. Jenner resided; that they quit the country *temporarily*, in severe and long-continued frost, through want of food, and return to it again at the approach of more temperate weather; that the arrival of water-birds forbodes the approach of intense frost, and the usual return of the water-birds a thaw; that the examinations of the latter prove them to have taken long flights before their return, and sets the fact of temporary migration beyond the reach of doubt. The paper concludes with some additional particulars respecting the different sizes of the generative organs of migratory birds, as they appear at different seasons of the year.

#### MERMAID.

The Drogheda Journal states that three persons, whose names it gives, saw on the 18th ult. a creature in the sea, which answered the description given of Mermaids, having the human form from the waist upwards; long arms, long hair, and a fish's tail. They do not mention the looking-glass!

#### HONOUR.

A rich man being asked to pay a debt of a hundred pounds, contracted by his son, who had fled from his creditor, replied, "I have sworn by my honour, and by all that is most sacred, never to pay one of my son's debts; and I should be wanting to my honour if I were to break my word."

#### NEWSPAPER ACCURACY.

The following appeared in a Sunday newspaper of the 29th ult. :

"*Suicide.*—On Friday evening a poor woman was put into St. Giles's watch-house for being disorderly in the street, and shortly after *hung herself, and was not discovered till quite dead.* She was taken to Marlborough-street police office on Wednesday last on a *similar charge!*"

#### WOLVES IN HARNESS.

A singular equipage has been seen for the last six months in the streets of Munich. It is a calash drawn by two enormous wolves, which M. W. K. formerly a merchant of St. Petersburg, found very young in a wood near Wilna, and has so well tamed

that they have all the docility of horses. These animals are harnessed exactly like our carriage horses, and have entirely lost their ferocious instinct. The police have only required that they shall be muzzled. M. W. K. parades the city in this equipage several times a day, and always attracts an immense crowd.—Mr. Ex-Sheriff Parkins, some years since, drove about in this way two zebras, or wild asses.

#### ILLUSTRATION OF THE PHOSPHORESCENCE OF THE OCEAN.

Pour a little phosphorated ether on a lump of sugar, and drop it into a glass of tepid water. In a dark place the surface of the water will become very soon luminous, and if it be moved by blowing gently with the mouth, beautiful and brilliant undulations of the surface will be visible, exhibiting the appearance of liquid combustion. Those who cannot see the ocean in a flane may adopt this feeble mode of imitating it, and it will give them a faint idea of a phenomenon which has called forth the admiration of all who have ever seen it, and which has been recorded by Lord Byron in noble poetry.

#### SIR HUMPHREY DAVY

has arrived at his house in Grosvenor-street, from Denmark, after a stormy passage across the North Seas, in the *Comet* steam-boat. Sir Humphrey has been engaged, during the months of July and August, in pursuing various philosophical researches along the coast of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, for which the Admiralty granted him the use of the *Comet* steam-boat. He has ascertained, we understand, that his principle of preserving the copper-sheathing of ships by the contact of 1-200th of iron, succeeds perfectly in the most rapid sailing and in the roughest sea. During this expedition, Dr. Piarks has connected, by chronometrical observations, the triangulation of Denmark and Hanover with that of England; and, by the desire of the Admiralty, various points of longitude have been determined by their chronometers, of great importance to navigation: amongst others, that of the Naze of Norway.

#### DAVID'S LAST PICTURE.

When David was on the eve of departing from Paris into exile, he is said to have told his pupils that he was about to alter and improve his style, and that he would send them from the Netherlands,—the country which he had chosen for his future



residence,—a specimen of colouring, which should be far superior to any thing which he had heretofore produced. In the present picture, David has fulfilled his promise with a vigour of execution that could scarcely have been expected in youth itself. On this piece he has devoted his whole time during his exile at Brussels. The following description will enable your readers to form some idea of the composition of this piece:—Mars having returned fatigued from the field of battle, has seated himself on a couch, from which Venus has apparently partly risen, in order to make room for him. The latter has one hand resting on the former, and is with the other about to place a garland of flowers on the head of Mars, on condition that he forsakes for the future the pursuit of arms. Mars is with his left hand resigning his sword, as a token of assent to this proposition; and with the other, which is hanging over the head of the couch, holding a spear. Two of the Graces are taking hold of his helmet and shield, and the third presenting him with nectar. Cupid is seated at his feet busily employed in unloosing one of his sandals.—The disposition of the whole scene is admirably conceived, though the arrangement is, in my opinion, rather too studied. The drawing is as chaste as it is beautiful; and the colouring, in variety, richness, and truth of tone, is truly admirable, and far superior in brilliance to any of his former productions. The head, body, and in short the whole person of Mars, are possessed of great beauties; but the Venus, though the back is beautiful and the feet admirable, is possessed of no portion of that melting voluptuousness, which usually belongs to the Venus of Greece and Rome; for, instead of that, we find nothing but anxiety and dejection. Nor are the features of the Graces more agreeable; and the figure of Love is both misplaced and badly embodied. But in spite of these observations, I must acknowledge that, taking into consideration the great age of the artist, and the novelty of the style of the present undertaking to him, that it is a great work, and will always be admired, as a splendid specimen of colouring. This is said to be the last picture which David intends to undertake.

#### NEW SYSTEM OF GEOLOGY!!

A Frenchman, of the name of Chabrier, has published a Dissertation on the Universal Deluge.

M. Chabrier's occupations obliging him, it appears, to travel frequently, especially in the north of Germany, he was extremely puzzled by the blocks of granite (frequently of vast size,) which are scattered in profusion on both sides of the Elbe, in the territories of Bremen and Hamburg, Mecklenburg, Pomerania, &c.; all which countries are very remote from the granite mountains. The results of his long and arduous meditations are here given to the public in the form of a theory, which, like

many other geological theories, has been produced by a desire to explain a particular phenomenon, apparently irreconcilable with any other geological hypothesis. M. Chabrier, convinced that the aforesaid blocks of granite did not come from the Hartz Mountains or from Sweden, concludes that they must be *aerolites*!! Having subsequently ascertained, by a scrupulous examination of the mountains, that they were only heaps of rubbish, he began to doubt whether the granite spread over the surface of the globe had been formed and crystallized in a primitive sea, which (says he) *nobody had seen*. Accordingly, after he had obtained the *certainly* of the contrary, he formally denies this fact, and does not hesitate to assert, that the granite came, as it is, from the atmosphere, with the other substances to which it is sometimes united, and by which it is also often surrounded. This terrible shower of mountains—arising from the progress of a planetary body violently struck by a comet, or caused by the explosion of the central volcano of that planet—poured at once upon the nucleus of ours, about which M. Chabrier does not trouble himself, the Alps, the Pyrenees, the Andes, &c. and all such beds of primitive rocks. These substances in combustion, falling on the tufted forests of the earth, reduced them to pitcoal!!

This, he farther maintains, was undoubtedly the planet which had for its satellites the four little moons, Ceres, Pallas, Vesta, and Juno, which irrefragably prove the former existence of that unfortunate planet. But even this monstrous shower of mountains is not enough for M. Chabrier: it was accompanied, he says, by all the waters of the planet, which, falling in cataracts, submerged the earth and deluged its inhabitants; but the rain of waters preceded that of the solids, and the latter came very opportunely to confine the waters in part, and to form our present continents and mountains,—but for which, Noah would not have found a resting-place. We must refer our readers to the work itself for the series of proofs and reasonings adduced by the author, which will we dare say convince them that M. Chabrier's system is extremely probable, and that bears all the marks of reality in the simple and easy explanation of all the facts. Thus, for instance, the fossil trees and fish, the petrified human skeleton of Guadaloupe, are remains of the vegetable and animal kingdoms of the destroyed planet, the fragments of which we tread under foot. But an idea which is certainly new, and deserving of the most serious attention, according to M. Chabrier, is, that some of the human creatures of this planet, notwithstanding their rough usage, may have survived this fall: and it is thus he accounts for the difference of races characterized by Blumenbach, Cuvier, &c. Thus the Negroes, the Americans, or the Malays, are probably descendants of the inhabitants of another world,

which was annihilated to punish our first parents.

## NEW WORKS.

Fielding's Select Proverbs of all Nations, 18mo. 5s.—Curr's Account of Van-Diemen's Land, 12mo. 5s. bds.—Outline of a New Theory of the Earth, 8vo. 2s.—Malte-Brun's System of Geography, vol. v. part i. 7s. 6d.—Cooper's Surgical Lectures, by Tyrrell, vol. i. 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Advice on Diet and Regimen, 8vo. 2s.—Morning Meditations, by the Author of 'The Retro-

spect,' &c. 12mo. 4s.—Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, vol. x. (new Series,) royal 8vo. 1l. 1s. 6d.

A work is announced, bearing the curious title of "Revelations of the Dead Alive," said to be from the pen of a dramatic writer.

"The Political and Military Life of Prince Eugene Beauharnois," in one small volume, is among the recent Parisian publications.

## THE JOURNAL OF LIFE.

I LOVE to gaze at the midnight hour,  
On the heavens, where all is shining;  
I feel as if some enchanting pow'r  
Around my heart were entwining:  
To see the moon, like a beacon fair,  
When the clouds sail swiftly by;  
And the stars, like watch-lights in the air,  
Illumine the Northern sky.

Ah! then I think on my boyhood's day,  
When hope was brightly glowing,  
And all my prospects were fair and gay,  
And the tide of success was flowing—  
I lov'd to look at the silvery light  
Of the sparkling gem at the Pole;  
And view the others so fair and bright,  
That round it continually roll.

I lov'd to picture each well known sign,  
Where planets their courses urge,  
And watch to see them more brightly shine,  
Arrived at their topmost verge;  
But I trusted the ocean, and wander'd afar,  
Where other stars sweetly shine,—  
And quitted the isle of the Northern star  
For the land of the cedar and pine.

Yes—after the toils of the desperate fight,  
I've watch'd (by the cannon's mouth)  
The varying forms of the dial of night,  
The beautiful Cross of the South;  
And I thought of how many lay dead on the plain,  
Who saw it the night before—  
Whose eyes would never behold it again,  
Or gaze on their own home shore.

Then I thought on the fate of the coming day  
When the burning troops would engage:  
How many brave spirits would pass away  
'Mid slaughter and maddening rage:  
The morning came, and its early blush  
Stream'd on the field of gore;—  
The bugles sound, to the charge we rush,  
While the cannon destructive roar!

"Hark! hark! to the shout and the deathful  
shriek,  
The clang of the ringing steel,  
The bitter groan when the heart-strings break,  
The muskets' murdering peal;

And see, where the glittering bayonets meet,  
Our banners waving free—  
On! on! brave lads, for our foes retreat—  
Press forward to Victory!"

And thus is the vision of glory's dream  
Emblazon'd with blood and flame,  
And wounds and death are the warrior's theme,  
And this is his boasted fame:  
Yet I followed the phantom far and near,  
Where the billows are one white foam;  
And still in pursuit, for many a year,  
Through the world I continued to roam—

Till I prov'd man's ambition was false and vain,  
And his fame like a cloud in the air;  
Then I sought the home of my father again,  
To rest from my labour and care,  
But, ah! how chang'd was each form and mein—  
The smile of affection was flown;  
And dark and drear was each youthful scene  
Which memory prized as her own.

In vain I looked for the cheering face  
Of friend I had known before—  
All formal and chill was their cold embrace,  
For fortune denied me her store:  
And many had quitted this vale of tears,  
O'erwhelm'd by affliction's wave,  
And, now alike both their hopes and fears,  
Were laid at rest in the grave.

Then cheerless and griev'd, from the world I  
withdrew,  
To the village and rural cot;  
But here, where the days of my childhood flew,  
There were strangers who knew me not.  
In the regions of death, and there alone,  
I now claim a kindred part;  
And seated at eve on the cold grave-stone,  
Commune with my own sad heart.

Yet still I gaze at the midnight hour,  
On the heavens, where all is shining;  
And feel as if some enchanting pow'r  
Around my soul was entwining:  
And still those stars, with their sparkling light,  
Will shine on the wild-flow'rs bloom—  
Whose eyes, surcharg'd with the tears of night,  
Shall weep on my turf-raised tomb.

An O. S.—x.

# SPIRIT

OF THE

## ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

NO. 8.]

BOSTON, JAN. 15, 1825.

[VOL. 2. N.S.]

### WHAT CONSTITUTES WEALTH ?

**F**RANK CLERMONT inherited an estate of twenty thousand a year ; having, besides, fifty thousand pounds in the funds which were left to him by a great uncle.

The ready money was disposed of before he was of age, and ten years after his income was reduced to five thousand per annum. He could not make it less, one-fourth of his property being so entailed that it was virtually impossible for him to get rid of it. He nevertheless considered himself to be reduced to absolute beggary, and became more discontented, perhaps, than if he had been without the common means of subsistence.

He is persecuted by duns from morning till night. His equipage is shabby, and he is looked upon in his own circle as a ruined man, and of course treated as one. By his friends, who have not entirely forsaken him, he is usually invited to help off with the fragments of feasts which have the day before been given to his former titled companions ; and his own entertainments are attended by those only with whom a short time ago he would have deemed it a degradation to associate.

At first he thought of retrieving his circumstances by marriage, and commenced fortune hunter ; but being unsuccessful in an overture which he made to a lady whose reputed fortune was two hundred thousand pounds, he gave up the pursuit in despair, and has since taken so immoderately to drink, that he is fast hurrying himself to the grave ; so that, literally, he

may be said to be dying of want, though he is in the receipt of five thousand a year !

P—— began the world without a shilling ; but by unceasing industry, by watching for and taking advantage of every opportunity by which money was to be made, and, when made, by using it most parsimoniously, he has at last succeeded in realizing a plum : —the ultimatum of his worldly desire, the object which he had in view from boyhood—the hopes of attaining which caused his most arduous exertions to be “Labor absque labore.”

He never even allowed himself the indulgence of a hackney coach, or ride on horseback, till he was worth £50,000 ; but soon after this sum was realized, his ideas became more expanded, and he absolutely began to think that he could afford to marry a widow with ten thousand pounds, towards whom he had long felt rather tenderly. He made the state of his heart known, and as the lady deemed it a prudent connexion too, there was not much hesitation on her part. Never were a couple united whose ideas were more entirely alike. Wealth was the grand object which they both kept constantly in view, nor did they cease living with their ancient parsimony till the plum was attained : but as soon as it was, they lunched out, and now they sport one of the most splendid equipages in the city. Their entertainments are first-rate in their line. They have an elegant country villa at Richmond, and in fact revel in all the luxuries of



wealth, and are regarded by every one as people of consequence ; yet I will venture to say that they spend within two-thirds of an income which is not more ample than Frank Clermont's, who finds the whole of his to be insufficient to procure him the common necessities of life.

What constitutes wealth ? is not an unamusing speculation—perhaps no two people have ideas alike on the subject. A poor man, who is obliged to support a wife and a large family on a pound a week, imagines that a hundred a year would procure every luxury that his heart could desire ; while a hundred a year with gentility attached to it, is considered to be a most miserable pittance.

Yet there are those who can be "Passing rich with forty pounds a year," or even less ; but then they possess that "wealth of the mind," that true independence, which makes riches or poverty alike a matter of indifference to them. Mr. —, a man of profound erudition, was lately employed by some literary friend to write a work of great research, which was likely to occupy him at least for a year. As he was completely without resources of his own, they asked him what remuneration he would require for so much time and labour. He replied, that half a guinea a week would amply supply all his wants ! And I have somewhere read of another man of learning, though I cannot vouch for the fact, who supported himself comfortably on a halfpenny a day ! But I

fear few are capable of arriving at such an enviable state of refinement.

Though — had realized a million long before he died, he was often heard to say that he should not consider himself to be a rich man till he had doubled his capital ; but yet, where his own interest was not concerned, his ideas of "What constitutes wealth" were narrow enough : —he thought, for instance, that he amply provided for his four maiden sisters by leaving them five hundred pounds each ; and even inserted in his will, that if they were not able to live on this sum, they were not fit to live at all, and that more would only leave them a prey to fortune hunters.

Many a rich man deems a guinea, dealt from "his pocket's avaricious nook," to be an inexhaustible sum. L—, who can command many thousands a year, lately visited an old school-fellow on the brink of ruin, from recent extensive losses in trade. All his latent feelings of sympathy were roused by witnessing the sufferings of his old friend, (who till within the last month had been a rich man ; ) and in the most soothing tone he offered assistance. Poor B.'s countenance beamed with gratitude. He saw himself at once saved from bankruptcy, and again established with credit, by a prospect of such seasonable help. But what was his astonishment, when he beheld a purse drawn forth, and a guinea, one guinea, tendered to his acceptance !

#### SONNET,—WRITTEN AT A CONCERT.

Let him who deems that woman's lovely form  
Is void of soul, come, gaze upon her here ;  
While down her cheek there steals the tender tear  
As music sheds its wild resistless charm,  
And the deep passions of her bosom warm,  
And the soft soul beams melting in her eye,  
And her heart sends responsive harmony  
As the glad flute is heard, or trumpet's wild alarm.  
  
What reck's the graceless Moslem's boasted creed ?\*  
Out on their maids, in paradise that dwell.  
Their dream-born Houris on ambrosia feed ;  
'Tis better here to mark each bosom swell  
With those soft thoughts, which music bids arise,  
Than taste the thousand joys of Paynim paradise.

\* It is a part of the Moslem's creed, that women are destitute of souls.

## SIGHTS OF LONDON.

### THE WILD BEASTS' BANQUET.

OF all the banquets on record or not on record, Reuben,—from those of the heroes in Homer downwards,—commend me to the banquet of the beasts at Exeter 'Change! The Lord Mayor's feast is a fool to it; and the coronation banquet itself (seeing that there was no Queen present at it) was but a *half-crown ordinary* in comparison!

I disclaim all insidious or invidious allusions; but let me ask, what alderman of the whole corporation can preside in so portly a manner, feed so cleanly, or consume so much at a meal, (and this latter qualification I take to be the measure of merit in the matter of eating, and the point to which the palm must be conceded,)—which of them all, I say, can in these particulars pretend to compare with alderman Elephant, who takes off a cart-load of carrots by way of dessert—washes them down with a washing-tub of water—and then wipes his trunk on a truss of hay by way of a towel, and eats it afterwards? And as for the late banquet at Westminster Hall,—it would, to be sure, not be legitimate to look upon that merely as an affair of eating; but I should be glad to know how it can be compared, even in other respects, with the one I am about to describe to you? Which of the peeresses, in the plenitude of her plumes, (borrowed from the ostrich upstairs) could compete in beauty with the panther, who sits down to dinner *in puris naturalibus*? The lords may boast of their furred robes, for each of which they are indebted to whole hecatombs of innocent little ermines; but the leopard may laugh at them all,—for *his* furred robe is furnished him by Nature herself, and would put to shame the workmanship of all the robemakers-royal in Christendom; and he can afford to wear it every day, because he gets a new one from the same source every year, without paying any thing for it.

But do you twit me with the lions-kings at arms, the champions, and the royal epicures themselves, who graced and glorified the banquet that I am,

by comparison, depreciating? It shall go hard but, in reply, I will furnish you with worthy *pendants* for them all, and more, from among the company that grace *our* banquet. What royal epicure, though he were descended from Heliogabalus himself, would dare to dine on a liege subject of England, and he a captain of grenadiers,—as did the cousin-german of the royal tiger that is here? And as for the champion, who had the courage to ride into the hall on horseback in the presence of his lawful sovereign,—I fancy he would not have waited to ride out again *backwards*, if his royal master had insisted on his putting his head into a lion's mouth—as the man does here!

And now, Reuben, since I can perceive, by the significant looks of all the circle, that they are somewhat scandalized by these profane parallels of mine, and are moreover not prepared properly to appreciate the merits of the feast that I would introduce them to—that good Aunt Silence would be horrified at seeing the great serpent swallow a live chicken, though she allows the cat an extra cup of milk for every mouse he catches—that Rose would be petrified at the roar of the lion, and Phœbe actually faint at the idea of the no-better-than cannibals (as she would call them) eating their meat so underdone—and that, as for Frank, he had rather be present at the *petit souper* of a pack of hounds than a whole wilderness of wild beasts;—all this, I say, being evident, let you and I go by ourselves: so on with your wishing cap—that is to say, fancy yourself here in the Middle Temple with me—and as the Temple clock is now striking half-past seven, we'll sally forth, and shall just reach the place of our destination in time to look about us before the elephant rings for his cloth to be laid for supper.

Having received the awkward obeisance of the mock beef-eater at the bottom of the stairs, and followed the direction of the be-written walls, which tell us at every turn that “this is the way to the wild beasts,” we reach the

pay-place, and deposit our three and sixpences, nothing loth, in the hands of a pretty demure-looking maiden who sits confined there like a bird in a cage; remarking, by the by, that but for her pleasant looks, we should somewhat object to the high price of admission.

As we are to see the whole of this extraordinary exhibition, we will comply with the pretty money-taker's desire, and "please to walk up stairs first"—reserving the great banquetting-room for the *bonne bouche*. The first room we enter is long and low, and lighted (or rather *not* lighted) by one dismal lamp; and its inhabitants are chiefly birds. We will therefore not give much time to it; for of all caged creatures, one would suppose that the bird is the least able to bear its lot patiently—and of all birds, an eagle—of which there are several here. Not that we come here to lament over the condition of the objects we meet with;—and for my own part, I doubt whether any of them were ever better off than they are at present. At all events, we will leave our friend P—— to institute a comparative inquiry of this kind, and to concoct an eloquent and pathetic paper on the subject, for the New Monthly Magazine, in which he will doubtless determine the exact effects producible on the animal mind by a transfer of the body to which it is appended, from "native forests, boundless deserts, and trackless skies," to a wooden cage three feet square. In the mean time, we will proceed to our examination,—admitting, however, by the way, that there *is* something bordering on the melancholy in the appearance of an *eagle* under the condition in which we find him here—that, as some one has compared a poet under certain circumstances (I forget what) to "a sick eagle gazing at the sky," so we can scarcely refrain from returning the compliment, and comparing the great eagle that sits moping here, to a poet confined in the King's Bench, without either pens, ink, or paper! This comparison, however, will be applicable only when the present Insolvent Act is repealed; so

that here is another cogent reason for the said repeal—"for which, as in duty bound, your petitioners will never play," &c.

This room contains a great variety of other birds; among which are some beautiful Belearic cranes, with crests on their heads in the form of crowns; two extremely curious eagles of a description not to be found in books of natural history; and some birds that you will remember to have heard of at school, Reuben. "*Rara avis in terris, migroque simillima Cygno.*" Night, however, is not the time to see this part of the show; so we will just glance at a few of the other objects in this room, and then pay our respects to Bob, and the great boa constrictor, in the next. Here is the bison, a relative of whom, under the feigned name of the bonassus, lately enlivened every dead wall in the metropolis and its environs, and the whole fraternity of whom we consequently abhor almost as much as we do "Warren's Blacking" for the same reason. Next door neighbour to the above is a pretty animal that they dignify with the name of a wild horse; but which you, Reuben, would desire nothing better than to mount, on an open common, without saddle or bridle; and I'd back you to keep on him at least as well as Mazeppa did by the aid of all his cords. It has the head and neck of a zebra, but in other respects "would make a clever hackney for any timid elderly gentleman in want of such a horse."

The only other animals we will stay to notice in this room are two beautiful little creatures of the antelope tribe, with spiral horns, and eyes like Mahomet's houris; and another of the same species, called the lama, used in the Peruvian mines.

But hark! the clock strikes eight, and the elephant hears and replies to it; so that we shall but just have time to take a look at the next room, and then repair to the more noisy attractions of the banquet below. This room contains a vast variety of the smaller species of foreign birds, and a few small animals—such as monkeys, &c. But what we have come to see is shut up in that great deal press, the front of



which lets down with hinges, and leaves the whole interior, with its contents, exposed to the view and even the touch of the spectators—for it is not found necessary to interpose any safeguard before this most terrific-looking of all the animal tribe. And it is lucky that this is the case; for Bob, who has the care of this animal, has made such good use of the *buonamano's* he has received in the course of the day, that he is not in the best condition to protect us in case of danger. But Bob has too strong a sense of natural justice to forego what has, time out of mind, been "his custom always of an afternoon,"—merely to accommodate the idle habits of other people. If you visit him and his charge at a proper hour, you'll find him in the proper condition to do the honours of the visit; and this is all that can in reason be required of him. But I believe I need not have made this apology for him. I've heard it whispered in your village, Reuben, that the Vicar's steed knows as well, if not better, when his reverend burthen is tipsy, than the said burthen does itself; and I rather think it is the same with Bob and the Boa. You see he has by this time let down the side of the serpent's house, and taken off the blankets which covered him; and there the monster lies, black, twisted, and self-involved, like one of your late writing-master's flourishes. I question whether any one ever looked at this extraordinary creature for the first time, without feeling a cold shudder creep through every part. It is a sort of object that (for what reason I know not) we never form an adequate conception of beforehand. The one before us is fourteen feet long, and is entirely covered with a brilliant coating of black, picked out with a sort of whitish yellow; the whole varnished like the face of a picture. The head and neck are much smaller, and of lighter colour, than the rest of the body—the largest part of which is perhaps a foot and a half in circumference;—and the tail diminishes in size almost to a point. But perhaps the most striking part of this singular creature, and the sight of

which affects the spectator in the most extraordinary manner, is the tongue; which, at the approach or touch of any person, it puts out of its mouth (without appearing to open the latter) and moves about with a quick flickering motion, accompanied by a low hissing noise. The part that it puts out of the mouth is about an inch and a half long, and divided into two about half way down from the extremity—each portion being about the thickness of a small quill. Bob (whose word, by the by, I would not take for so much as Hamlet offered to take the Ghost's) told me, the last time I saw this creature, that it had the day before eaten three live fowls, "feathers and all," and ten pounds of beef. Though I don't know why I should suspect him of exaggeration in this, when he adds that it never eats more than once in a fortnight, and sometimes not for months together. It is perfectly harmless and quiet—never attempting to move out of the case or cupboard in which it lies; and the only indication it ever gives of the kind and degree of power that it possesses is when you place your hand between the side of its box and any part of it that happens to be lying there—in which case it presses against your hand, and if you were not prepared to slip it away immediately, would crush it. But we are spending more of our time here than we intended, or can afford; so taking leave of Bob and his charge, without waiting for his "true and particular account" of its "life, character, and behaviour," we will at once descend to the great room which we came principally to see.

This room does really contain a magnificent collection of objects—such a one as was probably never before collected together in modern times. The whole of the hither end is occupied by the huge bulk of the elephant, which reaches from side to side, and from the floor to the ceiling, and is divided from the rest of the room by solid beams of wood banded with iron, which cross each other in the form of a grating. At the opposite side is the great lion, gazing around him with the air of an imprisoned empe-

ror, and swinging his tail about "as a gentleman swishes his cane." All along the right-hand side of the room are dens containing seven or eight other lions, male and female, of different ages and species, besides tigers, leopards, panthers, hyenas, porcupines, &c. And on the left side is a fine Arabian camel. They are all at this time on the *qui vive*; but there is an air of doubt and uncertainty about them all, as they have not yet heard the signal (or a blow on the gong), which immediately precedes their feeding. At length that signal is given, outside the room, and unexpectedly by the visitors; and then the scene which instantly takes place has in it a most extraordinary mixture of the terrific and the agreeable. A huge discordant roar bursts from almost every den at the same moment; and the inhabitants of each rush against the bars, rampant, and with their eyes flashing fire, and seem on the point of tearing their way into the open space where the spectators are standing. And yet in the midst of all, we feel that pleasantest of all securities, which exists in the presence of, and almost in contact with, danger and death. We are here surrounded, and as it were, looked upon, by death under its most frightful form; and yet we hold our life as securely as if we were seated by our own hearths. I know of no other situation of the kind that can be compared with this. In other cases, if we would feel the *sense* of danger we must *encounter* danger; we cannot *feel* it without *fearing* it; but here we can enjoy all the stimulus of the one, without suffering the debasing and counteracting effects of the other. To have experienced a storm at sea, or been present in a great battle, and escaped from them, are fine things doubtless; but who would risk the danger for the after pleasure? The situation nearest to the one before us is that of sailing on a calm ocean, and feeling that there is nothing between us and the fathomless abyss below, but a deal plank. Or perhaps the standing in a coal-mine in the midst of the fire-damp, and holding in one's hand a

lighted safety-lamp, is a still stronger example of the presence of danger and safety together, or rather of the actual *contact* of them; for there is actually *nothing* intervening between the light of the lamp and the matter which it is to act upon—nothing but a stratum of that matter itself, which is not sufficiently heated to permit the communication of the flame. But in both these instances, though the danger is *there*, we do not *see* it, and therefore do not *feel* it—we only, or chiefly feel the *safety*. But here, the danger is visible to our eyes—it rings and rattles in our ears—it actually moves our whole frames;—for the roarings and rampings of the beasts shake the very building in which we stand. And yet here we stand, as if it were a mere *performance* that we were witnessing—an imitation, and not the real thing. But that it *is* the real thing, is the secret of the pleasure, or whatever else it is to be called, that we derive from it. In fact, it is sought after on the same principle that we go to see a public execution; and if I might venture to say so much in the presence of ladies, I would add that the measure of the satisfaction to be derived from exhibitions of this nature is, the degree of healthful strength of nerve in the deriver of it. If the habits of modern life had not wasted away the nerves of our nobility and gentry to mere gossamers, and thus rendered nervousness an indispensable qualification for a fine lady,—changing "disease for a commodity,"—we should have combats of gladiators and athletæ, and battles of wild beasts, as they had in days of old; and the ladies would distribute the prizes at them! But the looks of some of the said ladies warn me that I am treading on tender ground! so I return to my descriptions.

The gong sounds—the beasts (losing all sense of courtly decorum) seem ready to burst from their dens—and a man with an *iron hand*, who acts as carver to the royal banquet, apportions out the different meats on the side-board, and proceeds to deliver them in the order of precedence which the guests seem naturally to claim:—the

great lion being served first, then the lioness, (for royalty supersedes politeness among beasts as well as men); and then the inferior guests,—from the younger branches of the blood royal, through the nobility of leopards, tigers, panthers, &c. down to the monkeys that chatter and make mops and mows all the while, like the little dwarfs and fools of the old courts. The guests not being troubled with delicate appetites and squeamish stomachs, the cates served up on the occasion are, as you may suppose, *not* “composed of all the delicacies of the season.” On the contrary, the first course consists of bare bones,—the thigh, leg, and knuckle bones of an ox—which are thrown into the dens through a small opening at the bottom in front. And when they have had time to discuss these sufficiently, and to whet their appetite upon them instead of satisfying it, they receive the meat which had been previously cut off.

I shall only notice, in particular, the behaviour of the chief guests on this occasion, lest my account of the feast should last longer than the feast itself. Nero, the great lion, who, until the sound of the gong, and the receipt of his ration, had maintained a becoming majesty of deportment, immediately descended from the centre of his gravity, and roared, growled, and flew about his den, exactly like a wild beast!—urged to this unseemly behaviour (I confess) by the irritating conduct of the man with the iron hand—who approached him to a disrespectful nearness, and pretended to be about to take away his plate before he had done with it.—The consort royal (who is a beast of extraordinary personal charms, and of the most gentle manners,) conducted herself in a very different, and perhaps a no less characteristic style. When the bare bones were given to her, she took one of them (a long thigh bone of an ox) into her mouth, without touching it with her fingers as all the rest did—and proceeded to march deliberately round her den with it; and this she continued to do after she had been served with the second course, of meat,—and indeed, during the whole

time that the banquet lasted; as much as to indicate, to whomsoever it might concern, that *she* knew better what became her birth and station than to eat in the presence of observers. I confess there seemed to me a little affectation in this—a little over-niceness; especially as a royal cousin of hers,—a queen-duchess, who is said to partake in some of *her* propensities, and who at present reigns by divine *right*, as *she* used to do in her native woods by quite as good a title, namely, divine *might*,—does not deem it beneath her dignity to dine in the presence of her admiring subjects.

The only other personage whose conduct I shall notice on this occasion, is the elephant; and it offers a singular contrast to that of the rest of the guests. Amidst all the stir, hubbub, and turmoil that I have described above, *he* remains grave, silent, and self-possessed—his little proboscis weaving fantastic wreaths in the air outside the bars of his den, as we flourish with our finger when we are thoughtlessly thoughtful, and his huge bulk rising through the half-darkness behind, like a deeper shadow in the midst of shade. And when he of the iron hand comes to wait upon him in his turn, he still maintains the same philosophic gravity, and does every thing that he is bid with the air of one who is not afraid to disobey, but who is willing to serve since circumstances have made servitude his lot. There is in fact something extremely interesting in the behaviour of this extraordinary animal,—who seems to possess a *ten horse power*, only that he may exercise it with the gentleness and docility of a well-conditioned child. He obeys his keepers in the minutest particulars, and without the slightest hesitation or doubt, though his orders are issued without any change of tone or manner from that in which he is almost at the same moment addressing the spectators, or answering their question. Indeed, the elephant's natural sagacity seems to have enabled him to reach that happiest consummation at which even the human mind can arrive—namely, the faculty of



adapting itself to the circumstances in which it is placed, and "doing its spiriting gently," whatever it may be.

In conclusion, there are two things to which I decidedly object in this feast; both of them appertaining to the treatment of the chief partaker of it—the great lion. The first is the unhandsome manner in which his feelings are tampered with, by pretending to take away his food after it is given to him, merely that he may be induced to "exaggerate his voice," and roar for the recreation of the spectators;—thus depriving him of that privilege which is allowed even to convicts and felons themselves, of eating their meal in peace. The next

and most important circumstance, is their choosing to indignify him with the name of Nero. This latter I hold to be low treason at the least, if not high. They might as well dub him a member of the Holy Alliance at once! And to say the truth, I should not object to this, if the other members of that august body would occasionally admit him to their meetings!—But to call the king of beasts by the name of one who was scarcely worthy to be called a king of men, is a manifest libel: and the Constitutional Association should look to it. Adieu for the present.

Your loving Cousin,  
TERENCE TEMPLETON.

### THE PHANTOM BRIDE.

AND over hill and over plain  
He urged his steed with spur and rein,  
Till the heat drops hung on his courser's hide,  
And the foam of his speed with blood was dyed.  
He saw a bird cut through the sky,  
He longed for its wings as it fled by;  
He looked on the mountain-river gushing,  
He heard the wind of the forest rushing,  
He saw a star from the heavens fall,  
He thought on their swiftness and envied them all.

Well the young warrior may fiercely ride,  
For to-night he must woo, and must win his bride—  
The maiden, whose colours his helmet has borne,  
Whose picture has still next his heart been worn.  
And then he thought on the myrtle grove,  
Where the villa stood he had built for his Love:  
With its pillars and marble colonnade,  
Its bright fountain beneath the palm-tree's shade;  
Fair statues and pictured porticos,  
Where the air came sweet from the gardens of rose;  
Silver lamps; and vases filled  
With perfumed waters, from odours distilled;  
And the tapestry hung round each gorgeous room  
Was the richest of Tyre's purple loom;  
And all that his love, and all that his care,  
Had had such pride in making fair:  
And then he thought how life would glide,  
In such a home, and with such a bride,  
Like a glad tale told to the lute's soft tone,—  
Never hath happiness dwelt alone.  
And swifter he urged his courser's flight,  
When he thought on who was waiting that night.  
But once beneath a spreading shade,

He stopped his panting steed for breath;  
And as a flickering moon-beam played,  
He saw it was a place of death.

The lonely cypress-tree was keeping  
The watch of its eternal weeping;

And at the head was a grey cross;  
And scattered o'er the covering moss  
Lay withered flower and faded wreath,  
That told some maiden slept beneath.  
The youth took one or two dried leaves—  
Perhaps, thought he, some lover grieves  
O'er her who rests, and now can know  
No more of human joy or wo.  
And answered to his thought a sound,  
A murmur from the plaining ground—  
He started! oh, it could but be  
The wind that swept the cypress tree.

And almost midnight's hour was come,  
Ere he had reached his maiden's home.  
All, saving one old slave, were sleeping—  
Who, like some stealthy phantom creeping,  
Silently and slowly led  
The wondering stranger to his bed:  
Just pointed to his supper fare,  
And the piled wood, and left him there.  
It was a large and darksome room,  
With all the loneliness and gloom  
That hang round the neglected walls  
O'er which the spider's net-work falls;  
And the murky air felt chill and damp,  
And dimly burnt the one pale lamp;  
And faint gleams from the embers broke  
Thro' their dun covering of smoke,  
And all felt desolate and drear—  
And is this, he sighed, my welcome here?  
"No—mine be the welcome, from my lone home  
To greet thee, and claim thee mine own, am I  
come."

He heard no step, but still by his side  
He saw her stand—his betrothed bride!  
Her face was fair, but from it was fled  
Every trace of its beautiful red;  
And stains upon her bright hair lay  
Like the dampness and earth-soil of clay;

Her sunken eyes gleamed with that pale blue light,  
Seen when meteors are fitting at night ;  
And the flow of her shadowy garments' fall,  
Was like the black sweep of a funeral pall.

She sat her down by his side at the board,  
And many a cup of the red wine poured ;  
And as the wine were inward light,  
Her cheek grew red and her eye grew bright :—  
“ In my father's house no more I dwell,  
But bid me not, with them, to thee farewell.  
They forced me to waste youth's hour of bloom  
In a grated cell and a convent's gloom,  
But there came a Spirit and set me free,  
And had given me rest but for love of thee—  
There was fire in my heart, and fire in my brain,  
And mine eyes could not sleep till they saw thee  
again.

My home is dark, my home is low,  
And cold the love I can offer now ;

But give me one curl of thy raven hair,  
And, by all the hopes in heaven, swear  
That, chance what may, thou wilt claim thy bride,  
And thou to-morrow shalt lie by my side.”

He gave the curl, and wildly press'd  
Her cold brow to his throbbing breast ;  
And kiss'd the lips, as his would share  
With hers their warmth and vital air,—  
As kiss and passionate caress  
Could warm her wan chill loveliness.

And calm upon his bosom she lay,  
Till the lark sang his morning hymn to the day ;  
And a sun-beam thro' the curtain shone,—  
As passes a shadow—the maiden was gone ;  
That day the youth was told the tale,  
How she had pined beneath the veil  
And died, and then they show'd her grave—  
He knew that cypress's green wave.—  
That night, alone, he watched his bride—  
The next they laid him by her side.

### HYPOCRISY.

“ The Devil knew not what he did when he made man politick ; he crossed himself by it.”—*Timon of Athens.*

NATURALISTS have been much puzzled to find a definition of that versatile and inconstant being, man, which will satisfactorily distinguish him from all other living species, and at the same time hit him in all his moods. There is in human nature, notwithstanding all its vaunts and pretensions, so much of the mere animal in “ every shape and feature,” that not all the Linnés and Cuviers in the world have been able to draw a steady line of separation. The animal “ *bipes implumis*” has long been given up as untenable, and the habits of the butcher-bird have completely knocked on the head the definition of the “ cooking animal.” As for the “ religious animal”—exclusively that some men are born without the “ organ of veneration,” and have “ no more grace than will serve for prologue to an egg and butter,—there is the praying mantis,\* which possesses

the forms of devotion in such perfection (the only part of religion which “ leads to fortune,” and therefore the only part about which most of us are in earnest) that this definition “ *ne vaut pas le diable.*”

For my own part, if I was obliged to commit my reputation by hazarding an opinion upon so ticklish a point, I should prefer seizing upon that most prominent feature in the human character, deceit, and would define the species as being, *par excellence*, the “ hypocritical animal.” For, whatever may be advanced to the contrary, in the way of certain odious comparisons, to the disadvantage of hyenas and crocodiles, it should never be forgotten that in these cases “ the lion is not the painter.” If the parties concerned could speak for themselves, it is pretty certain that no hyena would have had the face to vie with Louis XVIII. when making his famous speech upon peace, which opened the Spanish war ; and the arantest crocodile that ever (to use the language of Sir Boyle Roach) “ put his hands in his breeches-pocket and shed feigned tears,” would decline weeping with a genuine widow of Ephesus. While all other forms and modes are put on and off as whim, fashion, or interest dictate, man is at all times and

\* Called in France “ *Le prie dieu*,” from the circumstance of its perpetually resting on its hind legs, and erecting the fore-paws close together, as if in the act of praying : the country-people, in various parts of the Continent, consider it almost as sacred, and would not, on any account, injure it. “ It is so divine a creature (says the translator of Mouffet), that if a child has lost its way, and inquires of the mantis, it will point out the right path with its paw.”—*Bingley's Animal Biography.*

in all particulars, a perfect hypocrite : —a hypocrite towards God, a hypocrite towards man, nay, a very hypocrite towards himself; not trusting his conscience with a naked view of his secret wishes, nor painting even his pleasures to his own imagination in their proper colours. Of this no safer testimony can be desired, than the eternal contrast which he has established between his words and his deeds, and the pains he has taken in all ages to provide a double set of terms and phrases to express the same things as they refer to himself or to his neighbours,—to abstract principle, or to practical application : insomuch that his language no less than his mind resembles those paintings done upon slips of pasteboard placed in relief, which exhibit a different picture according to every different point of view from which they are beheld. Every peculiar condition of society has its favourite sin, which it clothes in the likeness of its conterminant virtue. The merchant's avarice is parsimony, the parson's gluttony is hospitality, the great man's corruption is loyalty, and his hatred to the people, is his zeal for the king's prerogative. All this is nothing; but your genuine hypocrite, the more he is inclined to a sin, and the more he indulges his inclination, the louder and more confidently he declaims against it,—just as a desperate adventurer rushes into deeper expenses, and makes a greater show of opulence, at the very moment when he has arrived at the verge of bankruptcy.

If the object and end of society be to increase the powers of the individual, to multiply his means of gratifying his propensities and inclinations, the social system is admirably constituted, as far as hypocrisy is concerned; since all its institutions seem calculated to develop the deceptive tendencies of the species, and to give the greatest scope to the individual *nisus*. Hypocrisy is established by act of parliament too, and, like better things, it has become part and parcel of the common law of the land. So curiously, indeed, are the most sacred and solemn objects mixed up with lackadaimical

common-places, and superficial plausibilities, that not to be a hypocrite is to lack common decency; and to call "things by their right names" is to unsettle the foundation of the world's repose. The imagined necessity for the gravity of the learned professions, has gone a great way towards generalizing the practice of hypocrisy. As soon as it becomes necessary to appear wiser or better than the mass of mankind (it being impossible for humanity to raise itself above the condition of humanity, or for man to put off his nature, merely because he puts on a robe or a cassock), the reign of humbug commences; and from the moment that society requires a given exterior; from that moment the individual has not only a right, but labours under a necessity for wearing a mask.

The increase of human happiness which is thus created is beyond calculation: not only in its indirect influence upon social order, by imposing upon that many-headed monster the people, pinning down the lower classes to their duties, and thus confirming systems which the bayonet alone could not uphold; but also in the great enjoyment it directly occasions to the dupes themselves.

There is no man, I am sure, on this side fifty, but will allow that love is at once the great business and pleasure of life, the one drop of honey mixed with its cup of gall, the "green velvet of the soul;" and is not this love the more delightful, the more perfect and unbroken its deceit? The whole process of courtship is indeed, from beginning to end, one great scene of mutual hypocrisy. If it be true that the "tongues of men are full of deceits," it is not less so that "every inch of woman in the world, ay every dram of woman's flesh, is false:" and so much does the pleasure of the pursuit depend upon the dupery, that the credulous fair who believes her lover's protestations, is happier than the swain who makes them; and the patient wittol, whose eyes are shut to what is going forward, and is the dupe of both parties, is out and out the happiest of the whole three.



But if lovers are thus mutually dependent on each other for administering to their respective gullibilities, and for raising those illusions which shut out the "weary, stale, and flat" unprofitability of life; the whole class of litigators are not less obliged to their advocates for the pleasures they derive from that well-acted comedy called a "law suit." What intense delight do not these good souls receive from certain grave eulogies upon that system of laws by which the Chancery Court lawyers swallow up the whole property in dispute between the parties! What "easement" do they not obtain from that simulated zeal and well-affected sympathy with which their counsel "protest to God" that their client's case is justice itself! How edified, likewise, are even the bystanders, at the grave and moral discourses, "*de omnibus rebus*," &c. with which a judge charges a jury, in a case of libel, for example, and thus discharges his share of the farce. For this reason I cannot sufficiently applaud the inventors of that excellent piece of dupery, the monstrous fictions of law, which undo deeds, "making things to have been performed which never were attempted, bringing unborn children into existence, and considering the living as dead." Whatever other grounds of complaint there may lie against this system, it cannot be disputed, that it tends powerfully to increase the pleasures which the litigator derives from the law's deceptions, and while it promotes the profits of the practitioner, gives the client a great deal more for his money than he could otherwise obtain.

I speak not of the comfort and advantage society derives from that organized system of hypocrisy, more despotic than the laws of the Medes and Persians, which passes current in the world under the name of politeness; because every one knows and feels its value, and is but too well pleased to possess a good excuse for hiding unpleasant truths, the avowal of which might involve the relater in a duel or a law suit.

"*Chi non sa fingere, non sa vi-*

*vere*," says the Italian proverb, a text upon which Nic Macchiavel has written an elaborate commentary; but by far a better one is to be found in the grave faces of political wights, who, while they are exerting all their energies to propagate despotism and raise their own fortunes, turn up their eyes at the bare mention of this same Macchiavelli's name; and with a pharisaical demureness of the whole outward man, denounce him and his writings anti-christian and anti-social, merely for *saying*, what they themselves are *doing* every day and hour of their lives. The triumph of opinion over the sword, has made political hypocrisy more than ever necessary in the safe conduct of a state. It is the great arcanum of modern policy, and it possesses every quality which can be required in a remedy, operating in all cases *citò, tutò, et jucundè*.

He then, who is no hypocrite, knows nothing of life, nothing of its enjoyments, nothing of its amenities, and above all, nothing of the *moyen de parvenir*. That there can be any vice in a practice so universal, so respected, and so serviceable to mankind, seems eminently impossible. If there were really any harm in it, can we believe that so many great princes and divines should in speeches, proclamations, and sermons, so frequently use the name of Heaven to cover their own private interests, and talk of the good of the people, at the very moment when they are adding to their miseries? If hypocrisy were a sin, should we find "Right honourable gentlemen," and "my learned friend," so often substituted, for "corrupt rascal," and "jobbing knave;" which, if we may judge by the context, is evidently in the speaker's mind?—or would high-minded men condescend to pass over "the highest quarter," and "in another place," without seeming to perceive that those words teemed with the most forbidden allusions?—No, no, "*esse quam videri*," may do very well for a motto, but it has nothing to do with real life; except, indeed, it be used as a blind to cover a meditated fraud; and then it enters into the system, and will

pass muster. The ancients very wisely put truth in a well, and there let her lie and be—drowned. She never yet was sufficiently in favour to drink any thing but water ; and if any one is mad enough to doubt the fact, let him only try the experiment. Let him only for one week determine to

speak aloud all that passes through his mind in society, and to show himself to his fellow creatures such as he really is, in thought, word, and deed ; and if he does not repent of his bargain before half the time is expended, why then say I am not—  
M.

## MACADAMIZATION.

### *A Letter from BILLY O'Rourke to the Editor.*

*Pavet arduam viam,  
He paves the high-way.  
(Phelim O'Flinn, my Schoolmaster.)*

MR. WHAT'S-YOUR-NAME,—

I AM a prince by descent and a pavier by profession. True, I am a foreigner and barbarian,—for I come from Ireland,—but there is blood in my veins which heretofore ran riot up and down the O'Rourkes and O'Shaughnessies. Milesius was my great-grandfather forty times removed, and my great-grandmother of the same generation was cousin by-the-button-hole to O'Connor, progenitor and propagator of the present great Roger O'Connor of Dangan Castle, who was found innocent of robbing the mail a few years ago, when the Orangemen were in want of a head to adorn King William's lamp-post at the Anniversary of the Boyne Water. Thus, Mr. Thingumbob, you see though I do fillip the paving-stones with a three-man beetle, though I do peg a few pebbles every day into the scull of our old Mother Earth (*alma tellus*, as Phelim used to call her),—I really was born to a royal rattle. Excuse alliteration, Mr. Blank ; I am not only a prince and a pavier, but a poet.\* I broke half the panes in the province of Leinster scribbling amatory verses, epigrams, and epitaphs on Miss Kitty M'Fun, with a glazier's diamond that

I stole from my uncle ; I wrote all the best lines in the "Emerald Isle" (all the bad ones were written by Counsellor Phillips), and I gave Tom Moore hints for Thomas Little's poems. But this is all bother. What I want to say is this :—I don't like at all at all this new-fashioned out-of-the-way way of paving the streets with jackstones. Who ever saw a street covered with gun-flints by way of pavement ? This is pretty wig-making ! I suppose the next thing we'll do is to spread them with Turkey carpets that our old duchesses and debauchees may trundle along to the Parliament House and the Opera without shaking themselves to pieces a season too soon ! O give me the sweet little pebblement of my own native city in Shamrockshire—Dublin ! Major-Taylorization against Macadamization any day ! † Where the *jingles* totter over the streets like boats on a river of paving stones ! ‡ Up an down ! right and left ! Hohenlo ! toss'd hither and thither ! from pebble to puddle ! from gully to gutter !—Splish splash ! there they go ! while the *Racney*§ leers through one of his dead-lights back at Mr. Paddy O'Phaëton, Paddy for lack

\* 'Twas my mother's foster-brother wrote "The Groves of Blarney;" her maiden name was Kelly, and she is the identical *she* of whom the author says

And as you would see sweet Mabel Kelly,  
No nightingull sings half more bright—

which is the true reading.

† Major Taylor, Paving-Master General to the City of Dublin.

‡ *Jingles*, one-horse wooden baskets, upon three wheels, and another on Sundays.

§ Corrupted from the paternal Spanish—*Rosinante*, we suppose.—*Ed.*

of a lash applies his perpetual toe to Rawney's abutment, and the *lob* within sits on his knuckles to keep his breeches from wearing out the cushions that feel as if stuffed with potatoes!—That's something like jaunting; a man feels that he's getting the worth of his money. But to slither over the arable like a Laplander in a sledge,—to have your streets as smooth and soapiferous as a schoolboy's phyzzonomy,—Booh! I'd as soon tumble down Greenwich Hill with a feather-bed for my partner!

Will you lend me the loan of a page or so in your "truly excellent and widely-circulating" periodical. Mr. What-ever-your-name-is, to make this case properly public? Sure, I know you will!—Besides the beauty and gentility of pebblement which I have already noticed, I have two or three observations to make in its favour which I'd thank any Macadamite between this and himself to answer. I'll make him eat,—not a potato,—but a paving-stone if he doesn't confess himself knocked down by the arguments I've brought to silence him.

*Firstly and foremost.* I, and the rest of us, that is, all who live at present upon paving-stones, must now begin to starve with all possible alacrity upon nothing. Irishmen can't live like cameleopards\* upon air, no more than an Englishman on potato and point. But if the streets are to be thrown *holus-bolus* into the hands of nobody but stone-crackers and levelers, what is to become of the professors of the Noble Art of Paving,—me and the rest of us! Or does Mr. Macadam (the son of an original sinner!) think we'll dishonour the cloth by turning manufacturers of jack-stones and shovellers of shingles? Does he think (the sand-piper!) that gentlemen of the paving-profession will descend to get up on a little heap of pebbles and keep cracking there all day for his honour's advantage?—Och the gander! He knows a little less than nothing if he thinks to bamboozle us in this way!

*Secondly and foremost.* The nobility and gentry will be no such gainers after all by exploding the pebblement-system. We all know that every one is thought of exactly in proportion to the noise he or she makes in the world. Now if my lady this and my lord that, are to whistle through the city as softly as Mr. Macadam would make them, without kicking up a continual row in their carriages, why they'll never be heard of! But they can never do the latter without the help of paving stones. When the Duchess of *Devilment's* barouche and four rattled down Regent-street pommelling the pebblement, and knocking fire from the flints, with her full-bottomed, flour-pated, rosy-nosed, three-cocked-hat-covered coachman joggling from side to side of his box, and her silk-stockin'd, sleek-cheek'd, sly-eyed brace of livery-men bumping and bobbing up and down on the foot-board as the vehicle chattered along; then indeed was her ladyship something more in our eyes than a mother-ape in petticoats; then indeed was she heard and seen, though perhaps neither felt nor understood;—in short, she was *somebody*. But now, if the King himself were to sweep from Carlton House to the Crescent we should think him little better than a biped like one of ourselves!

*Thirdly and foremost.* I see nothing the Macadamites have brought with them in exchange for our paving-stones but dust in one hand and dirt in the other. If the new system of streetification goes on, London will shortly be nothing but a criss-cross of high-roads, and the houses will be worse than so many citizens' country boxes, built on the brink of the roadside, and enveloped like the Lord Chancellor's head in a wig-full of dust and confusion. In summer the street-walkers and flag-hoppers of every description and denomination will be covered from head to foot with surtouts *a la poudre*, and look like a population of millers just turned loose from the hopper-loft. In winter they

\* Our correspondent probably forgets the exact distinction between *cameleopards* and *cameleone*; he; however, we think, fully supports the national character, as given by Hudibras—

As learned as the *Wild Irish* are.—Ed.



will be over the boots in mud and slip-slop; they'll be as cleanly bespattered as if they had stood the brunt of Fleet-market in the pillory; they'll be taken by the pigeons, tailors, peripatetic caterwaulers, and all the other odd fish that frequent the house-tops, for nothing but gigantic gutter-snipes and magnified mud-larks!\* And our rows of shopperry too! Why they'll be filled to the tip-top shelf with whirlwinds of powdered jackstones! ribbons and bobbins, laces and braces, caps and traps, petticoats and waistcoats, all their paraphernalia and strumpetry, tag-rag-merry-derry-periwig-and-hat-band, will be dredged with ground-pepper dust! and the prentices within will be choaked extempore before they can whistle *Jack Robinson*!—'Twont do, Mr. Nobody! By the powders, it wont!

*Lastly and foremost.* We shall lose *all our old women*! Think of that Mr. Thingumbob! We shall lose our old women as fast as hops!—A friend of mine let me into this secret t'other day behind a pot of Whitbread. The blood of all our old beggar-women will be on Mr. Macadam's head, if he goes on with his pippin-squeezing system of streetification! He will be guilty of universal *anisced*!† In a few years if the Macadamites should supplant the Paving-Board, we shall not be able to get an old woman for love or money. Why?—I'll tell you. Won't they be sure to be run over wherever they are to be found crossing a crossing! When the coaches and cavalry travel on velvet,—when the rattle of a wheel or the tramp of a *quodrapidi*‡ shall be drowned in the dust,—will any old woman but a witch be able to hear what's coming upon her? When the streets are so soft and smack-smooth that one may drive from No. any thing in any place, St. Paul's, or to West-

minster, in the tick of a death-watch, may not a blind beldame of any sex, age, or condition, be torn from the delights of this life and in a manner kicked into the middle of the next, without so much as "By your leave" or "Beg your pardon"? Or do we expect an old woman to run like a lamplighter when she sees the pole of a carriage within an inch of her beard? or to skip like a hen on a hot griddle when she feels a couple of coach-horses treading on her toes, and perhaps whipping off her wig like hay from a pitch-fork? Even with all the "notes of preparation" which paving-stones could give, our coachmen generally contrived to demolish some dozen of sexagenerian pedestrians§ every twelvemonth. *Anisced* is great fun of an opera night for the big-wigs on the boxes; and even gentlemen-whips have been known to practise this interesting kind of murder when they wished to show how quietly they could trot over an old woman without losing their balance.

For all these reasons, Mr. My-Friend, and a great many worse ones, I think Macadamization is very superiorly un-preferable to pebblement. So do all the profession. We are about to get up an address to the Parliament, which is to be called—The Pavior's Petition, in which we pray for paving stones, and show that the new system of streetification comes under the penalty of the Chalking-Act, being a capital innovation upon the long-established customs of the country. As for Mr. Macadam, we are determined to take the law into our own hands, and *stone* him the first time we catch his honour in London.

No more at present from your  
loving and affectionate  
BILLY O'ROURKE.

\* *Gutter-snipes* and *mud-larks*, poetical names for *pigs*, in Ireland. We do not profess to know the precise difference between them. Our learned correspondent perhaps only makes use of the rhetorical figure—*pleonasmus*, to fill up his period.—*Ed.*

† We thought ourselves tolerable philologists, but this word we acknowledge sets our ingenuity at defiance.—*Ed.*

‡ *Sic in MSS.*

§ I'd a grand-aunt that was *kilt* once in this fashion; she died above twenty years after with the mark of a horse-shoe on her—The gentleman that kilt her gave her a penny.

## FORGET ME NOT.

A CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENT FOR 1825.

**MR. ACKERMANN** was the first publisher in England to adopt the continental plan of providing a work of this class worthy of being offered to the refined and intelligent, at the season when we are in the habit of reminding our young and fair friends, by such gifts, that we "Forget them not."

We most willingly copy part of a tale entitled *The Alcázar of Seville*, by the Author of *Doblado's Letters*.

The scene is laid in Seville. The author has before described the Alcázar, originally an Arch palace, and rebuilt by Peter the Cruel, of whom and Maria Padilla he gives an interesting sketch, and thus continues:—

"I once asked Don Antonio's opinion of the real character of Peter. 'Some have of late represented him, (said my friend) as a man of great severity of character, but not cruel by nature. That he was goaded into ferocity, I have already told you. But it cannot be denied that in the latter part of his reign he grew faithless and treacherous to his friends, and a blood-thirsty monster to his enemies. Even in his best years, he at times gave way to fierce anger; though there still appeared to be a mixture of candour and justice in his character. Every body in this town knows the bust of Peter the Cruel, which still marks the spot where he killed a man in a chance affray, while walking in the night alone and in disguise. To believe the traditional story, the murderer would never have been suspected but for an old woman, who, hearing the clash of swords, looked with a lamp from her window. She soon withdrew the lamp in great fright, without seeing the man who had slain his adversary. When questioned by the magistrates the next day, she declared her persuasion that the murderer was no other than the king himself, whom she had discovered by the well-known rattling of his knees. Peter heard the accusation with composure,

and neither contradicted nor injured the poor woman. Unable, however, to remove the suspicion which lay at his door, he ordered his own bust to be fixed in a niche upon the spot, as the heads of malefactors are set up to mark the scene of their crimes. The name of the narrow street which opens in front of the bust bears still, as we all know, the name of *Candilejo*, from the lamp said to have been brought out by the old woman.

"The state of public morals at that period, and the weakness of the law against the privileged orders, may be conceived from another traditional story which the annalists of Seville have preserved. A prebendary of the cathedral was, in the early part of Peter's reign, trying to seduce a beautiful woman, the wife of a mechanic. The frequency of the lover's visits roused the jealousy of the husband, and he desired the clergyman to desist from troubling the peace of his household. The prebendary, incensed at what he conceived to be an insult, waylaid and killed the man. He then took sanctuary in the cathedral, and was soon after set free by the archbishop under a very slight punishment. A son of the murdered man, who, though young and poor, possessed a high spirit, appeared before the king, in an open space with seats, built of stone, near one of the gates of the palace, where he used daily to hear the complaints and petitions of his subjects. The structure I allude to was pulled down so lately as the middle of the seventeenth century. The orphan youth complained bitterly of the archbishop, who had allowed the murderer of his father to go unpunished. Peter heard the lad with great attention, and, taking him aside, asked him if he felt courage enough to avenge his father? The lad declared, he wished for nothing so ardently. 'Go, then, (said the king,) and come to me for protection.' The heart-blood of the murderer dripped soon

after from the orphan's dagger. He was hotly pursued to the palace, where, being given in charge to the cross-bowmen, a day was appointed for the trial. Peter, in open court, heard the archbishop's counsel against the prisoner; and asked the sentence of the ecclesiastical judge against the prebendary. 'He was, please your highness, (answered the prosecutor,) suspended a whole year from his office.' 'What is your trade or occupation, young man,' said the king. 'I am a shoemaker,' was the answer. 'Then let it be recorded as the sentence of this court, that, for the space of a whole year, the prisoner shall not be allowed to make shoes.'

"On another occasion I questioned Don Antonio concerning a report of a large serpent having once attacked Peter the Cruel. 'You mistake the story, my young friend, (said he.) The allusion you have heard is to a very grave charge of sorcery, preferred by some writers of the fourteenth century against Maria Padilla. They assert that Blanche of Bourbon gave Peter, at their wedding, a beautiful belt, with which he was highly pleased. Maria, if we believe these writers, fearing to lose the king's affection, put this belt into the hands of a Jew, a great magician; and replaced it in her lover's wardrobe, after having had it exposed to the influence of a powerful spell. In full court the next day, the king, wearing the belt, was receiving the homage of the grandees, who came to congratulate him upon his marriage; suddenly a hideous serpent appeared coiled round the middle of his body. During the first alarm the monster glided rapidly out of sight: with it the king's belt, the gift of his bride, had disappeared. It is added, that from that moment Peter could not endure the sight of Blanche.'

"'It would be desirable, (said I,) to have a collection of tales of enchantment, from the traditionary legends of this part of the country.'—'It would, indeed, (answered Don Antonio,) and this quarter of the town would, I am sure, furnish a considerable contribution. All the streets to the south-east of the *Alcázar* were, from the con-

quest of Seville, allotted to the Moors who wished to remain under the dominion of the Christians. There is another portion of the town, on the same side, which, as you know, is still called the Jewry. The superior knowledge possessed by these two classes of people, when the Spaniards were almost exclusively employed in the arts of war, exposed them to the suspicion of their ignorant neighbours. Medicine, I believe, was at one time practised in Spain by none but Jews and Moors; and, as this science is intimately connected with chemistry, the vials, alembics, and furnaces of a laboratory, could not fail to confirm the prejudices of the Christians on the score of magic. These prejudices were, besides, industriously kept alive and strengthened by imposters, who, finding themselves already suspected, were glad to derive some profit from popular fear and credulity. I recollect that in one of the plays of Lope de Rueda, (the first who introduced acting in Spain,) a Moriscoe is consulted as the regular magician of the place. In later times, when all the descendants of Spanish Moors were, with as much cruelty as impolicy, expelled from the country, the notion that they had left their money concealed and secured by supernatural means became general. Stories of enchanted treasures are as common among us as in some parts of Germany. We are just in view of a house which, in my youth, I saw for a long time uninhabited, because it was said to be haunted by an unfortunate Moorish woman, whose ghost was bound in suffering to a concealed treasure.'—'I know the house very well, (said I,) but having heard it called *Cosca del Duende*,\* was led to believe that the supernatural story connected with it, belonged to the ludicrous part of the world of spectres.'—'By no means, (replied my friend,) the story whether of itself, or from my having heard it when a child, has something melancholy or impressive to my mind. I will tell it you as we walk home.'

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\* The Goblin-house.



## TALE OF THE GREEN TAPER.

"Among the unfortunate families of Spanish Moriscoes who were forced to quit Spain in 1610, there was one of a very rich farmer who owned the house we speak of. As the object of the government was to hurry the Moriscoes out of the country without allowing them time to remove their property, many buried their money and jewels, in hopes of returning from Africa at a future period. Muley Hassem, according to our popular tradition, had contrived a vault under the large *Zuguan*, or close porch of his house. Distrusting his Christian neighbours, he had there accumulated great quantities of gold and pearls, which, upon his quitting the country, were laid under a spell by another Moriscoe, deeply versed in the secret arts.

"The jealousy of the Spaniards, and the severe penalties enacted against such of the exiles as should return, precluded Muley Hassem from all opportunities of recovering his treasure. He died, intrusting the secret to an only daughter, who, having grown up at Seville, was perfectly acquainted with the spot under the charm. Fatima married, and was soon left a widow, with a daughter whom she taught Spanish, hoping to make her pass for a native of our country. Urged by the approach of poverty, which sharpened the desire to make use of the secret trusted to her, Fatima, with her daughter Zuleima, embarked on board a corsair, and were landed secretly in a cove near Huelva. Dressed in the costume of the peasantry, and having assumed Christian names, both mother and daughter made their way to Seville on foot, or by any occasional conveyance which offered on the road. To avoid suspicion, they gave out that they were returning from the performance of a vow to a celebrated image of the Virgin, near Moguer. I will not tire you with details as to the means by which Fatima obtained a place for herself and daughter in the family then occupying her own paternal house. Fatima's constant endeavours to please her mas-

ter and mistress succeeded to the utmost of her wishes : the beauty and innocence of Zuleima, then only fourteen, needed no studied efforts to obtain the affection of the whole family.

"When Fatima thought the time was come, she prepared her daughter for the important and awful task of recovering the concealed treasure, of which she had constantly talked to her since the child could understand her meaning. The winter came on ; the family moved to the first floor as usual, and Fatima asked to be allowed one of the ground-floor rooms for herself and Zuleima. About the middle of December, when the periodical rains threatened to make the Guadalquivir overflow its banks, and scarcely a soul stirred out after sunset, Fatima, provided with a rope and a basket, anxiously awaited the hour of midnight to commence her incantation. Her daughter stood trembling by her side in the porch, to which they had groped their way in the dark. The large bell of the cathedral clock, whose sound, you are well aware, has a most startling effect in the dead silence of the night, tolled the hour ; and the melancholy peal of supplication (*Plegária*) followed for about two minutes. All now was still, except the wind and rain. Fatima, unlocking, with some difficulty the cold hands of her daughter out of hers, struck a flint, and lighted a green taper not more than an inch long, which she carefully sheltered from the wind in a pocket lantern. The light had scarcely glimmered on the ground, when the pavement yawned close by the feet of the two females. 'Now, Zuleima, my child, the only care of my life, (said Fatima,) were you strong enough to draw me out of the vault where our treasure lies, I would not intreat you to hasten down by these small perpendicular steps, which you here see. Fear not, my love, there is nothing below but the gold and jewels deposited by my father.'—'Mother, (answered the trembling girl,) I will not break the promise I have made you, though I feel as

if my breathing would stop, the moment I enter that horrible vault. Dear mother, tie the rope round my waist—my hands want strength—you must support the whole weight of my body. Merciful Allah! my foot slips! Oh, mother, leave me not in the dark!

"The vault was not much deeper than the girl's length; and upon her slipping from one of the projecting stones, the chink of coins scattered by her feet, restored the failing courage of the mother. 'There, take the basket, child—quick! fill it up with gold,—feel for the jewels,—I must not move the lantern.—Well done, my love! Another basketful and no more. I would not expose you, my only child, for . . . yet, the candle is long enough: fear not, it will burn five minutes . . . Heavens! the wick begins to float in the melted wax: out, Zuleima! . . . the rope, the rope! . . . the steps are on this side!'

"A faint groan was heard. Zuleima had dropped in a swoon over the remaining gold. At this moment all was dark again: the distracted mother searched for the chasm, but it was closed. She beat the ground with her feet; and her agony became downright madness on hearing the hollow sound returned from below. She now struck the flints of the pavement, till her hands were shapeless with wounds. Lying on the ground a short time, and having for a moment recovered the power of conscious suffering, she heard her daughter repeat the words, '*Mother, dear mother, leave me not in the dark!*' The thick vault, through which the words were heard, gave the voice a heart-freezing, thin, distant, yet silvery tone. Fatima lay one instant motionless on the flints; then raising herself upon her knees, dashed her head, with something like supernatural strength, against the stones. There she was found lifeless in the morning.

"On a certain night in the month of December, the few who, ignorant that the house is haunted, have incautiously been on the spot at midnight, report that Fatima is seen between two black figures, who, in spite of her violent struggles to avoid the place where her

daughter is buried alive, force her to sit over the vault, with a basket full of gold at her feet. The efforts by which she now and then attempts to stop her ears, are supposed to indicate that, for an hour, she is compelled to hear the unfortunate Zuleima crying, '*Mother, dear mother, leave me not in the dark!*'"

This very pretty story is enough in itself to recommend the *Forget me Not*.

#### A MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR AN INFANT DAUGHTER.

By JAMES MONTGOMERY.

I loved thee, daughter of my heart!  
Sarah, I loved thee dearly;  
And though we only meet to part,  
How sweetly—how severely!  
Nor life nor death can sever  
Mother and Babe forever!

Thy days, my little one, were few—  
An angel's morning visit,  
That came and vanish'd with the dew;  
'Twas here—'tis gone—where is it?  
Yet didst thou leave behind thee  
A clue for love to find thee.

The eye, the lip, the cheek, the brow,  
The hands stretch'd forth with gladness,  
All life, joy, rapture, beauty now,  
Then dash'd with infant sadness;  
Till, bright'ning by transition,  
Return'd the fairy vision:—

Where are they now?—those smiles, those  
tears,  
Thy mother's darling treasure?  
She sees them still, and still she hears  
Thy tones of pain or pleasure;  
To her quick pulse revealing  
Unutterable feeling.

Hush'd in a moment on her breast,  
Life at the well-spring drinking;  
Then, cradled on her lap to rest,  
In rosy slumber sinking.  
Thy dreams—no thought can guess them;  
And mine—no tongue express them.

For then this waking eye could see,  
In many a vain vagary,  
The things that never were to be,  
Imaginations airy—  
Fond hopes, which mothers cherish,  
Like still-born babes to perish.

Mine perish'd on thine earthly bier;—  
No,—changed to forms more glorious,  
They flourish'd in a higher sphere,  
O'er time and death victorious;  
Yet would these arms have chain'd thee,  
And long from Heaven detain'd thee.

Sarah, my last, my youngest love,  
 The crown of every other,  
 Though thou art born again above,  
 I only am thy mother;  
 Nor will affection let me  
 Believe thou canst forget me.

Then, thou in Heaven and I on earth,  
 May this one hope delight us,  
 That thou wilt hail my second birth,  
 When death shall re-unite us;  
 Where worlds no more can sever,  
 Parent and child for ever.

### THE LOVER'S LEAP.

The Dargle, in the county of Wicklow, has long been celebrated for its wild and romantic beauties. To this chosen retreat the citizens of Dublin repair to regale themselves with a cold dinner, in Grattan's cottage, and to enjoy a rustic dance on "the flowery sod." A steep promontory on the northern side of the glen, commands an extensive view of the beautiful scenery attached to the domains of Lords Powerscourt and Monck. This fearful eminence, which is called *the Lover's Leap*, is an object of peculiar interest to all young men and maidens, both from its romantic situation, and the melancholy story which has given rise to its name.

BEHOLD yon beetling cliff whose brow  
 Hangs pending o'er the vale below;  
 A tale not easily forgot,  
 Is told of that same fearful spot;  
 And thus it runs—one summer's day  
 A bridal party blithe and gay  
 Came hither to enjoy the scene  
 And dance at evening on the green.  
 Maria was the lovely bride,  
 Her parent's and her husband's pride;  
 That morning sun arose to shed  
 Its lustre on her happy head;  
 And ere its parting beams glanc'd down,  
 On valley green and mountain brown,  
 A mourning bride she was.—

They laugh'd and revell'd, till the sun  
 In heaven his mid-day course begun,  
 When to avoid the scorching heat,  
 In groupes they sought some cool retreat,  
 Maria, with a chosen friend,  
 In yonder grove retired to spend  
 An hour of confidence, and share  
 The breezes that were sporting there;  
 While William, full of hope and joy,  
 His happy moments to employ,  
 Wound round those rocky paths to gain  
 A prospect of the neighbouring plain,  
 Which bounded by the distant skies  
 In variegated beauty lies.

His steps were watched, his way pursued,  
 By one who thirsted for his blood;  
 Inflam'd with jealousy and fired  
 By fiendish rage, he but desired  
 To live to strike a deadly blow,  
 And stretch his hated rival low.  
 Maria he had lov'd and strove  
 By all the stratagems of love  
 To captivate her gentle heart;  
 But still in vain he found his art,  
 That undivided realm to share,  
 For William ruled supremely there:  
 Enraged, and stung, his hair he tore,  
 A deep and deadly vengeance swore;  
 And to fulfil his dark intent,  
 The bridal morn he chose to vent  
 His smother'd rage—he traced the way  
 Like blood-hound hov'ring on his prey,  
 Silent and sure—while gay and light,  
 The happy bridegroom climb'd the height.

Borne on the wings of bliss elate,  
 And thoughtless of impending fate;  
 He just had gained the steepest place  
 And felt the fresh breeze fan his face,  
 When pale and trembling in his ire,  
 With quiv'ring lip and eye of fire,  
 His foe sprung on the fatal spot—  
 Their conference was brief and hot;  
 Insult began—defiance flash'd,  
 A rash and sudden blow was dash'd;  
 They grasp'd—they strove—they strain'd  
 for breath

The struggle was for life or death.  
 Twice to the dizzy ledge they roll'd,  
 Clasp'd in each other's fatal fold,  
 And twice they backward roll'd and then  
 Renew'd the deadly strife again.  
 The aim of each was now to throw,  
 His rival on the rocks below.  
 To compromise they bade adieu,  
 And nothing short of death would do.  
 Again the frightful steep they ey'd,  
 And struggling hard again they tried  
 To fling each other down—at length  
 William's activity and strength  
 Had work'd his now exhausted foe,  
 Just to the gulph that yawn'd below.  
 One effort more and he was free—  
 But in this dread extremity  
 His rival drew a deadly blade,  
 One sure and fatal plunge he made,  
 The weapon pierc'd young William's breast,  
 A groan and struggle mark'd the rest.

The murderer then the deed to hide,  
 Flung from the precipice's side  
 The reeking corpse o'er cliffs and all,  
 'Twas dash'd to pieces with the fall.  
 He saw it plunge from rock to rock,  
 And smil'd at each repeated shock;  
 Till all the mangled fragments lay,  
 Deep buried from the light of day;  
 And then he silently withdrew—  
 The fearful story no man knew—  
 But when the bloody tracks were found  
 The sad report was spread around  
 That William as he climb'd the height,  
 Fill'd with fond hopes of pleasures bright,  
 His footstep miss'd and thus he fell  
 All lifeless in the rocky dell  
 A mangled corpse. Maria's grief,



Was silent, but beyond relief;  
 Deep in a gloomy solitude  
 She kept her maiden widowhood  
 For three sad years—and when at last  
 That lonely boundary she pass'd  
 To mingle in the world again,  
 All friendly efforts were in vain,  
 Her cheerless moments to beguile,  
 Or raise one melancholy smile;  
 At last she died—and time roll'd on,  
 Till years were counted twenty one,  
 Since that sad bridal day—when lo!  
 There came a night of storm and snow,  
 And at a monastery in Spain,  
 A wearied man and worn with pain,  
 Implor'd admittance not in vain.  
 He fell exhausted on the ground  
 The pitying fathers gather'd round,  
 And strove to cheer his sinking frame,  
 Before their hospitable flame;  
 They us'd mild words of comfort too,  
 His mental sufferings to subdue,  
 But all in vain—for scarce the day,

Had chas'd the stormy night away,  
 When worn with pain—life ebbing fast—  
 The wretched wand'rer breath'd his last.  
 Yet ere he died, 'twas said that he,  
 In deep remorse and agony,  
 Confess'd a murder he had done  
 Beneath the full meridian sun,  
 Just one and twenty years before,  
 In a wild glen on Erin's shore.  
 Since then he'd wander'd round the earth  
 A guilty wretch that curst his birth;  
 Alike to him each distant clime,  
 For still the victim of his crime  
 Pursued his steps—amid the storm,  
 Aghast he saw the bleeding form  
 Of him he slew—'twas pale and grim,  
 And did it?—yes!—it beckon'd him!

Such is the melancholy tale,  
 That's current in this peaceful vale,  
 And thus it is that yonder steep  
 Is nam'd by all "The Lover's Leap."  
 ALLAN FITZALLAN.

#### ROCKITES—OR, A SCENE IN IRELAND.

I HAVE promised, in a former letter, that those gentry should form the subject of one of my "hours;" and as fortune (however singular, always fortunate to a literary gossip) has placed it in my power to lay before your readers a scene—*quorum pars parva fui*—which, I flatter myself, they may not consider uninteresting, I hasten to redeem my pledge.

I was sitting quietly in the house of an acquaintance (a county of Limerick gentleman,) about twelve o'clock at noon, on a fine, still, sun-shiny day: the good lady of the mansion was busily engaged in preparing luncheon: the master, a quiet, inoffensive, timid kind of man, who by his neutrality during the disturbances had secured himself against injury on all sides, was poring with eyes aghast, and a countenance surcharged with expression which he vainly endeavoured to suppress, over the columns of the last *Limerick Evening Post*, where in all the authenticity of neat long primer, the *doings* of the last week were recorded, not in the most soothing strain to the self-alarmist,—when Pat Cahil, a gentleman who did my friend the honour of officiating as groom of his stables, burst into the chamber, hatless, coatless, and shoeless—his whole frame evidently agitated by the extremity of

consternation. It was some time before he could articulate—"Mr. Wardow! there they are all!—gone up to the cross by the forge!"

"Who?" exclaimed my friend, endeavouring to preserve an appearance of dignified calmness.

"The boys, Sir—the boys! and 'tis thought they're going to do something that's bad, Sir, by the Peppards,\* Sir, now the army arn't to the fore."—"Where are the military stationed!" I asked. "Och, your honour, there isn't a sodger near to us than Adare; and it's but a poor account you'd have o' the business be the time you'd get there, let alone the road back." The distant report of a shot instantly convinced us that this was but too true. I rushed toward the door, however, rather rudely flinging back my friend, who opposed himself to my exit with the most haggard and woe-begone look of entreaty I ever beheld. In a few minutes I reached the hill of Lisnamuck, a place which cut rather a conspicuous figure as a place of rendezvous on the nocturnal occasions of those people, and in some part of which, knowing folks will tell you with

\* It may be necessary to remark, that this attack on those gentlemen, and their manly resistance, is pure history.

a wink and a nod, an old cavern serves as an armoury to the worthy General's forces; but at all events I reached the summit of the hill, and in an instant the scene of battle lay before me. Cappa House, the residence of Mr. Peppard and his two sons, was an elderly-looking edifice, and apparently well calculated to sustain a siege in which musketry were the heaviest modes of assault to be apprehended. It was situated rather on a low ground, with a slope on one side leading to a plain still lower, and surrounded by a lofty wall, the only entrance through which was a small narrow gateway. It fact it had the appearance of a regular little fortress. I afterwards found by the public papers, that the elder Mr. P. was, at the time the Rockite party suddenly came upon the house, outside this gate, and unarmed. On seeing them approach he ran toward it, and closing it after him, made what haste he could along a narrow straight passage which led directly from it to the back-door of the house. This was open. Before he reached it he heard behind him the grating of the blunderbusses against the iron railing as the ruffians poked them through to take a deliberate aim, and he sprung towards the door. It was shut in his face! The alarm had been given in the house. Unconscious of Mr. P.'s absence, and imagining that the assailants had made good their entrance into this inner passage, they slapped to the door, and left him to the mercy of the men without, or rather of their blunderbusses, for these had more than their owners, and contrived to throw their contents harmlessly all around him. Indeed his escape was almost miraculous. The door, the panels and jams of which were perforated by slugs, so as scarcely to leave a hair's-breadth more than the space necessary for his preservation, was for a considerable time afterwards an object of intense curiosity to numerous visitors. Before the discharge could be renewed, however, he was placed beyond its reach. The aggressors now (and it was just at this juncture the scene presented itself to my sight) retired from the gate, and commenced firing upon the windows. Only con-

ceive the impression which such a spectacle must have produced on the mind of a stranger, in the deep stillness of a summer noontide, and in a populous country where there was something like civilization and civil government talked about! Every man went as coolly and openly to work as if the grey frieze on their backs had been regular, protracted, loyal scarlet, and the resisting housekeepers the proscribed men of the law. Very soon after, and while the clouds of smoke were rolling towards a clump of trees on the south, two of the windows were suddenly thrown up, and as suddenly a reciprocal discharge was commenced from within. The battle now began to wax earnest; the Rockites sent forth a yell with every discharge, which came over the still champagne around with almost a redoubled loudness; and the advantage of the housed warriors became quickly apparent. With all the credit for discipline which the Rockites have achieved, their mode of battle on this occasion was not very imposing: they regularly, after discharging a volley *irregularly*, ran down the slope *a briglia sciolta*, and squatted themselves behind a hedge, reloaded, and readvanced to the charge in any thing but marching order. Then, again unburthening their fire-arms with all the serious silence in the world, they again sent forth a shout, and scampered off to prepare for a new volley. One only among them seemed to despise this pusillanimous procedure: he appeared to command the band, and, in fact, did so, as was afterwards found; but he was only distinguished from the rest by a white handkerchief tied round his hat. He remained during the whole affray in the same spot, but he did not continue to expose himself with impunity: as his party advanced to the charge for the last time, he was in the act of raising his musket, when a ball from one of the windows struck him on the arm, and the piece fell to the ground: he instantly tore the handkerchief from the hat with his left hand, and bound it round the other, accompanying every twist with what Hotspur lusciously calls "a good mouth-filling oath," alter-

nately directed, in a tremendous roar, to his poltroons, as he called them (for they now evidently showed symptoms of tergiversation, and no very equivocal ones,) and to the bandage, which he did not find ready enough to assist the awkward efforts of the left hand. He was the last who left the scene of fight, and he walked off sulkily down the slope, and across an adjacent bog, trailing his dishonoured musket after him.

In a few minutes they all united at the Cross of Lisnamuck, within rather

a scanty distance of the spot where I now lay. There were loud voices for a moment, and words of reproach exchanged in their vernacular tongue. Then ensued the silence and sullenness of defeat—disgraceful discomfiture; and they walked down the road in a body towards Curra Grove, the estate of Sir Aubrey De Vere Hunt, which, during the occasional absences of this amiable proprietor, was made a frequent place of meeting by those miserably misguided creatures. They entered the wood, and I lost them.

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EMMA'S GRAVE. By T. W. KELLY.

SLOWLY approach yon yew-tree shade  
'Neath which is told the tender tale  
Of her within its fring'd turf laid,  
Poor Emma, lifeless, cold, and pale.

And read the silent record there,  
Of one, whose life was chill'd by scorn,  
Was blasted by thy damps, despair  
And slighted love, too meekly borne.

Oh! if some swain of pity's mould,  
Has e'er felt tears bedew his eye,  
The while some rustic tongue has told  
More than the lay could well supply—

Then memory to his generous mind  
While musing on her hapless lot,  
May paint the scene, when lilies, twined  
In wreaths, bedecked this silent spot.

Or further to his fancy trace  
When scented flowers and deadly rue,  
O'er her white shroud and beauteous face,  
'Twas each young maiden's task to strew.

Perchance more faithful still may tell  
What sighs were breath'd of grief profound,  
When sadly tolled her funeral knell,  
And awe-struck was the hamlet round.

And o'er her grave mark many a print  
Of warbling words with soft impress,

Where many a rose of richest tint  
Has blush'd in nature's loveliness.

And one more fair than all beside,  
Nurtur'd by some peculiar care,  
Expanded forth in leafy pride,  
And shed its sweetest fragrance there.

In peerless beauty, nature's gem,  
It grew in summer's sunny hours,  
The fairest and the prettiest stem  
Among the sisterhood of flowers.

At fall of eve this rose I viewed,  
And then the balmy flower bloomed gay;  
But ah! ere morn, each opening bud,  
With dew o'ercharged had drooped away.

Like Emma, was this short-lived rose,  
Which met the orient morning dew,  
Its leaves of beauty to disclose,  
Then sink in tears beneath the view.

Oh, could the sun's soft glow alone,  
With genial warmth soft beauty raise,  
This flower in lovely pride had blown,  
And nourish'd still to Nature's praise.

Its leaves their wonted bloom would wear,  
And, placed in Emma's bosom twine,  
More fresh when water'd by the tear  
Of eyes that speak a love like mine.

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SONG.

AH! could I then, could I then bid thee farewell!  
No, no, lovely girl, something wrong appears in it,  
Or why does it sound on my heart like a knell?  
Why could I not bid thee farewell every minute?

Yet, dearest, I could, and how sweet would the  
sound be  
Of farewell, if whisper'd to meet thee again;  
To meet thy pure love in the charms that surround  
thee,  
And know that my passion is breath'd not in vain;  
And, oh! I could love thee, love, though rejected,  
Like Adam, when sadly from Paradise driven,

To gaze on his home he turn'd lone and dejected.  
So could I gaze on thee, my Eden, my Heaven!

And when for some rival your coldness dismisses,  
My love, as transgressing, annoying and vain,  
Should I once be refresh'd by the dew of your kisses,  
I'm sure I should sweetly transgress, dear, again;

For in my fond bosom eternally lies  
A feeling, spell-bound; but I cannot tell whe-  
ther  
'Tis charm'd by the lip, or the star of thine eyes,  
But I know that 'twill make me adore thee for  
ever.



## A SOLDIER'S GRATITUDE.

And this is woman's fate :—

And all her affections are called into life  
By winning flatteries, and then thrown back  
Upon themselves to perish, and her heart,  
Her trusting heart, filled with weak tenderness,  
Is left to bleed or break.

L. E. L.

“NO, by the memory of my forefathers,” exclaimed Sir Henry Macdonald, “I will show no mercy. What! shall the loyal house of Macdonald be reproached with succouring Jacobites? Spare none—give no quarter whatever. They—the merciless invaders of the crown and constitution of their country, seek for refuge in the bosom of its staunch defenders!”

“From their appearance, Sir Henry I should consider they came rather in an hostile, than a suppliant character,” replied the young Evan Douglas.

“They! a scanty handful—a beggarly epitome of a regiment—coming with *hostile* intentions! In sooth, perhaps to put to flight our gallant adherents—drive off what little cattle they have left us,—and perhaps take you, with Flora and myself, prisoners of war! Do you not tremble already, Evan?”

“The gambler, Sir Henry, will not give up the last stake, till he finds the board cleared and his pocket empty. And thus it is with them: their cause is already lost, and were it not for the infatuation that blinds their eyes, they would see there was not a hope remaining.”

“The rebel scouts! more true blood has been lost through their wilful folly, than ever bled for the noblest cause that strung the nerves of a soldier! Yes, Allan James, ’tis not a father’s weakness, that mourns for thy memory—for his greatest pride was, that ye both should die in the cause of your country. That hope, God knows, has been gratified. But why stand we here—their blood—no, the cause of our king demands that all who participated in their—our country’s wrongs, should be exterminated from

the earth. Where have the rebels taken up their quarters?”

“To the right of the pass of Glenamure, and flanked by the woods of St. Auleyn.”

“Well, there we’ll give them welcome, and a warm one too, I peradventure.”

It was about noon day when the contending foes met. The loyalists were greatly superior, both in regard to numbers, ammunition, and discipline, to the enthusiastic adherents of the pretender. The latter seemed to be actuated by the feeling, that on the issue of that skirmish depended all their hope of future prosperity. The situation they had chosen was by no means favourable, and every thing seemed to go against them from the first, and yet the contest remained for a considerable time extremely doubtful. The followers of James knew that death was the worst that could befall them, as the chances of escape led to a punishment far more terrible, while the hope of victory animated every nerve, and made each so bold in imaginary strength, that they met the foe with incredible alacrity. And well they might—for they felt the die was about to be thrown, on which their only hope depended. “Let us conquer or perish,” said one to the other; and they dealt with all around them with a desperation so heightened by despair, as to confound and terrify the enemy.

But all their bravery and determination could not compete against superior numbers. Their ammunition had been long expended, and they had nothing but their broadswords to wield against the powerful artillery of the royalists. Incompatible as their weapons were, they made terrific havoc in

the enemy's ranks. But it was to no purpose—not a discharge took place, but a chasm followed in their little army, till they were reduced to so small a number, that it was suicide to attempt any further resistance. The two first in command had already fallen, and one field officer, quite a youth, only remained out of the number that entered the field. Desperate as his situation was, he at first determined to throw himself on the enemy's sabre, till the remembrance that he still might be of service in the cause of his sovereign, animated him with the hope of escape, and accordingly, though fainting from the loss of blood, he pricked the sides of his jaded steed, and retreated towards the wood with what of the company were able to follow him.

The loyalists pursued, and offered terms of capitulation—a fresh attack was the only reply. This was the last burst of their fury—it was like goading the tiger in his den. Encompassed by their foes, disdaining every offer of clemency, though bending under their last ebb of strength, they fell victims of their own lion-heartedness, which, reckless as it was, had it been employed in a more noble, or a more reasonable cause, would have been sufficient to carry down their names in the stream of immortality.

The young officer, Colonel Macfarlane, still escaped, though not without a fresh wound, which, added to the many he had already received, rendered him careless of his fate. He felt assured, from the great loss of blood, that he could not live long; and as his life was no longer a blessing to himself, or of service in the cause of his sovereign, he cared not how soon the mortal strife was ended.

As the enemy had left him for dead, he lay in this deplorable situation for a considerable time, till either a return of strength, or the powerful energies of his mind, would not permit him to remain longer in a state of inactivity. With some difficulty he succeeded in mounting his favourite steed, and endeavoured to gain the border of the wood, which, with the help of a cloak that a warm-hearted loyalist had spread

over him, when he fell, apparently lifeless, from his horse, he hoped to clear undetected.

He had passed the confines of the wood, and had reached the domains of Sir Henry Macdonald, when, in consequence of the severe exercise, and the irritation of his mind, his wounds began to bleed afresh: no longer able to support himself he fell headlong from his horse, and there remained without sense or motion.

It happened that this spot was a wild and romantic glen, the favourite ramble of Flora Macdonald, the only remaining child of Sir Henry. She had lost her mother during her infancy, and had chiefly resided under the care of a maiden aunt in the Highlands of Scotland, till she approached towards womanhood; when her father, during the few intermissions of war, requiring the solace of society, she joyfully consented to take the management of his household. She was of a singular, yet most amiable temper. Unaccustomed from her infancy to any restraint in her education, and being the very idol of her aunt, she indulged in all the eccentricities of her mind. It was her delight to shun the society of those the best adapted for her years, and ramble amidst the wild scenery of the Western Highlands, and listen to the legendary lore of their superstitions inhabitants. Her mind, naturally of a romantic turn, became there imbued with wilder feelings. Her delight was to collect the ballads and traditions of the ancient bards; and, associated as they were with the wild scenery around her, her soul was more than ordinarily susceptible of the gentler feelings of our nature, whose fine edges are too frequently blunted by a promiscuous commerce with the world.

Evan Douglass had been from her infancy, her chosen companion in all her romantic rambles. He was the son of a brother warrior of her father, who felt a secret satisfaction at the growing intimacy of the young people. Evan was of a noble family, had ample possessions, was open and courageous, and possessed of every quality that could ornament the soldier and the man. She was accustomed from her

childhood to view him as her brother, and she loved him with all the disinterested affection of a sister: her innocent heart knew no other feeling, while that of Evan's glowed with one more passionate. His affection for the lovely girl was not to be annihilated by time or distance: it "grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength," and he ardently looked forward to the conclusion of the war, when the rites of the church were to make her solely his.

The young officer remained on the spot upon which he fell for above an hour, when his senses, though unaccompanied by his vigour, partially returned.

On his opening his languid eyes, the first object that presented itself to them was that of a young and beautiful female bending over him in a compassionate attitude. Her look, her smile was that of a superior race of beings, and as the white robes, so carelessly thrown over her, floated in the wind, he imagined he was either in the world of spirits, or that Providence had sent one of her ministers to succour him in his helplessness. He was however soon convinced of her mortality, by her gently placing his head on a mound of earth, and gliding quickly from the spot. He strained his aching eyes for the last glimpse of her sylph-like form, as it bounded through the glen, and when it was totally out of sight did he only feel emotions of hope and fear which he could by no means account for. Were they inspired by the melting look of tenderness, the soft sigh which swelled her gentle bosom when he first beheld her, the thrilling touch of her small white hand, as she placed his head on the bank, or the exquisite expression of pity and sensibility that animated her beautiful countenance when she left him? "Is this a being of earth, or a spirit of heaven?" he mentally exclaimed. His memory told him he had wandered much, and as he had besides but an indistinct remembrance of the events of the preceding hours, he thought the figure was no more than a frail, though beautiful creation

of his fancy. Indeed it was too bright for reality—too beautiful to belong to the world.

The light steps of Flora quickly brought her to her father's mansion; breathlessly she entered the room, where he was engaged in writing despatches of the memorable events of the day. "Why, how now, ye frolicsome kid! What ails you?" "Oh! father, rise, quick. Where's Evan—there's a cavalier bleeding to death in the glen; he appears as if he had been engaged in the horrid encounter of Glenamure."

The brave heart of the knight did not suffer him to wait till he heard whether he was a jacobite or a loyalist, but instantly prompted him to sally out with Evan and their beautiful guide, and offer succour and protection.

As soon as the two had arrived at the glen, they found the Colonel insensible, and to all appearance dead. "Alas!" sobbed Flora, "we are too late, he must have died since I left him, for he has moved from the spot where I placed his head." "By his cloak I perceive he is a loyalist," said Evan, "there is one more stout heart added to the heavy list." "Not yet, my worthy Douglass, I hope that he may still recover, and by the help of Flora's nursing be yet a staunch defender of his king and country. But who can he be? These features are too noble to belong to an individual of an inferior station, and are too striking and handsome to escape our notice if he was at Glenamure." "There was an officer of the Pretender's party who fought as if heaven and earth depended on his sword, and these features strongly remind me of him," replied Evan. Before they had time for any further examination, Ellen, who had flown back to the house, returned with a host of servants bearing a couch, on which the body of the soldier was conveyed to a chamber in her father's hospitable mansion.

In those dangerous times, when Scotland was but thinly populated, and the frequent encounters diminished its inhabitants, it may be supposed that



medical assistance was difficult to be procured. Evan had had his arm dressed by the military surgeon, who immediately joined the remnant of the victorious army to head-quarters. He therefore very confidently placed himself under the care of his beautiful mistress, who had now two objects for the exercise of her medical knowledge.

The stranger for a while did not seem likely to require any more assistance on earth, but by close attention he partially recovered his senses, to the manifest delight of his young nurse. In the meantime, from his uniform it was discovered, to the visible disappointment of Sir Henry, that he belonged to the opposite party. To harbour a rebel in his house—to make it a receptacle for an enemy to his king, was to the loyal heart of Sir Henry, as heinous a crime as any in the calendar. It was treason by the laws of this country to afford refuge to a *red* rebel, but yet it was repugnant to the laws of his Maker, and those of social life, to turn a fellow-being adrift in his then pitiable situation. Honour and conscience had a severe struggle, but the feelings of humanity triumphed over the artificial bonds of authority; for how could his daughter's prayers and the young soldier's wounds be replied to in the language of royal proclamation, or quotations from acts of parliament? He at last determined to give what assistance he could to the officer, till he should be sufficiently recovered to seek another asylum. In the meantime the improving appearance of the brave sufferer, gradually repaid the beautiful eyes of his anxious watcher; who witnessed his recovery with a heartfelt and deeply breathing interest. As the energies of his mind gradually developed, he became to her more and more engaging. Her soul, that first clung to him from the impulse of all the warmer feelings of a woman's nature, became fully tempered to receive a feeling equally intellectual and refined. His large dark eyes gradually assumed their wonted brilliancy, and his lovely attendant watched with unconscious delight the returning glow to his cheek. Sir Henry at length con-

sented to hold some communication with his guest, when with a mixture of satisfaction and regret, he discovered that he was the son of one of his father's friends and companions; and who had formerly fought side by side in the same glorious cause, and under the same standard—that of Prince Rupert, at the memorable Marston Moor.

The invalid, as he increased in the good opinion of his host, improved in his health and good looks, to the unconcealed satisfaction of his romantic guardian. She evidently entertained feelings of a more enthusiastic turn than those of mere benevolence and philanthropy. No wonder that the unsophisticated mind of the girl should be so engrossed by its object. The situation in which he first engaged her attention, when pity, sympathy, and fellow-feeling were awakened in his favour, the gratitude seemingly blended with the warmest affection, which beamed from his eyes whenever he turned them towards her—his person, which to her enthusiastic judgment was the *beau ideal* of chivalry and romance, all combined to create for him the liveliest emotion, and before she herself was aware of it, she loved him with all the enthusiasm and tenderness that was inherent in her disposition, and which a woman can display in the impulses of her first affection.

It is scarcely possible to imagine a feeling more innocent and refined than that which seemed the life-spring of every action of her heart. Had she but a moment reflected on the prospect of their future felicity, she would have endeavoured to fortify her heart, rather than abandon it to the contemplation of an object it could never obtain. She thought not of the likelihood of their union, or the probabilities of their separation, the heavenly delight of the present was all to her; and love is not a miser, who foregoes the fleeting happiness of the present moment in the anticipation of future misery. As he gradually gained strength, her heart gladdened in innocent gaiety. Oh! it was to her a sight the most joyful on earth, to see that form, which was but lately like a tree rooted up by the winds, lying weak

and defenceless as a new-born babe ; now firm and erect—proud in the consciousness of superiority ; to behold the brow from which she had so lately removed the clammy dews of sickness, now flushed with hope and glowing with returning vigour. When she witnessed these effects of her care and tenderness—the proud being, that had it not been for her would have been a tenant of the tomb, moving a living ornament to the earth, she felt a secret glow of satisfaction—a feeling of pride she was hitherto a stranger to ; and she blessed Providence for ordaining her as the agent of his benevolence. But this flow of affection was not to remain unruffled. Evan had repeatedly urged to her and her parent the impropriety of the stranger remaining in his present asylum. He spoke of the probability that the hand which was now clasped in friendship within that of his host, must shortly be raised against his life. How would they that had associated in the communion of brotherly love, meet in the field of battle, where all private feeling must be sacrificed in the cause of mankind.

These arguments came home to the baronet's breast, but did not cause his guest's immediate absence. The latter was now able to leave his room ; whose arm could support him now so well as that which bore the hand that had so often smoothed his thorny pillow ? Flora therefore gladly consented to become the companion of his rambles.

It was on one evening when their steps had wandered to the very glen, where she first saw him faint and helpless, that he seemed more than usually enthusiastic. He spoke of the everlasting obligations he was under to her, first in pleading on his behalf, and watching with unremitting attention, regardless of fatigue and confinement ; and for all those attentions that a stranger, not to mention an enemy, could not even expect, even when no kindred or affectionate hand were near to perform the same kind offices. "Can I ever forget them, no ! The vows of gratitude I have made are registered in Heaven, where they will remain in

evidence against me, should I ever prove cold or ungrateful." She glanced a look of conscious belief and unconscious affection, and listened with a glow of anxious feeling, when he said, in a tone between gaiety and gravity, "that there was one, that however weak *he* might be in expressing his sense of her kindness, would not remain silent or ungrateful, as the following day would testify." Who can this *one* be, thought the agitated girl ? he has seldom or never spoke of his family, but rather avoided the topic. He had mentioned that he had a father and a mother doatingly fond of him. Ah ! it must be his mother ; for who, she thought, was so likely to feel gratitude for the preserver of life, as she who first nourished it. He had spoken of a sister too, on whose happiness his very life depended. "Oh !" she thought to herself, "how sweet, how enchanting would it be for *his own* sister to clasp me in her arms, thank me with her own voice. How delicious the thought, to weep the full reward of her bosom !"

In rapturous expectation she counted the slow minutes, till the arrival of the dearly anticipated being was announced. When the hour did approach how high her heart beat—when the noise of a carriage pronounced the expected arrival. Macfarlane was present, and although she did not perceive that overwhelming expression of delight in his features, she thought he seemed restless and impatient. At length the door opened—she looked forward expecting to behold an aged matron, when a young and lovely female rushed into the room, and exclaiming Edward, threw herself in the arms of the young soldier. "It is his sister—his own sister—how I long to clasp her to my heart." The young lady had disengaged herself from the Colonel's embrace, and as the happy enthusiast sprung forward to embrace her, with a firm and graceful spring, he in the same deep and tender tone that first won her heart, exclaimed, "Miss Flora Macdonald,—my wife." "*His wife !*" she uttered with a piercing shriek. "*His wife !*" and gazing on him with a look fraught with

love, astonishment, and despair, she fell on her face. He raised her up, but she was of a death-like chill and whiteness: the blue veins of her neck seemed as if starting from her skin; he called immediately for assistance, and in another moment she was covered with a crimson dye. Her father rushed in, and calling for his child was just in time to see the last ebb of life departing—she had broken a blood vessel. For a moment her eyes beamed a brilliancy almost super-human; she moved her lips, and at length feebly uttered, “Your forgiveness, dearest

lady—one kiss, ’tis the first and the last. I have not wronged you.” The agonized wife parted the clustering ringlets from the forehead of the dying girl; and as her lips pressed the chilly surface, she shrieked aloud. The father rushed forward, but the spirit of the injured one had fled to that home where the selfishness and insensibility of this cold earth cannot enter, and where purity of thought and goodness of heart will bloom, free from the withering blights of deceit and disappointed hope!

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#### EDWARD DANIEL CLARKE, THE TRAVELLER.\*

OF all popular writers, perhaps a writer of travels is the most popular. He is at once the historian and the hero: he addresses us with the frankness of an intimate correspondent, and appeals directly to our sympathy with the air of one who knows that it will not be withheld. We give up our faith to him on easy terms. It is the least return we can make for the obligations under which we are laid by one who enables us without stirring a step from our chimney corner to mine-alize in Siberia and botanize in Kamchatcha.

He travels and I too: I tread his deck:  
Ascend his top-mast; through his peering eyes  
Discover countries; with a kindred heart  
Suffer his woes and share in his escapes;  
While fancy, like the finger of a clock,  
Runs the great circle, and is still at home.

If poor Barry were alive, he would undoubtedly introduce Dr. Clarke in his picture of the Thames, floating among the Naiads behind Dr. Burney, with three goodly quartos under each arm. Have the phrenologists examined his brows? If they have not laid their finger on the organ of *space*, we predicate the downfall and the death-blow of the system. He was marked out from infancy as an explorer of earth's surface, her cities, her ruins, and her deserts, and a discoverer of her hidden treasures. The learned angured

ill of him, and even nowstand helpless and astounded at the fallacy of their prognostications and the miracle of their pupil's fame. He had real learning, and such as they wot not of. He kept aloof from the spell of “Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum:” he tarried not in amorous dalliance with the triangles: lines equilateral and figures curvilinear sought in vain to entangle him in their embracements. His heart was with the products of the mine: with the “cedar of Lebanon and the hyssop on the wall:” among medals blue with the rust of centuries, and marbles, which the finger of past generations had traced with barbaric characters. His destination coincided with the bent of his nature. He seems a personification of the loco-motive energies inherent in man: he puts a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes:” we see him in Italy; he is off the Hebrides and Highlands: turns up in Lapland: looks in at Moscow: baits at Constantinople: is seen again on the plain of old Troy: we catch a glimpse of him in the holy sepulchre: he dodges us again at the great Pyramid: we seek him at Cairo, but “ere he starts a thousand steps are lost:” he is already at Vienna, and lights on Montmartre: credulity itself is staggered when we find him at last settled down into a Benedict and living “in a cock-

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\* The Life and Remains of the Rev. Edward Daniel Clarke, LL.D. Professor of Mineralogy in the University of Cambridge. London, Cowie, 1824.



chafer box, close packed up with his wife and children.

Bodily activity and animal spirits were not all that he carried with him. The mind was busy, the fancy alive, the heart warm, the pen eloquent. He describes with the graphic stroke of a master artist: he notes down his traits of men and their manners with the humour of a Smollett: we do not mean his *ill*-humour. The travels in Russia were thought not civil enough: not reverential enough, we should rather say; there was a great stock of admiration then in the country as respected the character and customs of the Muscovites. To find fault with their clothes or their cookery was to give room for a shrewd suspicion of a man's loyalty. Perhaps we have a little recovered out of this warm fancy: if we have not, the time will come. There was confessedly a tendency to the satirical in Dr. Clarke. We remember we thought him rather hard on the table-manners of the Greeks: their mode of washing after dinner: the fine airs of their ladies in displaying their well-rounded arms during the ceremony, &c. "They who have glass windows," the proverb is somewhat musty: but there was scarcely a circumstance—nay, there was positively not a single one, which in the hands of a smart French traveller might not have been paralleled, with a very slight shade of difference, in the manners of a London table; and this has actually taken place.\* From a personage who so nearly arrived at the secret of ubiquity as Dr. Clarke, we should naturally have looked for a tolerant indulgence of the customs of foreigners, or even barbarians. His heart, however, was in the right place: he would not have hurt a hair of a Greek's head. These sarcastic details were prompted by a talent for biting humour, not always indicative of a narrow benevolence, and by that keen perception of the ludicrous, which is found to reside with a volatile imagination. All doubt of Dr. Clarke's loyalty, arising out of his want of fond-

ness for Russians, must, we think, be wholly removed by his sturdy denial of any good being effected, either in *posse* or in *esse*, by "those demons the democrats;" as well as by the passage containing an eulogium on the character of the English clergy and the religious qualities of our late sovereign, to which we cheerfully subscribe; but which the editor, for some unaccountable reason, has chosen to place in staring capitals, as if it were a discovery dragged up by means of a pulley from the bottom of that well, in which they say truth resides. Were we to indulge a poetic flight, we might calculate on Clarke's spirit being soothed by the check now so happily given to the fiendish officiousness of republican innovators, particularly in Italy: the blood of St. Januarius, the God of Naples, continues to be liquefied without interruption, and the royal pig hunt proceeds in peace.

Vicesimus Knox, the popular essayist and the master of Tunbridge school, was Clarke's tutor; he was one of those who, as may be seen from one of his essays, prodigiously over-rated the value of classical attainments. It is not surprising that he shook his head at the discouraging progress of a boy, whose abilities were yet sufficiently great to puzzle his prognostics and interest his concern. That the report of his deficient application should, as the editor thinks, appear extraordinary to "many of those who have witnessed the laborious habits of his latter days," is very probable; it will not appear so to those who recollect that Samuel Johnson was an idle lounging in the sunshine, with ragged shoes and a circle of truant hearers. We do not quote such instances as safe examples: but it is in science and learning as in war: success is the test. All *à priori* reasoning is invalid when we can argue from facts and place our foot on the terra firma of experience. The biographer talks indeed of the "precious years of boyhood and of youth," which are usually dedicated to the acquisition of fundamental truths and to

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\* Compare with Dr. Clarke's description of a Greek dining-room the dinner of Mr. D. in "Quinze jours a Londres."

the establishment of method and order in the mind, being "by him wasted in unseasonable pursuits:" but how is it proved from the results that they *were* unseasonable? That Clarke himself "felt sensibly, and regretted most forcibly the disadvantages accruing to him in after life from the neglect in his earlier years of the ordinary school studies," are mere formal words of course that prove nothing: no man is the best judge of that educational process which would best have suited him. Of the alleged "defective knowledge of principles" we can say nothing, for we do not know what is meant: still less can we comprehend how such a deficiency should be "an error singularly aggravated by the analytical process he usually adopted in all the acquisitions both in language and science:" the process, in short, by which, and by which alone we can arrive at truth. Notwithstanding the continued uneasiness of the editor of Clarke's Remains at "his little progress in the appropriate studies of the place," we can see much that is "seasonable," because adapted to the sphere in which nature had destined him to move, in the studies to which he voluntarily applied himself, and which embraced history, ancient and modern, medals, antiquities, and natural philosophy, especially the mineralogical branch. One of his recreations at Cambridge was the constructing and sending up a splendid balloon to the admiration of his brother collegians and his own delight. Sad fellow! the truth was, he was always agile and earnest in the pursuit of science, and left the word-conners to their "As in præsentî." It may be difficult to conjecture with the editor "what might have been the effect of a different training upon such a mind;" we may, perhaps hazard a guess, that instead of looking out on the sea of Azoff, he would have pored himself half-blind in an ingenious re-construction of the Greek choral metres.

Let us see how nature set to work with him.

"Having upon some occasion accompanied his mother on a visit to a relation's house in Surrey, he contri-

ved before the hour of their return, so completely to stuff every part of the carriage with stones, weeds, and other natural productions of that country, then entirely new to him, that his mother, upon entering, found herself embarrassed how to move; and, though the most indulgent creature alive to her children, she was constrained, in spite of the remonstrances of the boy, to eject them one by one from the window. For one package, however, carefully wrapped up in many a fold of brown paper, he pleaded so hard, that he at last succeeded in retaining it: and when she opened it at night, after he had gone to sleep, it was found to contain several greasy pieces of half-burnt reeds, such as were used at that time in the farmers' kitchens in Surrey, instead of candles; which he said, upon inquiry, were specimens of an invention, that could not fail of being of service to some poor old woman of the parish, to whom he could easily communicate how they were prepared."

Another childish circumstance, which occurred about the same time, is worthy of recital; not only because it indicates strongly the early prevalence of the spirit to which we have alluded, but because it accounts in some measure for the extraordinary interest he took throughout his life in the manners and the fortunes of gypsies. At this period, his eldest brother was residing with his relations at Chichester; and, as his father's infirm state of health prevented him from seeing many persons at his house, Edward was permitted frequently to wander alone in the neighbourhood, guarded only by a favourite dog, called Keeper. One day, when he had stayed out longer than usual, an alarm was given that he was missing: search was made in every direction, and hour after hour elapsed without any tidings of the child. At last, his old nurse, who was better acquainted with his haunts, succeeded in discovering him in a remote and rocky valley, above a mile from his father's house, surrounded by a group of gypsies, and deeply intent upon a story which one of them was relating to him.

“What those attractive objects were, which thus engrossed the attention of Edward Clarke, to the manifest injury of his classical progress, it is difficult for us to know : but that some of them at least referred to popular experiments in chemistry and electricity may be clearly inferred from several humorous exhibitions, which he used to make in his father’s house, during the holidays ; to the entertainment, and sometimes to the dismay, of the neighbours and servants, who were always called in, upon those occasions, to witness the wonders of his art. In the pursuit of these experiments, it is remembered that he used, in spite of the remonstrances of the cook, to seize upon tubs, pots, and other utensils from his father’s kitchen, which were often seriously damaged in his hands ; and that, on one occasion, he surprised his audience with a thick and nauseous cloud of fuming sulphureous acid ; insomuch that, alarmed and half-suffocated, they were glad to make their escape in a body, as fast as they could. It does not appear, however, that his attachment to these sedentary pursuits prevented him from partaking in the active pleasures and amusements which were suited to his age, and in which his light and compact figure, uniting great agility with considerable strength, was calculated to make him excel. Every sort of game or sport, which required manliness of spirit and exertion, he was ever foremost to set on foot, and ever ready to join ; but in running, jumping, and swimming, he was particularly expert.”

Such was his education. The results are the volumes of his *Travels* and the invention of the Gas Blow Pipe.

We shall not draw up a dry biographical memoir. The reader is referred to the book itself for dates and genealogies. One curious fact we shall mention, that as it was said of a noble house, “all the sons were brave and all the daughters virtuous,” it may be affirmed of Clarke’s ancestry that they were all eminent for letters. His great grandfather was Wotton, the author of the *Essay on Ancient and Modern Learning*. Dr. Clarke was born in

1769, at Willingdon in Sussex, and died in 1822. He may be said to have “felt the ruling passion strong in death ;” for his dissolution seems to have been accelerated by the chemical experiments in which he employed himself preparatory to a course of lectures in mineralogy. A bust of him was executed by Chantry, and prefixed to this volume there is a spirited etching from a painting by Opie.

The facilities which Dr. Clarke enjoyed, in visiting Scotland and the Continent, were opened to him, as is well known, by his filling the situation of private tutor to the honourable Berkely Paget, and subsequently to Mr. Cripps. He had, however, previously visited Italy as a companion to Lord Berwick. The present work traces his several tours by his own notes and letters, which, as containing many incidents and descriptions not included in the published travels, are properly supplementary to them. Some of the extracts are not at all inferior to his best and liveliest sketches. We are tempted to give one ; it is in a letter to his mother, dated from Enontakis, in Lapland, July 29, 1799.

“We have found the cottage of a priest, in this remote corner of the world, and have been snug with him, a few days. Yesterday I launched a balloon, eighteen feet in height, which I had made to attract the natives. You may guess their astonishment, when they saw it rise from the earth.

“Is it not famous to be here, within the frigid zone ? More than two degrees within the arctic, and nearer to the pole than the most northern shores of Iceland ? For a long time darkness has been a stranger to us. The sun, as yet, passes not below the horizon ; but he dips his crimson visage behind a mountain to the north. This mountain we ascended, and had the satisfaction to see him make his curtsy, without setting. At midnight the priest of the place lights his pipe, during three weeks in the year, by means of a burning-glass, from the sun’s rays.

“We have been driving rein-deer in sledges. Our intention is to penetrate, if possible, into Finmark, as far as the source of the Alten, which falls into



the icy sea. We are now at the source of the Muonio in Tornea Lapmark. I doubt whether any map you can procure will show you the spot. Perhaps you may find the name of the place, Enontakis. Well, what idea have you of it? Is it not a fine town?—sashed windows, and streets paved and lighted—French theatres—shops—and public buildings? I'll draw up the curtain—now see what it is! A single hut, constructed of the trunks of fir-trees, rudely hewn, with the bark half on, and placed horizontally, one above another; here and there a hole to admit light: and this inhabited by an old priest, and his young wife and his wife's mother, and a dozen children and half a dozen dogs and four pigs, and John, and Cripps, and the two interpreters, and Lazarus, covered with sores, bit by mosquitoes, and as black as a negro. We sleep on rein-deer skins, which are the only beds we have had since Tornea.

"We have collected minerals, plants, drawings, and, what is of more importance, manuscript maps of countries unknown, not only to the inhabitants of Sweden, but to all the geographers of Europe. The best maps afford no accurate idea of Lapland. The geography of the north of Europe, and particularly of the countries lying to the north of the Gulf of Bothnia, is entirely undetermined. I am now employed in tracing the topography of the source of the Muonio. We are

enabled to confirm the observations of Maupertius, and the French missionaries, respecting the elevation of the pole, and the arctic circle. I shall bring a piece of it home to you, which stuck in my boot, as I stepped into the frigid zone. It will serve as excellent leaven and be of great use in brewing; a pound of it being sufficient to ferment all the beer in the cellar, merely by being placed in my cabinet.

"The wolves have made such dreadful havock here, that the rich Laplanders are flying to Norway. One of them, out of a thousand rein-deer, which he possessed a few years ago, has only forty remaining. Our progress from Tornea has been entirely in canoes, or on foot, three hundred and thirty miles. There are no less than one hundred and seven cataracts between this place and Tornea. We live on rein-deer flesh, and the arctic strawberry: which is the only vegetable that has comforted our parched lips and palates for some time. It grows in such abundance, near all the rivers, that John gathers a pailful whenever we want them. I am making all possible exertion to preserve some for you. Wheat is almost unknown here. The food of the natives is raw fish, ditto rein-deer, and sour milk, called pijma. Eggs, that great resource of travellers, we have not. Poultry are never seen. Had I but an English cabbage I should feast like an alderman."

#### CHILDHOOD.

O! there are green spots on the path of time  
 The reckless wanderer, passing gaily by,  
 Views with irreverent and careless eye.  
 Till with reverted gaze, when doomed to climb  
 Of hoarse adversity the steep sublime,  
 Illumed far by memory's moonlight sky,  
 He makes them in the distant valley lie,  
 Clad in the gorgeous colours of the clime!  
 Scenes of my Childhood! now belov'd in vain!  
 The grave-bound Pilgrim never can return!  
 And all too soon the sad and weary learn,  
 Urged o'er the Future's desolate domain,  
 That in the weariness of life's sojourn  
 Fate will not hearken to the voice of Pain!

## SECT OF SHAKERS IN AMERICA.

THE following particulars of this extraordinary sect are gleaned from an entertaining Work just published by Baldwin and Co. entitled "An Excursion through the United States and Canada during the years 1822-23 ; by an English Gentleman."

New Hampshire appears to be the State where this wretched species of fanaticism is most prevalent. It certainly equals, in absurdity, the most monstrous heresies of the early ages of Christianity. Enfield, a village of New-Hampshire, is mostly inhabited by this singular sect. On entering it, (says our English traveller) I was immediately struck with the remarkable neatness of the houses, farms, and fences ; and the first impression was therefore very much in favour of the sect. The Shakers, like the Harmonites, are great manufacturers, and supply the neighbourhood with a quantity of necessary articles at a cheap rate. They apply machinery to every purpose that can be imagined, and carry this to such a length, as even to churn butter by the assistance of the wind. This however is a very simple and effectual way, and is worthy of being adopted more extensively ; for a very light breeze is sufficient to put in motion the small sails attached to the churn.

The sect of Shakers was founded about the year 1768, by Anne Lee, the wife of an English blacksmith. She pretended to be inspired ; called herself "Anne the Word ;" and instituted a new mode of worship, "praising the Lord by dancing." Being prosecuted for riotous conduct, she and her followers were thrown into prison ; a treatment which caused their emigration. They came to America in 1774, and settled in the State of New Hampshire. Anne afterwards removed to the State of New York, where she began to prophecy, declaring that she was the second Christ, and those who followed her should have their sins forgiven. Although

she declaimed against all sexual intercourse whatsoever, which she held up as a mortal sin, yet she gained numerous proselytes, who have since made various settlements in different parts of the United States.

The principal persons in the sect are the elders, father confessors, and saints. They enjoin confessions, penances, absolutions, &c. The members are frequently honoured by the miraculous interpositions of the Deity. Indeed they affirm that they do every thing by "*a gift*," that is, by an immediate inspiration of the Holy Spirit. An account of the application of this very rational doctrine is thus given in the North American Review. "A youth of one of the Shaker settlements, of a cheerful happy spirit, was once asked, whether he had his liberty, and could do as he pleased. 'Certainly,' said the youth (repeating, doubtless, what all are taught to believe) ; we do whatsoever we have a *gift* to.' On being asked therefore, what he would do, if he wanted on a fine winter's morning to go down and skate on Enfield Pond, he replied, 'I should tell the Elder, that I had a *gift* to go down and skate.' Being further asked, whether the Elder would permit him ; he answered, 'certainly, unless he had a *gift* that I should not go.' But if you still told the Elder that you had a *gift* to go down and skate, and go you must ? 'Why, then the Elder would tell me that I had a *lying gift*, and that he had a *gift* to beat me, if I did not go about my work immediately.'"

The Shakers maintain, that they are the only true Church ; that all the rest of mankind will be damned ; and that by "*the Second Dispensation*," that is, by the appearance of Anne Lee, the Old Testaments and the Gospels, which were before necessary, are now useless. They have in consequence a Bible of their own, called "Christ's Second Appearance ;" a work which persons who are not of

their sect would consider as a curious proof of the madness of superstition.

Every one, whether man or woman, who may join the society, must give up all worldly possessions to what they call the Church. In obedience to this religious duty, husbands leave their wives and families destitute, and occasion the greatest possible distress. Several States therefore have passed a law, obliging a man who may join the Shakers, to make some provision for his family.

Like all sects that pretend to the community of goods, the rule of equality is not strictly adhered to. On the contrary, the Elders, and chief men and women, are much better off than the rest, live in better houses, and have better fare.

As persons in the full possession of their faculties are little disposed to embrace visionary doctrines, it may at first be a matter of surprise to the reader, how this continent sect is enabled to keep up its numbers, and even to be rather on the increase. But the Shakers will receive children of any age, preferring those who are very young; and poor people, who have large families, are induced to send one or more children to the Shakers, knowing that they will be well-clothed and fed gratis, and moreover taught some useful trade. So far the society is a good one; but these children are only just taught to read and write, are not allowed to read any book but the Shaker Bible, are made to look upon the Elders as demi-gods, and are constantly impressed with the charitable belief that the "world's people" (thus they designate all who are not Shakers) will inevitably go to everlasting punishment. They have indeed very little intercourse with "the world's people;" for all business is transacted by the Elders.

Those who know what influence superstition has upon the youthful mind, and how great an effort it requires, in those even who frequent the best society, to get rid of the prejudices in which they have been educated, may easily conceive what an influence this system, backed by the most profound ignorance, exerts upon

the young proselytes. So strong indeed is it, that few ever leave the sect who have joined it as children: and though nature will sometimes assert her rights, and brother Ebenezer run off with sister Susan, yet as soon as enjoyment has somewhat abated their desires, and when that fatal period the honey-moon is about to terminate, the sinners will almost always return; and having confessed their sins, and undergone penance, are again received into the society.

We could easily enlarge on the subject of Shakerism, and could mention some of the horribly disgusting and indecent scenes, said to be practised in private by members of this sect; but not to offend modesty, we refer all those who may be curious to know more about them, to a work lately published in New Hampshire, entitled "*A Portraiture of Shakerism*," by Mary M. Dyer. This woman's husband joined the Shakers, and obliged her to do the same, by making over all his substance to his new brethren. She afterwards quitted the society, having suffered great cruelty and insult from them; and as she is now their enemy, and moreover a Baptist, her own statements must be looked upon with a skeptical eye. Her book is ill-written; but this does not destroy the authenticity of the numerous affidavits, made before magistrates, at different places and in different times, both by persons who have been themselves Shakers, and by others. These affidavits contains statements of depravity, folly, and horrible brutality, that are quite astounding, and exceed every thing laid to the charge of the monks of the darkest and most depraved period of the Middle Ages. So shocking indeed are they, as to be almost incredible; and yet many of the persons who have sworn to the truth of them, live near Enfield, and, from all inquiries, are respectable and trustworthy.

The Shaker Bible, or "*Christ's Second appearance*," shows how prone the human mind is to receive any supernatural accounts; and how wisely all who relate them insist upon *faith*. Indeed it has been remarked (although



of course only with reference to the Shakers,) that when a man can once be persuaded that the Great Creator of the Universe wishes him to believe what is incomprehensible and impossible, he might just as well be deprived of his reason altogether, and become a mere brute. For my own part, (says the writer) although I am a friend to toleration, and do not wish to offend

any person's religious principles, yet I cannot but think that it is rather a disgrace to the Nineteenth Century, for a sect to exist and flourish, which not only praises the Great Spirit by dancing, but even believes that Anne Lee, the drunken profligate wife of an English blacksmith, is co-equal and co-eternal with the Deity !

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JERUSALEM DELIVERED. TRANSLATED BY WIFFEN.

IT is with very sincere pleasure that we notice the publication of the first volume of Mr. Wiffen's excellent version of the *Jerusalem Delivered*; a work which will be esteemed creditable at once to the genius of the translator and the literature of our country. From the specimen which sometime ago Mr. W. gave to the world, we were induced to form a high expectation of the manner in which this great task was about to be executed, and we are happy to say that our expectation has not been disappointed. Mr. Wiffen has studied the mellow ver-

sification of our elder poets with great success; and has, we think wisely, adopted the *Spencerian stanza*, instead of employing, as Mr. Rose has done in his translation of *Ariosto*, the measure of the original. The *Life of the Poet*, prefixed by Mr. Wiffen, is pleasingly written, and will be found to contain an able critical examination of the question of *Tasso's* attachment to the *Princess Leonora*. In the *Life* several translations from the poet's minor lyrical pieces are interspersed, from which we select the following as a specimen of the translator's talents.

TO LEONORA OF ESTE.

*Al nobil colle, ove in antichi marmi.*

To the romantic hills, where free  
To thine enchanted eyes  
Works of Greek taste in statuary  
Of antique marbles rise,  
My thought, fair Leonora, roves,  
And with it to their gloom of groves  
Fast bears me as it flies;  
For far from thee, in crowds unblest,  
My fluttering heart but ill can rest.

There to the rock, cascade, and grove,  
Of mosses dropt with dew,  
Like one who thinks and sighs of love,  
The livelong summer through,  
Oft would I dictate glorious things

Of heroes, on the Tuscan strings  
Of my sweet lyre, and to  
The whispering brooks and trees around  
Ippolito's high name resound.

But now what longer keeps me here;  
And who, dear lady, say,  
O'er Alpine rocks and marshes drear,  
A weary length of way,  
Guides me to thee, so that enwreath'd  
With leaves of poesy, bequeath'd  
From Daphne's hallow'd bay,  
I trifle thus in song? Adieu!  
Let the soft Zephyr whisper who.

The following circumstance recently occurred at Ferring. A fisherman named *Moore*, went out for a bottle of spirits for the use of his family, on some particular occasion, and having procured it, proceeded on his return home, when on getting over a low wall to shorten his route, he broke the bot-

tle, and his clothes received its contents. On reaching home, he placed himself before the fire of his apartment, when his clothes caught the flame, by which he was so dreadfully burnt, in despite of immediate assistance, that he died soon afterwards.

## VARIETIES.

Original Anecdotes, Literary News, Chit Chat, Incidents, &c.

### TOBACCO.

The first cargo of tobacco ever imported from Colombia is now in the river Thames. It must, however be re-imported to Hamburgh, because it cannot be used in England without payment of a duty of 6s; for the United States of America alone are permitted to supply the English market with this article at 4s. The quality is equal to the best Cuba cigar tobacco.

### LORD BYRON'S DAUGHTER.

The Greek Government has sent over two letters addressed to the daughter of Lord Byron, giving an account of her father's death, and of the services he had rendered Greece, and declaring that Greece will consider her as its own child.

### ECONOMY.

Sir James Lowther, after changing a piece of silver in George's Coffee-house, and paying two pence for his dish of coffee, was helped into his chariot, (for he was then very lame and infirm,) and went home: Some little time after he returned to the same coffee-house, on purpose to acquaint the woman who kept it, that she had given him a bad halfpenny, and demanded another in exchange for it. Sir James had about forty thousand pounds per annum, and was at a loss whom to appoint his heir.

### THE ARCTIC OR SIBERIAN DOG.

From the plates and descriptions which I have seen of the Siberian Dog, I have no hesitation in saying that the Esquimaux Dog belongs to the same variety. Their resemblance to the wolf has already been mentioned: and I think I have pointed out sufficient marks of distinction, even for the most ordinary observer to know the one from the other. The Esquimaux Dog is about the size of our shepherd's dog, but, being covered with a long and thick coat of hair, has a more bulky appearance: its tail is long and bushy, and its ears short, erect and sharp-pointed.\* With respect to colour, they cannot be said

to be confined by any standard; black and grizzly seem to be the prevailing hue. They appear to have some difficulty in barking, and when they do attempt it, which is very seldom, it is more of a howl than a bark. Their general appearance would induce one to suppose that they are a sullen and pusillanimous race; but this proceeds more from the abject state of subordination in which they are kept, than from the natural disposition of the animal; for some that we had on board, on being treated kindly, soon showed that they neither wanted courage, nor were void of playfulness. They answer the same purposes to the Esquimaux that horses do to Europeans; for in the winter an Esquimaux seldom goes any distance, except on his sledge, which he drives with great pomp, and, on a hard and level surface, with as much speed as our mail coaches.† The Dogs are always used in the more laborious work of dragging home the seals, walruses, and deer, that are killed; and as some of these animals are frequently slain at the distance of several miles from the huts, it would be almost impossible for the people to get them to their abodes by any other means. It is also by their aid that the bear is killed; for while the attention of that animal is engaged, defending itself against the dogs, the daring Esquimaux plunges his spear or knife into his body. The opulence of an Esquimaux may in some measure be estimated by the number of his Dogs; for I have generally observed that those who have the most are best supplied with food and clothes. From twelve to fifteen are the greatest number that I have known to possess; but the ordinary team varies from three or four to half a dozen; while some families have none at all. When going on any particular service, that is, for a heavy load to any considerable distance, those who have but few

\* The temperature of one killed was found to be 99 deg.

† About six miles an hour may be reckoned their ordinary rate of travelling, when moderately laden: that is, with two persons on a sledge, drawn by half a dozen dogs.

dogs, borrow from their neighbours; so that on these occasions it is no uncommon thing to see a man with twenty dogs in one sledge. In one or two instances I have seen two dozen yoked to a sledge, and managed by one man, without any thing more to guide it than his whip, for they never use reins. To direct the sledge past a hummock of snow or ice, when such happen to come in their way, they occasionally use their feet, but the whip, as has just been observed, is the principal leading instrument. Although on particular occasions a score of dogs and upwards are used to one sledge, yet the ordinary yoke is from six to eight; that number being sufficient to drag a walrus, and the driver, who never condescends to walk if he can by any means avoid it. In concluding, the Esquimaux make one use more of their Dogs, which, although the last, is perhaps not the least in point of importance—namely, that when hard pressed for food, they eat them.† Of this we were eye-witnesses in the spring of 1822; the tribe in our neighbourhood at that time being so badly off for food as to kill and eat several of these valuable animals. It appears, however, that they are not fond of this kind of food, and that nothing but dire necessity compels them to use it; for as soon as we became acquainted with their distress and supplied them with bread-dust, they threw away the carcasses of two dogs which they had killed for provision, evidently preferring the bread-dust.

#### EXTRAORDINARY OPERATION.

An extraordinary operation was lately performed at Kent and Canterbury Hospital, and which has been attended with the happiest results. A patient was received some time since with a very bad case of diseased liver: after some time the case assumed the worst possible appearance, and it was

resolved, as the only chance of preserving life, *to tap the liver*. The operation was ably performed by Mr. Fitch, senior surgeon of that institution, in the presence of other gentlemen of the faculty connected with the establishment. Upon the liver being touched, upwards of five pints of diseased matter immediately flowed from the wound. A tube, nine inches in length, was *then introduced and retained in the wound*, through which a pint of the same fluid was daily evacuated for a week.

#### SYMPTOMS OF VANITY.

To place 100l. at a banker's, in order to give a cheque, sometimes for 2l.

To go to Calais, return the next day, and afterwards talk of a continental tour.

To go into a coffee-house, ask in a loud tone if the Champagne be good, and in a low voice, order a bottle of soda-water.

#### OF FORESIGHT.

To give up a debt of 100l. in order to avoid a law-suit.

To dine before visiting an author.

To burn a MS. in lieu of placing it in the hands of a bookseller.

#### OF ECCENTRICITY.

To pay ten shillings for a bottle of Port at —'s Hotel.

To eat beef at Paris, and omelets in London.

#### LOOMS.

It has been ascertained that no less than 30,000 are now in use in the district that surrounds Manchester.

|  |             |
|--|-------------|
| The quantity of cotton converted into yarn in Great Britain and Ireland in | lbs.        |
| one year is about . . . . .  | 160,000,000 |
| The loss in spinning may be estimated at                                   |             |
| one ounce and a half per pound . . .                                       | 15,000,000  |

|  |              |
|--|--------------|
| Quantity of yarn produced . . . . .                                | 145,000,000  |
| Amount, supposing 18d. to be the average price per pound . . . . . | 10,875,000l. |

According to Mr. Kennedy's calculation that every person employed in spinning produces 900lbs. per annum, the number of persons employed is 161,111. The number of spindles employed, supposing each to produce 15 lbs. weight per annum, is 9,666,666.

† Of their skins they also make some of their best dresses; which circumstance may likewise be enumerated amongst the useful purposes to which these animals are applied. I also understand that they scent the holes in the ice, where the seals are, or bad lately been, which must be of great service to the Esquimaux, when sealing in the winter.



The capital invested in buildings and machinery cannot be less than 10,000,000. It is calculated that the rental of Manchester, including Salford, Chorlton Row, &c., will be increased at least 15,000*l.* this year by new buildings. This increase is principally in cottage property, under 12*l.* a year.

#### THE EAGLE.

Pedro Mexio, in his *Treasury of Inventions*, folio, 1613, lets us into a new view as to this bird. "As the eagle, who, in her life-time, is victorious over all birds or fowls; so likewise, after death, her feather, being put among others, devoureth and consumeth them." Then he goes to skins: The skin of a lion, he says, "spoilth the skins of other beasts; and the skin of a wolf eateth and consumeth the skin of a lamb!" Cumberland is a county of eagles. A curious anecdote is recorded by Mr. Gilpin: "An eagle was seen at a distance to pounce upon its prey, which it carried, in a perpendicular ascent, aloft into the air; and, hanging dubious for some time, it was at length observed to descend in the same direct line, and its fall, as it approached, seemed attended with an odd tumbling motion. The cause was soon discovered: It fell stone dead on the ground; and a weasel, which it had carried up, and which had had the address to kill its adversary in the air, being now at liberty, ran away."

#### PERKINS' EXTRAORDINARY STEAM GUN.

A discovery has been made which will, in all probability, adjust the account between population and food in the most satisfactory manner. We allude to the new Steam Gun of Mr. Perkins, which promises very fair to send the whole race of heroes to their long homes in a very short time. According to the following account which we extract from the *London Mechanic's Register*, the effects of this invention will leave every plague or pestilence at an immeasurable distance behind in point of destructiveness. Ten of his guns, supposing one shot in twenty only to tell, will sweep away 150,000 men in a single day!

"We were enabled, on Wednesday, through the kindness of Mr. Perkins,

to examine minutely, at his manufactory in the Regent's Park, the extraordinary piece of mechanism called the Steam Gun. It is simply formed by introducing a barrel into the steam generator of any engine, and by the addition of two pipes towards the chamber of the gun, introducing a quantity of balls, which, by the action of a handle to the chamber, are dropped into the barrel and fired one by one, at the rate of from four to five hundred in the minute.

"The explosive force of the steam which rushes from the generator and expels the balls is about 700 lbs. to the square inch: with this force a musket ball fired against an iron plate at the distance of 100 feet from the gun, is completely flattened: and when a force of 840 lbs. to the square inch is applied, the ball is actually driven to pieces in such a way that none of its fragments can be collected. As the gun is now fixed, having a direct communication through a wall with one of Mr. Perkins's engines, it cannot of course be removed from the spot, the barrel merely being susceptible of alteration; but in the event of the invention being applied to purposes of warfare, it would be easy to attach a portable steam engine of small dimensions, which could be removed with as much rapidity as any piece of ordnance now in use. The cost of such a machine altogether would be comparatively small, and as Mr. Perkins is about to construct a 4-pounder, which can be moved about with great facility by two horses, the public will have a good opportunity of judging of its practical merits, of which, however, there cannot be a doubt, after the experiments already made at the manufactory.

"The most extraordinary part of the affair is the smallness of expense in charging artillery of this nature, compared with that of the present system. In Mr. Perkins' Steam Gun, one pound weight of coals is found to produce the same effect as four pounds weight of gunpowder, viz. one pound of coals will generate sufficient steam to expel, with equal force, as many balls as four pounds of powder. Of the rapidity with which the discharges

are made, we say little, after what we observed of the mode in which the balls are expelled; but there is another great advantage, which, on the score of humanity, deserves commendation. An explosion from this gun is next to impossible; for the greater the rapidity of firing, the less is the danger, as the stream of vapour rushes forward, without check, and finds vent in the open air. How many lives, on the contrary, have been lost by the bursting of our common field-pieces, and how little reliance is to be placed upon the greatest care in cleansing them in the heat of a battle. Ten guns upon this principle, would, in a field of battle, be more than equal to 200 on the present system; and a vessel of only six guns would be rendered more than a match for a seventy-four.

"If any two rulers of the earth were to know, that in the event of declaring war against each other, a plague or pestilence would blast both armies, and sweep them from the face of the earth, they would pause before they made such a declaration, but what plague, what pestilence, would exceed, in its effects, those of the Steam Gun?—Five hundred balls fired every minute, and one out of twenty to reach its mark—why, ten of such guns would destroy 150,000 daily.—Mr. Perkins considers steam discovery as in its infancy, for he says he is convinced that a steam engine might be made to throw a ball of a ton weight, from Dover to Calais."

#### MATRIMONIAL MAXIMS.

If you intend marrying for love, pay your addresses to the lady herself; if for legacies, court those who are to leave them; and if for connexion, court her family.

If you know not what to do with yourself, marry the handsomest lady that you can, upon the shortest acquaintance; and if you do not find it out, she will teach you.

A lady who takes no care of her own person before marriage, will take as little of her household after.

If your lady is fond of play, you must submit to two losses—your own money and her temper.

If you wish to have a dirty and uncomfortable house, marry a lady whom all the world praises for her talents.

Second marriages are not always like second thoughts.

If your wife is continually telling you that she is miserable, and must leave you, affect to leave her, and she will follow you to the world's end.

#### THE STEAM ENGINE.

The value of the steam engine to this country may be estimated from calculations, which show that the steam engines in England represent the power of 320,000 horses which is equal to that of 1,920,000 men; which being in fact managed by 26,000 men only, add. actually to the power of our population 1,834,000 men.

#### THE GOOSE

was placed by the Romans in the high class of sacred birds, because the cackling of geese preserved the Roman state from the inroads of the Gauls, who were about to render themselves masters of the Capitol. It is certainly, even now, the most vigilant sentinel that can be posted in a besieged town. Its slumber is light, the slightest noise is sufficient to awaken it, and then it sends forth reiterated cries, not much unlike the hissing of a serpent, which cries are immediately put into chorus by its companions. Geese are the best guardians of houses situated in the country, and at the same time they are the most useful of domestic birds; for, independent of the excellent quality of their flesh, we procure from their plumage, those beds which are allowed to be of the first quality, and most pleasant for repose. The pen, also, which serves to mark our thoughts, testify our affections to those we love, and aid us in the transaction of that business so requisite to the attainment and preservation of our legitimate property. If a flock of geese pass under a triumphal arch, they prudently stoop down, lest their heads should be injured. Even a goose may be affectionate: Lacydes, a Greek philosopher, had a goose whose affection for him was remarkable. It used to follow him every where, both at

home and abroad, by night as well as by day. When it died, Lacydes (who was in this a goose himself) solemnized its funeral obsequies with as much magnificence, as if it had been his son or brother.

## PLANTS.

Very accurate casts of the leaves of plants may be prepared by a very simple process, which Mr. W. Deeble has described to the Society of Arts. A quantity of fine-grained sand, in rather a moist state must be provided, on the surface of which a leaf selected for casting from should be laid, in the most natural position which the taste of the artist can effect, by banking up the sand beneath its more elevated parts, by the lateral pressure of the blade of a knife; when thus the leaf has been supported in every part, its surface should, by means of a broad camel-hair pencil, be covered over by a thin coating of wax and Burgundy pitch, rendered fluid by heat; the leaf being now removed from the sand and dipped in cold water, the wax becomes hard, and at the same time sufficiently tough to allow of the leaf being ripped off from the wax mould, without altering the form of the latter. The wax mould is now placed on the sand and banked up in every part, as the leaf at first was; and then an edge or border being raised of sand around the leaf, at a sufficient distance, very thin plaister of Paris is then poured over the leaf, and a camel-hair pencil is used to brush the fluid plaister into every hollow on the surface and exclude air-bubbles. As soon as the plaister is set, it will be found, on taking it up from the sand, that the heat generated during the setting of the plaister will have softened the wax, and that the same may be dexterously rolled up from the impression thereof on the plaister: and thus the most beautiful and perfect moulds may be obtained for making any number of plaister casts in relieve, of the leaf which has been selected.

## NEW WORKS.

Biographical Dictionary of Musicians, 2 vols. 8vo. 12s.—Hall's Present State of Colombia, 8vo. 7s.—Chrichton's Life of Col. Blackader, 12mo. 7s. 6d.—Topography of the Vineyards, 12mo. 6s.—Dictionary of Quotations from British Poets, (Part 3, rhyme,) 12mo. 7s. 6d.—Hewlett's Modern Speaker, 18mo. 4s. 6d.—Nicholson's and Rowbotham's Practical Algebra, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—Foster's Bible Preacher, 12mo. 9s.—Selections from Leighton's Works, 18mo. 3s. 6d.—Selections from Doddridge's Expositor, 18mo. 3s. 6d.—The Contributions, &c. of the late Jane Taylor, 2 vols. 12mo. 9s.—Dawson's Nosological Practice of Physic, 8vo. 14s.—The Anatomy of the Brain, 12mo. 4s.—The Young Brewer's Monitor, 8vo. 5s. 9d.—Rose's Printer's Job Price-Book, 3s. 6d.—Crutwell's Housekeeper's Account-Book (1825,) 4to, 2s.—British Gal-

leries of Art, post 8vo. 8s. 6d.—Bouilly's Tales for Mothers, Vol. I. 12mo. 6s.—Stannmore, a Novel, 3 vols. 12mo. 18s.—Poetical Common-place Book, 24mo. 4s.—Edwards' Alcestes of Euripides, 8vo. 8s.—Harris's Natural History of the Bible, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Innes' Christian Ministry, crown 8vo. 3s.—Family Conversations on the Evidences of Christianity, 18mo. 3s. 6d.—Dunglison on Diseases of the Stomach, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Graham's Observations on Cancer, 8vo. 2s. 6d.

The Memoirs of the celebrated *Madame de Genlis*, written by herself, are in the London press.

Mrs. Opie is about to publish "Illustrations of *Lying* in all its branches"—a very extensive subject.

## LAST LINES BY LORD BYRON.

Missolonghi, Jan. 22, 1824.

"On this day I complete my thirty-sixth year."

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,  
Since others it has ceased to move;  
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,  
Still let me love.

My days are in the yellow leaf,  
The flowers and fruits of love are gone,  
The worm, the canker, and the grief,  
Are mine alone.

The fire that in my bosom preys  
Is like to some volcanic isle,  
No torch is kindled at its blaze:—  
A funeral pile.

The hope, the fears, the jealous care,  
Th' exalted portion of the pain,  
And power of love, I cannot share,  
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not here—it is not here—  
Such thoughts should shake my soul; nor now—  
Where glory seals the hero's bier,  
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner and the field.  
Glory and Greece around us see;  
The Spartan born upon his shield  
Was not more free.

Awake! not Greece—she is awake!—  
Awake, my spirit,—think through whom  
My life blood tastes its parent lake—  
And then strike home!

I tread reviving passions down,  
Unworthy Manhood—unto thee,  
Indifferent should the smile or frown  
Of beauty be.

If thou regret thy youth,—why live!  
The land of honourable death  
Is here—up to the field, and give  
Away thy breath!

Seek out—less often sought than found—  
A soldier's grave, for thee the best,  
Then look around, and choose thy ground,  
And take thy rest.



# SPIRIT

OF THE

## ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

NO. 9.]

BOSTON, FEB. 1, 1825.

[VOL. 2. N.S.]

### KENTISH SUPERSTITIONS.

**T**HERE are few of our popular superstitions, however vague they may be, that have not some slight colour of fact, and that do not originate in some incident of local history. But should this position be denied by any of your readers, they will at least allow that these traditions are often in themselves of great antiquity, and on that account interesting and valuable.

Sailors, it will be allowed, are generally extremely credulous; this may be caused chiefly by their having at times a great deal of leisure, which is employed in telling stories of a marvellous kind to each other. We have the authority of Lord Orford, that superstition is catching; and these tales during a long night-watch, when all is still, and courage in a measure had in requisition, rivet their attention, and get firm hold on their minds.

A Correspondent at Maidstone writes,—"We have a class of people in these parts called *Ufflurs*, i. e. men in the barging line out of employ, who attend as extra help to get the craft home in our inland navigation: most of them have been to sea, and are tinctured with notions of ghosts, witches, and dæmons. You must know that between this town and Aylesford, we have two places noted for the appearance of fearful sights. One is that of a descendant of the Colepeppers or Culpeppers\* of Aylesford, who is seen

flying across the path with his head under his arm!

"The other is that of a white horset enveloped in a body of fire.

"Let those who please, laugh at these stories, but certain it is that most of our people would sooner make a large circuit than pass by either of these places on a dark night. It happened a few nights since, that two men and a dog had to pass the scene of these fearful incidents; the dog frisked playfully before them, till on a sudden it gave a pitiful howl, and slunk back evidently in dismay! 'What's that in the hedge?' says one of the men. 'I don't know,' cries out the other; 'but it looks like a rein-deer.' 'No,' rejoins the other, 'it is a woman.' While they were gazing on it, the form moved gently across a field of clover. 'I'll follow it,' says one, 'be it what it may;' and he was as good as his word. He ran,—it ran,—he quick-

tion. Some attribute a similar fate to Hen-gist, who made himself notorious in this vicinity, circa 450.

† A stone some time since broken up and removed, at no great distance from this scene of wonder, bore for name the 'white horse-stone,' the legend of which is, that one who rode a beast of this description, was killed on or about the spot so commemorated. Might not this have been *Horsa* the Saxon, who was slain 'near Ægelsford,' and whose name is so analogous to that of the animal in question? As to the circumstance of the figure being surrounded with fire, it may not be irrelevant to state that ghosts assume the privilege of walking the earth chiefly during purgatory, and while doomed

\* One Thomas Culpepper was "put to deth at Tiborne," 10 Dec. 1541. This circumstance might give rise to the tradi-

—'to fast in fires  
Till the foul crimes done in their days of nature  
Are burnt and purg'd away.'

ened his pace, but it had still the start, till his courage was curbed by a thump against some of the sheep gates through which the spirit had glided, little the worse for wear. He paused—'fear shrunk his sinews and congealed his blood,' a feeling of horror overwhelmed him, causing

'—— each particular hair to stand on end  
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.'

His knees smote each other, and he nearly fell, till on recovering a little he ran back to the place where he left his companion, who had made the best of his way towards a neighbouring hamlet."

The following remarks were elicited in a conversation with an old man, with whom I accidentally fell in just below Aylesford. He recollected (he said) a large stone in the neighbourhood being broken up, and displaced, alongside of which human bones were found; adding, that in "yonder field" "a mortal many" bones and skulls were ploughed up some time ago; and lately a human jaw and shin-bone. "There once stood a town on this spot," continued he, "and the cottage just at hand is built entirely of its stone

foundations which were turned up by the plough. It was called *Eckell Town*, and that wood still bears the name of Eckell Wood.\*

In Cookstone or Cuxton Church, near Rochester, is the corpse of a woman, who, in her will, directed her coffin to have a lock, the key of which was to be put into her own hand, that she might be able to release herself at pleasure! This legend is as old as my great grandmother. In May 1832, I made inquiry on the spot as to its truth, when I learnt that the said coffin having mouldered away, had been committed to earth recently.

A superstitious practice of sticking pins in a stile whenever a corpse is taken over it, prevails in these parts. Its origin would oblige.

A skull, with a spear head through it, was dug up at Deptling a short time since; the remains of a helmet, supposed to be Roman, were dug up in Maidstone: it was crowned with a knob, as if to receive a plume of feathers; an urn was also discovered here, but broken up in hopes of finding treasure!

#### THE DESERTED CITY.†

IN the discharge of our critical duties, we have in general omitted all notice of that tribe of minute Poets whose works have every season inundated the town. It is a task as useless as it is odious to attack an expiring author with severity, and we have always, therefore, in such cases, remained inactive, under the full conviction that the public would do summary justice upon the offender. We have had some doubts whether we ought not in the present instance to adhere rigorously to our rule, and suf-

fer Mr. Bounden's labours to pass *sub silentio*; but upon further consideration, their merit appears to claim an exception in their favour. The "Deserted City" is indeed occasionally somewhat pedestrian in its style, but is not destitute of poetical passages. "Eva" displays more imagination, but the tale is an unpleasant one. It is written in the Spencerian Stanza, and displays considerable powers of versification, as our readers will perceive from the following extract.

EVA.

But such is woman! mystery at best!  
Seeming most cold when most her heart is burn-  
ing—  
Hiding the melting passions of her breast  
Beneath the snowy cloud, and scarce returning  
One glance on him for whom her soul is yearning:  
Adoring, yet repelling—proud, but weak—  
Conquer'd—commanding still; enslav'd, yet spurn-  
ing;  
Checking the words her heart would bid her speak,

\* 'Eccles,' is still the name of a manor in Larkfield hundred, and in the lath of Aylesford. It is mentioned in Domesday by the name of *Aigtessa*, and was, at the time of making that survey, a place of some consequence. Houses are noticed in this record. See Hasted.

† The Deserted City; Eva; Electricity. Poems, by J. Bounden. 8vo.

Love raging in her breast, but banish'd from her cheek.  
He who would read her thoughts must mark unseen  
Her eye's full undisguised expression ; trace—  
(If trace he could while distance stretch'd between)—

The feelings, blushing, quivering on her face:  
He who would know her heart, must first embrace  
And feel it beat uncheck'd against his own !  
Chill'd not by pride nor fear, nor time nor place—  
As in a dream—unwitness'd and alone ;  
When every fearful thought unconsciously has flown.

# AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF EDMUND KEAN.

SHERWOOD & CO have been seduced into the rash act of publishing a collection of nonsensical Memiors of the eminent Men, Women, and Children, who perform plays, now-a-days for us, under the title of Biography of the British Stage.\* We cannot compliment the author on the execution of his work. It is only a series of daubing puffery upon almost every name mentioned, and that laid on thick.

It is evidently the composition of somebody intimate with the worthies whom he commemorates ; as he is manifestly afraid to say a word against any of them. But a still more decisive proof exists in the indignation occasionally expressed against the management of the theatres. From time immemorial, players, particularly the underlings, have been thoroughly convinced that nothing can be more partial, villainous, and unjust, than the manner in which managers overlook their immense merits, so particularly visible to themselves. Hence, they are always ready to exclaim, that there is something rotten in the theatrical cabinet—and their biographers, as in the present instance, find it convenient to adopt their tone. We hear accordingly of the “infamous partiality,” or the “consummate imbecility” of the managers, from such people. It is true, that we do not look upon R. W. Elliston or C. Kemble, to be actually a pair of wise men on the plan of Solon or Lycurgus, and we doubt not that they occasionally commit as much absurdity as can reasonably be expected ; but, nevertheless, they in general know what they are about,

and must not be bullied down without reason. Our own jolly old friend, Elliston, who, by the by, will not be a bit obliged to us for calling him *old*, may safely despise these little buzzings, and empty his magnum of claret, or knock down his man, both of which things the ancient of Drury well knows how to do, unaffected by the uproar of the *Dii minorum gentium* of the stage, or their bottle-holders.

As for us, who never go to a play now-a-days, we should not have thought of noticing this pen-dribble at all, but that we wished to expose before the eyes of our readers Mr. Kean's autobiography. From p. 104 to p. 144, an eighth part of the volume, is occupied with the memoirs of this gentleman, written by himself. We speak merely from internal evidence, for not even a pot-house Plutarch could think of wasting forty pages upon such a hero. None but himself could think of such an enormity ; and as we have lately been pleasantly amusing the reading public by the discussion of the memoirs of our worthy Shepherd, and other stars of the age, as a *pendant* we shall give them Kean's opinion on himself and things in general.

It begins well—Plutarch had just given the life of Richard Jones, the most perfect gentleman of the stage, on or off it. We shall not stop to puff Jones—for every body knows his merits in public ; and as to his private life, we shall only say this of him, that he is one of the few actors whom we have ever met who can put the actor off, and take his place in society as a gentleman—and, of that few, the man who can do it most completely and most easily. Now, how do you think, reader of ours, that the life following his is introduced ? Why, then, by this motto—

\* The Biography of the British Stage ; being correct Narratives of the Lives of all the Actors, &c. 12mo. Sherwood and Co. London. 1824.



"As one who, long in thickets and in brakes  
 Entangled, winds now this way and now that,  
 His devious course uncertain, seeking home,  
 Or, having long in miry ways been foiled  
 And sore discomfited, from slough to slough  
 Plunging, and half-despairing of escape ;  
 If chance at length he finds a greensward smooth,  
 And faithful to the foot his spirits rise,  
 He chirrup brisk his ear-erecting steed,

[Qu. ass.]

And winds his way with pleasure and with ease."

So that having been entangled in the thickets and brakes of Richard Jones, foiled and discomfited in his miry way, and plunging from slough to slough, in narrating the adventures of his life, the biographer finds greensward smooth in ambling his donkey over the *res gestæ* of Mr. Kean!

We go on just as well. "This EXTRAORDINARY individual, whose name heads this memoir, and which name will be imperishable in dramatic annals, was born, &c. &c. Bravo! Kean! Extraordinary, however, you are, beyond all question; for never before, in the annals of a civilized country, was it heard of, that a man, who could not act, was puffed off as the prince of actors, by people who could not write, and the audacious lump of pomatum swallowed, even by the capacious gullet of the long-eared monster who acts audience at our play-houses.

His sire, it appears, was a tailor.—This is no disparagement to any man. There is Place of Charing Cross is a tailor—a ninth-part fraction of humanity,—and yet he writes articles which Jerry Bentham swears are as clever as his own: and he talks in them most valorously of altering all the old habits of the country—of mending Parliament, as if it were a pair of corduroys and of changing state-measures, as if they were no more than the graduated slip which he rolls over his finger while taking the nether circumference of a Whitechapel victualler. If tailors are such great fellows as this comes to, we cannot see why Kean's father should not have been a tailor. In truth, we never looked at him performing Romeo, that that truth did not immediately flash across our mental optics. None but the offspring of the shop-board could have acted the part in the

manner which he did. But it appears also that he had a bandy-legged uncle in the same employment, from whom we opine he borrowed his novel and original method of treading the stage. Under these auspices, he was introduced to the stage almost in childhood, and put under the tuition of a posture-master. To him Kean slyly attributes the distortion of his legs, which everybody who reads the memoir must see was solely owing to the Persian fashion of sitting, which has been the custom of the sartorial tribe from time immemorial. The honest posture-master did his best to correct his tailorly appearance, by putting him in irons, but the only thanks he receives from his grateful patient is to be accused of having been the occasion of the defect which he endeavoured to remedy.

The next great action of Kean's life, according to himself, is thus narrated in this veridical tone. It is one of the immense and thriving family of "the lie with circumstance;"—viz.

"In the performance of Macbeth, at the opening of the new house, in March 1794, Mr. John Kemble, who was at that time manager, imagined that he could increase the effect of the incantation scene, and therefore resolved that 'the black spirits and white, blue spirits and grey,' should be brought before the audience in *propria persona*, and a number of children were accordingly appointed to personate a party of goblins and other fantastical creations, who were to dance in a circle, while the witches were moving round in a cauldron, winding up the charm that was afterwards to deceive the usurper of Donald Bain's throne. Among those selected for this purpose, young Kean of course was employed, as being accustomed to the stage; but his appearance on that occasion was as little advantageous to himself as his employer. Just at the moment of Macbeth's entrance into the cavern, the boy made an unlucky step, from which, owing to the irons about his limbs, he could not recover; he fell against the child next to him, who rolled upon his neighbour, who, in turn, jostled upon the next, and the impulse thus communicated, like an electric shock, went round the circle, till the whole party 'toppled down headlong,' and was laid prostrate on the floor. The comedy of this event mingled not very harmoniously with the tragic-sublime of the scene, and the laughter of the audience, was, if possible, still less in unison with the feelings of Mr. Kemble, who, however remarkable for self-possession, could not fail to be disconcerted by an accident so ludicrous. He was a de-

cided enemy to everything that in the slightest way infringed upon the decorum of the scene; of course, then, he looked upon this accident as a serious evil, and in consequence determined to dismiss the goblin troop from Macbeth, observing, 'these things must not be done after these ways, else they will make us mad.' The cause of this confusion, however,

'Smiled in the storm,'

and very philosophically replied to all reproaches, that 'he had never before acted in tragedy,' a reply which by no means altered the manager's resolution; he was dismissed from Macbeth and the theatre. This anecdote, if true, is certainly most curious. Little could the manager have thought, that the mischief-making goblin who had thus spoiled his beautiful invention, would one day become the rival of his fame!"

Oh! Jupiter Gammon! there's a bouncer!—What a picture!—a brat making a philosophical reply to Kemble! and the future rival of his fame! But the thing never happened—no, nor anything bearing the slightest resemblance to it.

In the theatre, he remarks, he had the benefit of a total want of education—a very gratuitous piece of news; and he congratulates himself that the energies of his mind were not enfeebled or destroyed by the contamination of school. His mother thought differently, and sent him to the celebrated Academy of Orange-Court, from which, however, he ran away, and went on-board a vessel bound to Madeira as cabin-boy. Here the engraver, with a propriety of judgment that cannot be too much commended, gives us a vignette of a little naked cherub, or seraph, sitting aft in a yawl, with a skull in his left hand, and a church and steeple on the palm of his right, scudding before the wind with a full foresail—typical, no doubt, of Kean. But our cherubical cabin-boy got tired of this life, and, according to the truth-telling history before us, practised the ingenious trick of shamming deafness and lameness. For his great ingenuity in doing this, he receives much laud; but there is not a word of truth in the story. The captain was glad enough to get rid of his bargain, and there required no trick whatever to induce him to turn the youth adrift.

Arrived in London, he was taken

up by a Mrs. Tidswell, an actress, who behaved kindly to him, and put him in the line of characters for which nature and education had designed him. She made him a tumbling boy, and showed him about the streets. 'This is an unpalatable part of the story, and therefore the auto-biographer gets over it, by assuring us that, in the meantime, he was taking lessons from his uncle Moses, the tailor, in tragedy, to whom, it appears, the world is indebted for Mr. K.'s conceptions of Lear and Richard the Third, (p. 111.) We always suspected something of the kind. But these lectures were merely in private; in public he shone in the characters of Monkey and Serpent—a pair of characters which have been, indeed, at all times very prominent in his acting through life. However, he tells us that "it is said" he was at Eton School for three years, where he read Virgil, Cicero, and Sallust—rather an odd course of reading—and called forth much applause by the manner in which he recited a Latin ode. This intelligence strikes us as being rather apocryphal.—By whom is it "said" that Kean was at Eton? We are most incredulous, for we think the thing next to an impossibility.

Under the name of Carey, he commenced soon a strolling life, the particulars of which are dexterously veiled in oblivion. Many idle stories, we are told, are in circulation concerning the events of this period of his life; but it is insinuated that they are not deserving of credit. *Id populus curat scilicet*—we can scarcely help laughing at the idea of people putting stories "in circulation" about Kean. No doubt there are public-house anecdotes enough, which might be gleaned among the elegant circles which make up the company at such places of resort, and two or three of them, *deserving of credit*, have casually come to our ears, which the biographer knows as well as we do. He suppresses them, because he cares for his hero—we suppress them, from the very opposite reason, because we do not care a farthing about him, and therefore we do not think them worth wasting paper about. Among other ram-

bles, he went to Guernsey, where it appears he met with a judicious critic. We shall give the passage which contains the account of his row with the Guernsey audience, and the reason of it, p. 114.

"Here," quoth the auto-biographer, "we meet with the following curious and *authentic* document, [what does he mean by *authentic*?] which deserves to be recorded, as a warning to all *ignorant* and *malicious* critics on the one hand, and to a too credulous public on the other."

We leave it to our readers to decide whether the criticism displays ignorance.—Abating a little spooniness about respect due to the audience, which, however, is quite natural in so very provincial a writer, it appears to us to be a most sensible piece of criticism, and one fully justified by the result.

"Last night, a young man, whose name the bills said was Kean, made his first appearance in Hamlet, and truly his performance of that character made us wish that we had been indulged with the country system of excluding it, and playing all the other characters. This person had, we understand, a high character in several parts of England, and his vanity has repeatedly prompted him to endeavour to procure an engagement at one of the theatres in the metropolis; the difficulties he has met with have, however, proved insurmountable, and the theatres of Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden have spared themselves the disgrace to which they would be subject, by countenancing such impudence and incompetency. Even his performance of the inferior characters of the drama would be objectionable, if there was nothing to render him ridiculous but one of the vilest figures that has been seen either on or off the stage; and if his mind was half so well qualified for the conception of Richard III. which he is shortly to appear in, as his person is suited to the deformities with which the tyrant is said to have been distinguished from his brothers, his success would have been most unequivocal. As to his Hamlet, it was one of the most terrible misrepresentations to which Shakspeare has ever been subject. Without grace or dignity he comes forward; he shows an unconsciousness that anybody is before him, and is often so forgetful of the respect due to an audience, that he turns his back upon them in some of those scenes where contemplation is to be indulged, as if for the purpose of showing his abstractedness from all ordinary objects. His voice is harsh and monotonous, but as it is deep, answers well enough the idea he entertains

of impressing terror by a tone which seems to proceed from a charnel-house."

This article, it appears, produced a sensation.

"When he first appeared in Richard, he was greeted with laughter and hisses, even in the first scene; for some time his patience was proof against the worst efforts of malignity, till at last, irritated by the continued opposition, he applied the words of the scene to his auditors, and boldly addressing the pit, with—

*Unmanner'd dogs, stand ye when I command.'*

The clamour of course increased, and only paused a moment in expectation of an apology. In this, however, they were deceived; so far from attempting to soothe their wounded pride, Kean came forward and told them, 'that the only proof of understanding they had ever given, was the proper application of the few words he had just uttered.' The manager now thought proper to interfere, and the part of Richard was given to a man of less ability, but in higher favour with the brutal audience."

Spoiled actors, we see, treat audiences as Whigs do juries. The spectators are discerning, and perspicacious, and everything that is delectable, as long as they applaud; but when they discover incompetence, or scout down impertinence, they are malignant and "brutal." Had Kean behaved as he says he did, a kicking would have been too good for him; but, as usual, there is no foundation whatever for the story, farther than that he was hissed by the men of Guernsey.

Governor Doyle took his part with his usual kindness—paid his debts, and offered to take charge of his child, whom Kean had the inhumanity to bring forward on the stage at the age of *two*. There is an immensity of silly vapouring in this part of the book;—how he wanted to go into the army as an officer—his sole claim to such honour being neither more nor less than that he was a hooted player—how he spouted before Governor Doyle; and how he made fine speeches about his wife and children. All stuff. The only piece of truth about his affairs in Guernsey is the story of a trick which he resorted to, to draw company. At this time poor Lady Douglas had been clamoured down for telling what now we all know to have been the truth, about the late unfortunate Queen, and



she was obliged to retire from England. Kean privately circulated a report that she was to appear at his benefit, and thereby gathered a large audience—it was a respectable way of doing business. Though it is out of our way to make any political remarks while going over the memoirs of a stroller, yet we cannot refrain from observing on the consistent conduct of the Whigs, and the blackguards with whom they linked themselves, on the Queen's business. Nobody with more brains than a turnip doubts the guilt of the Queen *now*; and yet if we venture to say a word about it, we are told of our barbarity in attacking a woman, and she, too, in her grave.—God bless the Whigs, they are a darling set of fellows! but we must go back to Kean.

He continued to act in the obscurity which he deigns not to enlighten until somebody pointed him out in 1813, while playing at Exeter, to the notice of Mr. Pascoe Grenfell, a wise member of Parliament, and one of that egregious body, the Managing Committee of Drury Lane. Pascoe sent down Arnold, the stage-manager, to report on Kean's abilities, and the report was favourable. Kean came up, and acted at Drury Lane. There is an attempt to vilify Elliston, for endeavouring to keep Kean to his word, made in this authentic biography; but it only plunges the hero into farther dirt. The speculation was a good one for the house, which was at that time sinking under the mismanagement of Whitbread, Douglas Kinnaird, and other great men, who were equally great in the theatre as in the state. Shylock, he says, he played with an originality of style, and a vigour of genius; but he informs us that it was reserved for the performance of his Richard III. to place him at once on the highest pinnacle of dramatic glory. In Hamlet, he assures us, the force of his genius broke through the disadvantages of his figure, and the brilliant points which illuminated his delineation of the character were so numerous, as entirely to cast his defects into the shade. Othello actually electrified the audience—Luke, in Riches, commanded universal applause; and so on through all his *roles*.

In a word, he was the passion of the day. Novelty will always command notice in London, and Kean's acting, happily, was a novelty on the English stage. His croaking tones—his one-two-three-hop step to the right, and his equally brusque motions to the left—his retching at the back of the scene whenever he wanted to express passion—his dead stops in the middle of sentences—his hurre hurre hurre, hop hop hop! over all passages where sense was to be expressed, took amazingly. His very defects told in his favour. Don't you think, a doubting critic would say, Kean is rather low?—Yes, quoth a critic of the mob, rather low, I confess; but you see how well he acts, in spite of his wretched appearance—Garrick was low.—I am of opinion, said another hesitator, that his voice is bad.—Oh yes, retorted the critic, rather hoarse, I confess; but you see how well he acts, in spite of his wretched voice.—But, persevered the first interlocutor, I do not think he understands his author.—Why, *entre nous*, was the reply of the critic, I can't exactly say; but you see how well he acts, though he does not understand his author.—What could a man say after that?

But the real secret of this ultra-popularity was what Cobbett calls the *BASE PRESS*. At that time, gentle reader, there flourished a knot of numskulls, absolute over the dramatic world. Flourished, we say, for now it is laid prostrate. There will be a sighing among the Strephons, and a wailing among the Wiolars, when we name—the Cockney School! Dead they are now—down, down, among the dead men do they lie. But away with banter! At that time the most conceited, insolent, filthy, and ignorant dominion was exercised over all dramatic concerns by the Examiner. Its writers are now sunk, and we have no wish to trample on their misfortunes; but it must have cost the principal libellers of that set many and bitter pangs, if they were possessed of any feeling whatever, to be conscious in their own day of suffering, when Z. was gibbeting them as objects for the slow-moving finger of scorn to point at, how

many wanton stabs at the reputation and livelihood of poor players had been given by their malignant stiletos; how much acute and poignant misery a remark of theirs, penned in drunkenness, or folly, or spite, must have occasioned to luckless actors, whose very bread depended probably on the way in which a manager might have regarded the lucubrations of the puppy critic. A congeniality of soul drew these fellows to Kean. Their word was potential over the apprentices and young Whigs of the pit—the milliners of the gallery and their beaux—and the ladies of the saloons. Even decent people at that time used to read the play-house critiques of the Examiner: and as impudence frequently passes for talent, and blustering always terrifies those who do not think for themselves, some ten years ago they were looked upon by the theatrical people as models of elegance, deep reading, and acumen. The whole tribe puffed Kean, and silenced the voice of common sense.

Creatures whom the most paltry of the two-pennies of London would not *now* admit as gratis contributors, *then* directed the “taste of the town.” They went about crim, crisp, and jaunty, weaving chaplets of laurel, and venting sonnets on one another. You heard a sigh at every corner about fine gusto, and virtue, and keeping, and those down-looking Greeks, of whom, by the way, they could not spell the names, far less read them, if written in their native characters. Poor devils! When we look back at their happy state, our heart is sometimes “wae” within us on reflecting that it was we who marred their Elysium—a feeling which, however, fades in an instant all away when we recollect that they used the power they possessed to insult merit—to outrage decency—to vilify religion—to puff meanness—and to beslaver all that was glorious and venerable in the land. These were Kean’s patrons—they pronounced him a second Garrick, and the town bent in prostrate reverence before the fetid breath of the oracle.

Under the auspices of this gang, Kean went on and prospered. He

soon entertains us with an account of a most asinine speech he made, at the most asinine ceremony of presenting him with a gold cup, which was delivered to him by Palmer. And in a page or so afterwards, he gets so delighted with his oratory, that he again favours us with another most brilliant harangue, delivered by him at the opening of the Wolf Club, of which he was the appropriate grand-master. Its design was to *howl*, as its name implies, everybody who had any chance of rivalling the quack actor, who got them together, though Kean here seems to insinuate that they were merely a drunken set of soakers, who met to make themselves “comfortable,” p. 130. He was at last obliged to knock it up. The opening sentence of the speech is too good. Conceive such a man as Kean beginning an oration thus:—

“GENTLEMEN! (there was not one in the room, except a few gentlemen of the press)—Gentlemen and brothers!

“If we look to tradition, our arts and sciences, our laws and governments in embryo were uncertain, disputable, and vague.”

This is a deep discovery.

“To accomplish *perfection* in any degree, (there being of course various degrees of *perfection*,) has been, and will remain, the work of ages and constant perseverance.

“I am THEREFORE aware of the difficulties we have to encounter in bringing our little society,” &c. &c. &c. What an *Argal*! Arts, sciences, laws, governments, ages, and tradition, logged in by the head and shoulders, to preface the formation of a drunken club! The force of pathos could no farther go.

He went in 1818 to France—dined with Talma—and got a snuff-box from some French players—all of which important events are duly dated. It is from circumstances of this kind, that we conclude it must be an auto-biography, for surely no man alive would take the trouble of finding out, that, on the 15th of July, 1818, Kean dined with Talma, or would care a pinch of snuff whether, on the day afore-men-

tioned, he had gone supperless to bed. After this, we have him acting in Howard Payne's most stupid of all stupid plays, Brutus, very much to his own contentment. He tells us, that the leading feature of his acting was dignity, "dignity approaching to the sublime, and downright simple energy." This is too audacious. Kean act Brutus with dignity! Howard Payne write a play in which anybody could act with dignity! Author and actor were worthy of one another.

We next slur over his indefensible conduct to poor Jenny Porter, and her play of Switzerland—as also his behaviour to Bucke's Italians. He owns he had the worse of the latter controversy; but defends his letter in answer to Bucke, by saying that it was written under angry feelings. He must have been not angry with Bucke only, but with the language of the country, for it was full of words misspelt from beginning to end—just such a fine composition as he some time after had the folly to write to John Bull, and which Bull, with malicious mirth, printed verbatim as it came from the pen of the writer.

Good old Sir John Sinclair after this makes his appearance, with the silly epistle which he wrote on the occasion of some foolish people of our modern Athens having clubbed their shillings to buy Kean a sword. It was an unjustifiable and cruel proceeding, after all; for the sword being unfortunately too large for Kean's body, he appeared, whenever he was tied to it, like a poor cockchaffer transfixed by a huge corking-pin. Sir John favours his correspondent with some remarks on swords, and on the history of Macbeth, very pleasant to read, and quite germane to the purpose. The sword, he tells him, is of the true Highland make, whence we conclude that the Celtic Society was at the bottom of the business, for it is quite fit for them. It is adorned, moreover, "with some of the most valuable stones that Scotland produces." We flatter ourselves that *that* is a touch redolent of the north side of the Tweed. It is good to be merry and

wise. None of your outlandish diamonds, therefore, which cost siller, when we can get our own cairngorms for nothing. The inscription on the sword is worthy of them that gave, and him who received. We copy it as it appears in this authentic tome, p. 136.

This sword was presented  
TO  
EDMUND KEAN,  
WHEN he appears on the stage,  
AS  
Macbeth  
The King of Scotland.

What it means is beyond our capacity.

Next follow his adventures in America, briefly related for good reasons; and the whole is wound up by a good deal of puffing, on some of his freaks of ostentatious generosity. Some insolent language of his to a tavern-keeper in Portsmouth, comes in for its share of applause, but the story is simply this: When Kean was a strolling player, he asked this man for half-a-pint of porter; and Boniface would not give it to him until he paid the penny beforehand—such was the shabby appearance of the poor fellow. We think the man was quite right, as every one ought to take care of his own property. Afterwards, when Mr. Kean was rich, this landlord, as landlords will do, came bowing and scraping to him, and Kean remembering the indignity of having been refused tick for a penny, made a most indignant speech, and left the house. He knit his brow, he says, most awfully, and among much other stuff, he announced himself as "The same Edmund Kean that I was fifteen years ago, when you insulted me. Look at me again, sir. What alteration beyond that of dress do you discover in me? Am I a better man than I was then?" &c. &c.

Heaven help us! Here is nonsense in all its altitudes! To be sure, he was not a better man—very possibly he might have been a worse man—but he was decidedly *richer*—better on 'Change. The landlord, when he saw poor Mr. Kean, was afraid of his money, and refused him credit—when he saw *rich* Mr. Kean, he looked to a



good stiff bill—and that made all the difference. Kean was never so besotted as when he imagined the compliment paid to his purse was paid to his person.

“On Kean’s acting,” continues he, “we decline offering any criticism; he is beyond it.” Quite beyond it indeed—but there are two kinds of beyonds, above and *below*. A worse actor never trod the stage—we mean,

pretending to enact such characters as he has taken on himself to murder.

Here ends the auto-biography. We go no farther, having nothing to do with Kean except to expose quackery, puffing, and humbug. He is going down very fast, and we flatter ourselves that this *Life* of his, though intended for a different purpose, will freshen his way a trifle down the ladder of popularity.

#### BIOGRAPHY OF THE LATE JANE TAYLOR.\*

WE have few readers, old or young, to whom the name of the Author of *Display*, and, in part, of the *Original Poems and Hymns for Infant Minds*, can be unknown; and by none who are acquainted with her productions, will the intimation have been received without concern, that their friend and their children’s friend rests from her labours. To bestow on works for children the talent and the toil which, otherwise directed, might have commanded the higher honours of literary fame, may seem a self-denying exercise of genius; but there is no species of literary labour that yields so pure a reward, or that ensures for the writer so permanent a remembrance. For who ever ceases to recollect with interest the favourites of his childhood, the books connected with his earliest impressions, and to which, perhaps, he is able distinctly to trace a beneficial influence in the formation of his character? The “*Divine Songs*” of Dr. Watts, perhaps his happiest production, and one that has survived the more ambitious labours of most of his contemporaries, will always be sufficient to perpetuate and endear his name. And we may safely predict, that our children and our children’s children will be the faithful conservators of works which display equal genius and equal piety, in connexion with the peculiar tact and address which qualify woman pre-eminently to be the teacher of the young.

We feel by no means sure that the *Evenings at Home*, and the *Parent’s Assistant*, will not outlive the demand for the works of the Author of *Waverley*, and that Mrs. Barbauld’s exquisite *Prose Hymns for children* will not survive, as they deserve to do, much of the poetry of the day. We might, perhaps, still more confidently predict, that the name of the Author of *Little Henry* and his bearer, and that of the venerable writer of the *Cheap Repository Tracts*, will be had in lasting remembrance. Society certainly could better dispense with one half of the literary world, than with these unpretended benefactors of the infant race. And among them, no inferior rank will be awarded to Jane Taylor.

We have not the means of ascertaining all the productions for which the public are indebted to her pen. The *Original Poems for Infant Minds* was, we believe, the first that brought its anonymous authors into general favour. In this work, the speculation of the publishers, Miss Taylor was associated with her elder sister, Mrs. Gilbert, and another lady.† Many of the poems were, we have been given to understand, absolutely juvenile productions, and they are unequal. The success of the publication, however, was unprecedented: a second volume followed, a third for younger children, and a fourth, consisting of hymns, which has the most merit of the series. Of these little volumes, many thou-

\* The Contributions of Q. Q. to a periodical Work: with some Pieces not before published. By the late Jane Taylor. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 596. London 1824.

† Miss Taylor’s are distinguished by the initials J. and J. T.

sands annually have regularly been sold for between fifteen and twenty years; and though they have given rise to many attempts at imitation, they remain, and are likely to remain, unequalled for their originality, exquisite adaptation, and admirable simplicity. The "Original Hymns for Sunday Schools" have had a still more extensive circulation. These, though of course every consideration was sacrificed to the most literal plainness of expression, have nevertheless much beauty: they exhibit religious truth brought down to the very humblest level, yet without being vulgarized. The fourth hymn in particular, beginning,

'Jesus, who lived above the sky,'

is one of the happiest attempts to translate the truths of religion into the dialect of infant thought, without compromising the proprieties of language, that we have ever met with.

In 1810, Miss Taylor contributed some poems to a little volume, the joint production of a few friends, and now more than ever an interesting memorial, entitled, "The Associate Minstrels." The Remonstrance to Time is a beautiful and touching Poem. The Birthday Retrospect is also but too characteristic of the tendency to melancholy which is observable in some of Miss Taylor's poems. As the volume is out of print, we should have been pleased to see these poems, with any other fugitive pieces of the same Author,\* incorporated with the present work.

In 1815, appeared "Display, a Tale for young People," the first publication to which its author had the courage to affix her name. Our opinion of it has been already given, and the public have sufficiently proved that we did not over estimate it. We have only to regret that the wish we then expressed, was destined never to be satisfied,—to receive more of such tales from the same pen. This was followed, in 1816, with "Essays in

Rhyme on Morals and Manners," the boldest literary effort on which its Author had yet ventured, and unquestionably displaying, in parts, the most genius and reach of thought. The title was not happily chosen, and the work was less adapted to be popular, than the Tale; its sale, accordingly, though successful, has not kept pace with that of its predecessor.† So rich was the poetry, however, in point and force of expression, in delicacy of sentiment, and occasionally, in both pathos and humour, that it led us to anticipate productions of a still higher cast. But in this expectation we were not to be gratified.

Miss Taylor's failing health soon after this publication, rendered the excitement and exhaustion of literary composition too much for a frame of fragile texture. All that she could venture to undertake were short and desultory papers, and the present volumes consist of those interesting remains. Her brother informs us that, with the exception of two or three not before published, they appeared in the Youth's Magazine during the course of the seven years beginning with 1816, and ending with 1822, when Miss Taylor's declining health obliged her to desist entirely from literary occupations.

'Very soon after the commencement of her regular contributions to the Youth's Magazine, my sister,' says Mr. Taylor, 'had reason to believe that, through the medium of its pages, she had succeeded in gaining, in a high degree, the attention of a very large number of young persons. An assurance so encouraging inspired her with the earnest desire to improve the favourable impression she had made, for promoting the best interests of her readers; and whether she was grave or gay she never lost sight of this object. Her friends have generally concurred in the opinion that many of these pieces are among the happiest efforts of her pen, and that a republication of them was due to their merit. In compliance with this opinion, she had revised and prepared for the press the greater part of the papers, not long before her last illness; and she left with me instructions for the publication of the whole.'

Should the contents be as new to our

\* We recollect to have seen one or two hymns with Miss Taylor's initial in some popular collections, and at least one poem in an early volume of the Edinburgh Annual Register.

† The Essays have reached a fourth, Display a tenth edition.

readers as they were to us, they will receive with no ordinary gratification this interesting legacy. Had Miss Taylor never published any thing before, these papers would be sufficient to entitle her to rank very high among our best moral writers. Many of them would have been esteemed acceptable contributions in the days of the Spectator, or the Rambler. It ought, indeed to be recollected, that they were written for young persons; that the choice of subject, as well as the unpretending style, has been determined by this circumstance; that the medium through which they found their way to the public, was a very

humble one, and such as did not hold out to its contributors any inducement to extraordinary effort. But, with Miss Taylor, the prospect of efficient usefulness was an adequate stimulus; and in writing for the Youth's Magazine, she appears never to have excused herself from taking all the pains that could have been inspired by a trembling solicitude for fame.

The papers are seventy-nine in number. As a mere list of the contents would give little idea of their nature, we shall at once proceed to select a few specimens of their varied character. The first that we shall take, is of a sportive cast,

### THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM.

An old clock that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped.

Upon this, the dial-plate (if we may credit the fable) changed countenance with alarm; the hands made an ineffectual effort to continue their course; the wheels remained motionless with surprise; the weights hung speechless; each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others. At length the dial instituted a formal inquiry as to the cause of the stagnation; when hands, wheels, weights, with one voice protested their innocence. But now a faint tick was heard below, from the pendulum, who thus spoke:

"I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage; and am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking." Upon hearing this, the old clock became so enraged that it was on the point of *striking*.

"Lazy wire!" exclaimed the dial-plate, holding up its hands

"Very good!" replied the pendulum, "it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as every body knows, set yourself up above me,—it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness! You, who have had nothing to do all the days of your life but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen! Think, I beseech you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and wag backwards and forwards, year after year, as I do."

"As to that," said the dial, "is there not a window in your house on purpose for you to look through?"

"For all that," resumed the pendulum, "it is very dark here; and although there is a window, I dare not stop, even for an instant, to look out. Besides, I am really weary of my way of life; and if you please, I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment. This morning I happened to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course only of the next twenty-

four hours: perhaps some of you, above there, can give me the exact sum."

The minute hand, being *quick at figures*, instantly replied, "eighty-six thousand four hundred times."

"Exactly so," replied the pendulum: "well, I appeal to you all, if the thought of this was not enough to fatigue one? and when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect: so after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thinks I to myself, I'll stop."

The dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue; but, resuming its gravity, thus replied:—

"Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself should have been overcome by this sudden suggestion. It is true you have done a great deal of work in your time. So we have all, and are likely to do; and, although this may fatigue us to *think* of, the question is, whether it will fatigue us to *do*: would you now, do me the favour to give about half a dozen strokes, to illustrate my argument."

The pendulum complied, and ticked six times at its usual pace.—"Now," resumed the dial, "may I be allowed to inquire, if that exertion was at all fatiguing or disagreeable to you?"

"Not in the least," replied the pendulum:—"it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of *millions*."

"Very good," replied the dial, "but recollect that although you may *think* of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to *execute* but one; and that however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in."

"That consideration staggers me, I confess," said the pendulum.

"Then I hope," resumed the dial-plate, "we shall all immediately return to our duty; for the maids will lie in bed till noon if we stand idling thus."

Upon this, the weights, who had never been accused of *light* conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed: when,



as with one consent, the wheels began to turn, the hands began to move, the pendulum began to wag, and, to its credit, ticked as loud as ever; while a beam of the rising sun that streamed through a hole in the kitchen shutter, shining full upon the dial-plate, it brightened up as if nothing had been the matter.

When the farmer came down to breakfast that morning, upon looking at the clock, he declared that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.

#### MORAL.

It is said by a celebrated modern writer, "take care of the *minutes* and the *hours* will take care of themselves." This is an admirable hint; and might be very seasonably recollected when we begin to be "weary in well-doing," from the thought of having a great deal to do. The *present* is all we have to manage: the *past* is irrecoverable; the *future* is uncertain; nor is it fair to burden one moment with the weight of the next. Sufficient unto the *moment* is the trouble thereof. If we had to walk a hundred miles, we still need set but one step at a time, and this process continued would infallibly bring us to our journey's end. Fatigue generally begins, and is always increased by calculating in a minute the exertion of hours.

Thus, in looking forward to future life, let us recollect that we have not to sustain all its toil, to endure all its sufferings, or en-

counter all its crosses at once. One moment comes laden with its own little burden, then flies, and is succeeded by another no heavier than the last; if *one* could be sustained, so can another, and another.

Even in looking forward to a single day, the spirit may sometimes faint from an anticipation of the duties, the labours, the trials to temper and patience that may be expected. Now this is unjustly laying the burden of many thousand moments upon *one*. Let any one resolve to do right *now*, leaving *then* to do as it can, and if he were to live to the age of Methuselah, he would never err. But the common error is, to resolve to act right *to-morrow*, or *next time*, but *now*, just *this once*, we must go on the same as ever.

It seems easier to do right to-morrow than to-day, merely because we forget that when to-morrow comes, *then* will be *now*. Thus life passes, with many, in resolutions for the future, which the present never fulfils.

It is not thus with those, who "by *patient continuance in well-doing*, seek for glory, honour, and immortality:"—day by day, minute by minute, they execute the appointed task, to which the requisite measure of time and strength is proportioned: and thus, having worked while it was called day, they at length rest from their labours, and "their works follow them."

Let us then, "whatever our hands find to do, do it with all our might," recollecting, that *now* is the proper and the accepted time.

The Author of "Essays in Rhyme" will be recognized in

#### THE PHILOSOPHER'S SCALES.

In days of yore, as Gothic fable tells,  
When learning dimly gleam'd from grated cells,  
When wild Astrology's distorted eye  
Shunn'd the fair field of true philosophy,  
And wand'ring through the depths of mental night,  
Sought dark predictions mid the worlds of light:---  
When curious Alchemy, with puzzled brow,  
Attempted things that Science laughs at now,  
Losing the useful purpose she consults,  
In vain chimeras and unknown results:  
In those grave times there lived a reverend sage,  
Whose wisdom shed its lustre on the age.  
A monk he was, immured in cloister'd walls,  
Where now the ivy'd ruin crumbling falls.  
'Twas a profound seclusion that he chose;  
The noisy world disturb'd not that repose:  
The flow of murmuring waters, day by day,  
And whistling winds, that forced their tardy way  
Thro' reverend trees, of ages' growth, that made,  
Around the holy pile, a deep monastic shade;  
The chanted psalm, or solitary prayer,---  
Such were the sounds that broke the silence there.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Twas here, when his rites sacerdotal were o'er,  
In the depth of his cell with its stone-covered floor,  
Resigning to thought his chimerical brain,  
He formed the contrivance we now shall explain:  
But whether by magic or alchemy's powers,  
We know not, indeed 'tis no business of ours:  
Perhaps it was only by patience and care,  
At last that he brought his invention to bear.  
In youth 'twas projected; but years stole away,  
And ere 'twas complete he was wrinkled and grey.  
But success is secure unless energy fails;  
And at length he produced *The Philosopher's Scales*:-

What were they ?---you ask : you shall presently see.  
 These scales were not made to weigh sugar and tea ;  
 O no ; for such properties wondrous had they,  
 That qualities, feelings, and thoughts they could weigh ;  
 Together with articles small or immense,  
 From mountains or planets, to atoms of sense :  
 Nought was there so bulky, but there it could lay ;  
 And nought so ethereal but there it would stay ;  
 And nought so reluctant but in it must go ;  
 All which some examples more clearly will show.

The first thing he tried was the head of *Voltaire*,  
 Which retain'd all the wit that had ever been there ;  
 As a weight he threw in a torn scrap of a leaf,  
 Containing the prayer of the penitent thief ;  
 When the skull rose aloft with so sudden a spell,  
 As to bound like a ball, on the roof of the cell.

Next time he put in *Alexander the Great*,  
 With a garment that *Dorcas* had made---for a weight ;  
 And tho' clad in armour from sandals to crown,  
 The hero rose up and the garment went down.

A long row of alms-houses, amply endow'd  
 By a well-esteemed pharisee, busy and proud,  
 Now loaded one scale, while the other was prest  
 By those mites the poor widow dropp'd into the chest :  
 Up flew the endowment, not weighing an ounce,  
 And down, down, the farthing's worth came with a bounce.

Again, he performed an experiment rare :  
 A monk, with austerities bleeding and bare,  
 Climbed into his scale ; in the other was laid  
 The heart of our *Howard*, now partly decayed ;  
 When he found, with surprise, that the whole of his brother  
 Weigh'd less, by some pounds, than this bit of the other.

By further experiments, (no matter how,)  
 He found that ten chariots weighed less than one plough.  
 A sword, with gilt trappings, rose up in the scale,  
 Though balanced by only a ten-penny nail :  
 A shield and a helmet, a huckler and spear,  
 Weighed less than a widow's uncrystallized tear.  
 A lord and a lady went up at full sail,  
 When a bee chanced to light on the opposite scale.  
 Ten doctors, ten lawyers, two courtiers, one earl,  
 Ten counsellors' wigs, full of powder and curl,  
 All heaped in one balance, and swinging from thence,  
 Weigh'd less than some atoms of candour and sense ;---  
 A first-water diamond, with brilliants begirt,  
 Than one good potatoe just washed from the dirt ;  
 Yet, not mountains of silver and gold would suffice,  
 One pearl to outweigh,---'twas the "pearl of great price."

At last the whole world was bowl'd in at the grate ;  
 With the soul of a beggar to serve for a weight ;  
 When the former sprang up with so strong a rebuff,  
 Than it made a vast rent and escaped at the roof ;  
 Whence, balanced in air, it ascended on high,  
 And sail'd up aloft---a balloon in the sky :  
 While the scale with the soul in, so mightily fell,  
 That it jerk'd the philosopher out of his cell.

#### MORAL.

Dear reader, if e'er self deception prevails,  
 We pray you to try *The Philosopher's Scales* :  
 But if they are lost in the ruins around,  
 Perhaps a good substitute thus may be found :---  
 Let *judgment* and *conscience* in circles be cut,  
 To which strings of *thought* may be carefully put :  
 Let these be made even with caution extreme,  
 And *impartiality* use for a beam :  
 Then bring those good actions which pride overrates,  
 And tear up your *motives* to serve for the weights.

We should have been tempted to transcribe the 'Complaint of the Dying Year,' a beautiful paper, had it not already been laid hold of by selectors and compilers, without being always fairly ascribed to the proper author.\* Mr. Montgomery, in his *Prose* by a Poet, has written the life of a flower, and an exquisite piece of vegetable biography

it is; but Miss Taylor has here presented us the 'Life of a Looking-Glass,' abounding with bright reflections. It is too long to transcribe. We must, however, make room for the entire paper entitled, 'How it strikes a stranger:?' it is, perhaps the most masterly in the collection.

#### HOW IT STRIKES A STRANGER.

In a remote period of antiquity, when the supernatural and the marvellous obtained a readier credence than now, it was fabled that a stranger of extraordinary appearance was observed pacing the streets of one of the magnificent cities of the east, remarking with an eye of intelligent curiosity every surrounding object. Several individuals gathering around him, questioned him concerning his country and his business; but they presently perceived that he was unacquainted with their language, and he soon discovered himself to be equally ignorant of the most common usages of society. At the same time, the dignity and intelligence of his air and demeanour forbade the idea of his being either a barbarian or a lunatic. When at length he understood by their signs, that they wished to be informed whence he came, he pointed with great significance to the sky; upon which the crowd, concluding him to be one of their deities, were proceeding to pay him divine honours: but he no sooner comprehended their design, than he rejected it with horror; and bending his knees and raising his hands towards heaven in the attitude of prayer, gave them to understand that he also was a worshipper of the powers above.

After a time, it is said, that the mysterious stranger accepted the hospitalities of one of the nobles of the city; under whose roof he applied himself with great diligence to the acquirement of the language, in which he made such surprising proficiency, that in a few days he was able to hold intelligent intercourse with those around him. The noble host now resolved to take an early opportunity of satisfying his curiosity respecting the country and quality of his guest: and upon his expressing this desire, the stranger assured him that he would answer his inquiries that evening after sunset. Accordingly, as night approached, he led him forth upon the balconies of the palace, which overlooked the wealthy and populous city. Innumerable lights from its busy streets and splendid palaces were now reflected in the dark bosom of its noble river; where stately vessels laden with rich merchandize from all parts of the known world, lay anchored in the port. This was a city in which the voice of the harp and the viol, and the sound of the millstone were continu-

ally heard: and craftsmen of all kinds of craft were there; and the light of a candle was seen in every dwelling; and the voice of the bridegroom and the voice of the bride were heard there. The stranger mused awhile upon the glittering scene, and listened to the confused murmur of mingling sounds. Then suddenly raising his eyes to the starry firmament, he fixed them with an expressive gaze on the beautiful evening star which was just sinking behind a dark grove that surrounded one of the principal temples of the city. "Marvel not," said he to his host, "that I am wont to gaze with fond affection on yonder silvery star. That was my home: yes, I was lately an inhabitant of that tranquil planet; from whence a vain curiosity has tempted me to wander. Often had I beheld with wondering admiration, this brilliant world of yours, ever one of the brightest gems of our firmament: and the ardent desire I had long felt to know something of its condition, was at length unexpectedly gratified. I received permission and power from above to traverse the mighty void, and to direct my course to this distant sphere. To that permission, however, one condition was annexed, to which my eagerness for the enterprize induced me hastily to consent; namely, that I must thenceforth remain an inhabitant of this strange earth, and undergo all the vicissitudes to which its natives are subject. Tell me, therefore, I pray you, what is the lot of man; and explain to me more fully than I yet understand, all that I hear and see around me."

"Truly, Sir," replied the astonished noble, "although I am altogether unacquainted with the manners and customs, products and privileges of your country, yet, methinks I cannot but congratulate you on your arrival in our world; especially since it has been your good fortune to alight on a part of it affording such various sources of enjoyment as this our opulent and luxurious city. And be assured it will be my pride and pleasure to introduce you to all that is most worthy the attention of such a distinguished foreigner."

Our adventurer, accordingly, was presently initiated in those arts of luxury and pleasure which were there well understood. He was introduced by his obliging host, to their public games and festivals; to their

\* It appears in the "Common-Place Book of Prose," (a neat and tasteful little scrap-book, printed at Edinburgh in 1823,) with the name of the Rev. Dr. Henderson attached to it. The Editor should have abstained from giving the name of the supposed author of an anonymous paper without better information.—[As it will be new to the American reader, the editors of the *Athenaeum* have inserted it at the close of this article.]



theatrical diversions and convivial assemblies; and in a short time he began to feel some relish for amusements, the meaning of which, at first, he could scarcely comprehend. The next lesson which it became desirable to impart to him, was the necessity of acquiring wealth as the only means of obtaining pleasure. A fact which was no sooner understood by the stranger, than he gratefully accepted the offer of his friendly host to place him in a situation in which he might amass riches. To this object he began to apply himself with diligence; and was becoming in some measure reconciled to the manners and customs of our planet, strangely as they differed from those of his own, when an incident occurred which gave an entirely new direction to his energies.

It was but a few weeks after his arrival on our earth, when, walking in the cool of the day with his friend in the outskirts of the city, his attention was arrested by the appearance of a spacious enclosure near which they passed; he inquired the use to which it was appropriated.

"It is," replied the nobleman, "a place of public interment."

"I do not understand you," said the stranger.

"It is the place," repeated his friend, "where we bury our dead."

"Excuse me, Sir," replied his companion, with some embarrassment, "I must trouble you to explain yourself yet further."

The nobleman repeated the information in still plainer terms.

"I am still at a loss to comprehend you perfectly," said the stranger, turning deadly pale. "This must relate to something of which I was not only totally ignorant in my own world, but of which I have, as yet, had no intimation in yours. I pray you, therefore, to satisfy my curiosity; for if I have any clue to your meaning, this, surely, is a matter of more mighty concernment than any to which you have hitherto directed me."

"My good friend," replied the nobleman, "you must be indeed a novice amongst us, if you have yet to learn that we must all, sooner or later, submit to take our place in these dismal abodes; nor will I deny that it is one of the least desirable of the circumstances which appertain to our condition; for which reason it is a matter rarely referred to in polished society, and this accounts for your being hitherto uninformed on the subject. But truly, Sir, if the inhabitants of the place whence you came are not liable to any similar misfortune, I advise you to betake yourself back again with all speed; for be assured there is no escape here; nor could I guarantee your safety for a single hour."

"Alas," replied the adventurer, "I must submit to the conditions of my enterprise; of which, till now, I little understood the import. But explain to me, I beseech you, something more of the nature and consequences of this wondrous metamorphosis, and tell me at what period it most commonly happens to man."

While he thus spoke, his voice faltered, and his whole frame shook violently; his countenance was pale as death, and a cold dew stood in large drops upon his forehead.

By this time his companion, finding the discourse becoming more serious than was

agreeable, declared that he must refer him to the priests for further information; this subject being very much out of his province.

"How!" exclaimed the stranger, "then I cannot have understood you;--do the priests only die?--are not you to die also?"

His friend, evading these questions, hastily conducted his importunate companion to one of their magnificent temples, where he gladly consigned him to the instructions of the priesthood.

The emotion which the stranger had betrayed when he received the first idea of death, was yet slight in comparison with that which he experienced as soon as he gathered from the discourses of the priests, some notion of immortality, and of the alternative of happiness or misery in a future state. But this agony of mind was exchanged for transport when he learned, that, by the performance of certain conditions before death, the state of happiness might be secured. His eagerness to learn the nature of these terms, excited the surprise and even the contempt of his sacred teachers. They advised him to remain satisfied for the present with the instructions he had received, and to defer the remainder of the discussion till the morrow.

"How," exclaimed the novice, "say you not that death may come at any hour?--may it not then come this hour?--and what if it should come before I have performed these conditions! Oh! withhold not this excellent knowledge from me a single moment!"

The priests, suppressing a smile at his simplicity, then proceeded to explain their Theology to their attentive auditor: but who shall describe the ecstasy of his happiness when he was given to understand, that the required conditions were, generally, of easy and pleasant performance; and that the occasional difficulties or inconveniences which might attend them, would entirely cease with the short term of his earthly existence. "If, then, I understand you rightly," said he to his instructors, "this event which you call death, and which seems in itself strangely terrible, is most desirable and blissful. What a favour is this which is granted to me, in being sent to inhabit a planet in which I can die!" The priests again exchanged smiles with each other; but their ridicule was wholly lost upon the enraptured stranger.

When the first transports of his emotion had subsided, he began to reflect with some uneasiness on the time he had already lost since his arrival.

"Alas, what have I been doing!" exclaimed he. "This gold which I have been collecting, tell me, reverend priests, will it avail me any thing when the thirty or forty years are expired which, you say, I may possibly sojourn in your planet?"

"Nay," replied the priests, "but verily you will find it of excellent use so long as you remain in it."

"A very little of it shall suffice me," replied he: "for consider, how soon this period will be past; what avails it what my condition may be for so short a season? I will betake myself, from this hour, to the grand concerns of which you have charitably informed me."

Accordingly, from that period, continues the legend, the stranger devoted himself to

the performance of those conditions on which, he was told, his future welfare depended; but, in so doing, he had an opposition to encounter wholly unexpected, and for which he was even at a loss to account. By thus devoting his chief attention to his chief interests, he excited the surprise, the contempt, and even the enmity of most of the inhabitants of the city; and they rarely mentioned him but with a term of reproach, which has been variously rendered in all the modern languages.

Nothing could equal the stranger's surprise at this circumstance; as well as that of his fellow citizens appearing, generally, so extremely indifferent as they did to their own interests. That they should have so

little prudence and forethought as to provide only for their necessities and pleasures for that short part of their existence in which they were to remain in this planet, he could consider only as the effect of disordered intellect; so that he even returned their incivilities to himself, with affectionate exostulation, accompanied by lively emotions of compassion and amazement.

If ever he was tempted for a moment to violate any of the conditions of his future happiness, he bewailed his own madness with agonizing emotions: and to all the invitations he received from others to do any thing inconsistent with his real interests, he had but one answer,—"Oh," he would say, "I am to die—I am to die."

The Honourable Mr. Spencer's elegant poetical dialogue between How d'ye do and Good bye, probably suggested the beautiful stanzas entitled,

#### NOW AND THEN.

In distant days of wild romance,  
Of magic mist and fable;  
When stones could argue, trees advance,  
And brutes to talk were able;  
When shrubs and flowers were said to preach,  
And manage all the parts of speech:

'Twas then, no doubt, if 'twas at all,  
(But doubts we need not mention,)  
That THEN and Now, two adverbs small,  
Engaged in sharp contention;  
But how they made each other hear,  
Tradition doth not make appear.

THEN was a sprite of subtle frame,  
With rainbow tints invested;  
On clouds of dazzling light she came,  
And stars her forehead crested;  
Her sparkling eye of azure hue,  
Seem'd borrow'd from the distant blue.

NOW rested on the solid earth,  
And sober was her vesture;  
She seldom either grief or mirth  
Express'd by word or gesture;  
Composed, sedate, and firm she stood,  
And look'd industrious, calm, and good.

THEN, sang a wild fantastic song,  
Light as the gale she flies on:  
Still stretching, as she sail'd along,  
Towards the fair horizon;  
Where clouds of radiance, fringed with gold,  
O'er hills of emerald beauty roll'd.

Now, rarely rais'd her sober eye  
To view that golden distance;  
Nor let one idle minute fly  
In hope of THEN's assistance;  
But still, with husy hands, she stood,  
Intent on doing *present* good.

She ate the sweet but homely fare  
That passing moments brought her;  
While THEN, expecting dainties rare,  
Despised such bread and water:  
And waited for the fruits and flowers  
Of future, still receding hours.

Now, venturing once to ask her why,  
She answer'd with invective;

And pointed, as she made reply,  
Towards that long perspective  
Of years to come, in distant blue,  
Wherein she meant to *live* and *do*.

"Alas," says she, "how hard your toil,  
With undiverted sadness:  
Behold yon land of wine and oil,---  
Those sunny hills of gladness;  
Those joys I wait with eager brow,"---  
"And so you always will," said Now.

"That fairy land, that looks so real,  
Recedes as you pursue it;  
Thus while you wait for times ideal,  
I take my work and do it;  
Intent to form, when time is gone,  
A pleasant past to look upon."

"Ah, well," said THEN, "I envy not  
Your dull fatiguing labours;  
Aspiring to a brighter lot,  
With thousands of my neighbours,  
Soon as I reach that golden hill? ---  
"But that," says Now, "you never will."

"And e'en suppose you should," said she,  
"(Though mortal ne'er attain'd it,)---  
Your nature you must change with me  
The moment you had gained it:  
Since hope fulfill'd, (you must allow,)  
Turns NOW to THEN, and THEN to NOW."

We must not indulge in further citations; and yet, there is one poem which, equally on account of the theme, and the manner in which it is treated, we cannot pass over. It is the tender and touching effusion of a congenial spirit on visiting the garden and summer-house of Cowper.

ON VISITING COWPER'S GARDEN, and SUMMER HOUSE at OLNEY.

Are these the trees?---Is this the place?  
These roses, did they bloom for him?  
Trode he these walks with thoughtful pace?  
Pass'd he amid these borders trim!

Is this the bower?---a humble shed  
Methinks it seems for such a guest?  
Why rise not columns, dome-bespread,  
By art's elaborate fingers drest?

Art waits on wealth;---there let her roam---  
Her fabrics rear, her temples gild:  
But Genius, when he seeks a home,  
Must send for Nature's self to build.

This quiet garden's humble bound,  
This homely roof, this rustic fane,  
With playful tendrils twining round,  
And woodbines peeping at the pane:---

That tranquil, tender sky of blue,  
Where clouds of golden radiance skim,  
Those ranging trees of varied hue---  
These were the sights that solaced him.

We slept within:---at once on each  
A feeling steals, so undefined;  
In vain we seek to give it speech---  
'Tis silent homage paid to Mind.

They tell us here he thought and wrote,  
On this low seat---reclining thus;  
Ye garden breezes, as ye float,  
Why bear ye no such thoughts to us?



Perhaps the balmy air was fraught  
With breath of heaven ;--or did he toil  
In precious mines of sparkling thought  
Conceal'd beneath the curious soil ?

Did zephyrs bear on golden wings  
Rich treasures from the honied dew ?  
Or are there here celestial springs  
Of living waters whence he drew ?

And here he suffer'd !---this recess,  
Where even Nature fail'd to cheer,  
Has witness'd oft his deep distress,  
And precious drops have fallen here !

Here are no richly sculptured urns  
The consecrated dust to cover ;  
But Nature smiles and weeps, by turns,  
In memory of her fondest lover.

## THE COMPLAINT OF THE DYING YEAR.

AN ALLEGORY. BY JANE TAYLOR.

Reclining on a couch of fallen leaves, wrapped in fleecy mantle, with withered limbs, hoarse voice, and snowy beard, appears a venerable old man. His pulse beats feebly, his breath becomes shorter ; he exhibits every mark of approaching dissolution.

This is old Eighteen Hundred and Seventeen ; and as every class of readers must remember him a young man, as rosy and blithesome as themselves, they will, perhaps, feel interested in hearing some of his dying expressions, with a few particulars of his past life. His existence is still likely to be prolonged a few days by the presence of his daughter *December*, the last and sole survivor of his twelve fair children ; but it is thought the father and daughter will expire together. The following are some of the expressions which have been taken down as they fell from his dying lips :---

"I am," said he, "the son of old father *Time*, and the last of a numerous progeny ; for he has had no less than five thousand eight hundred and seventeen of us ; but it has ever been his fate to see one child expire before another was born. It is the opinion of some, that his own constitution is beginning to break up, and that, when he has given birth to a hundred or two more of us, his family will be complete, and then he himself will be no more."

Here the Old Year called for his account book, and turned over the pages with a sorrowful eye. He has kept, it appears, an accurate account of the moments, minutes, hours, and months which he has issued, and subjoined, in some places, memorandums of the uses to which they have been applied, and of the losses he has sustained. These particulars it would be tedious to detail, and perhaps the recollection of the reader may furnish them as well or better ; but we must notice one circumstance ; upon turning to a certain page in his accounts, the old man was much affected, and the tears streamed down his furrowed cheeks as he examined it. This was the register of the forty-eight Sundays which he had issued ; and which, of all the wealth he had to dispose of, has been, it appears, the most scandalously wasted. "These," said he, "were my most precious gifts. I had but fifty-two of them

to bestow. Alas ! how lightly have they been esteemed !" Here, upon referring back to certain old memorandums, he found a long list of vows and resolutions, which had a particular reference to these fifty-two Sundays. This with a mingled emotion of grief and anger, he tore into a hundred pieces, and threw them on the embers, by which he was endeavouring to warm his shivering limbs.

"I feel, however," said he, "more pity than indignation towards these offenders, since they were far greater enemies to themselves than to me. But there are a few outrageous ones, by whom I have been defrauded of so much of my substance, that it is difficult to think of them with patience, particularly that notorious thief *Procrastination*, of whom every body has heard, and who is well known to have wronged my venerable father of much of his property. There are also three noted ruffians, *Sleep*, *Sloth*, and *Pleasure*, from whom I have suffered much ; besides a certain busy-body called *Dress*, who, under pretence of making the most of me, and taking great care of me, steals away more of my gifts than any two of them."

"As for me, all must acknowledge that I have performed my part towards my friends and foes. I have fulfilled my utmost promise, and been more bountiful than many of my predecessors. My twelve fair children have, each in their turn, aided my exertions ; and their various tastes and dispositions have all conducted to the general good. Mild *February*, who sprinkled the naked boughs with delicate buds, and brought her wonted offering of early flowers, was not of more essential service than that rude blustering boy, *March*, who, though violent in his temper, was well-intentioned and useful.---*April* a gentle tender-hearted girl, wept for his loss, yet cheered me with many a smile. *June* came crowned with roses, and sparkling in sunbeams, and laid up a store of costly ornaments for her luxuriant successors : But I cannot stop to enumerate the good qualities and graces of all my children. You, my poor *December*, dark in your complexion, and cold in your temper, greatly resemble my first-born *January*, with this

difference, that he was most prone to anticipation, and you to reflection.

"If there should be any, who, upon hearing my dying lamentation, may feel regret that they have not treated me more kindly, I would beg leave to hint, that it is yet in their power to make some compensation for their past conduct, by rendering me, during my few remaining days, as much service as is in their power; let them testify the sincerity of their sorrow by an immediate alteration in their behaviour. It would give me particular pleasure to see my only surviving child treated with respect: let no one slight her offerings: she has a considerable part of my property still to dispose of, which, if well employed, will turn to good account. Not to mention the rest, there is one precious Sunday yet in her gift; it would cheer my last moments to know that this had been better prized than the past.

"It is very likely that, at least after my decease, many may reflect upon themselves for their misconduct towards me: to such I would leave it as my dying injunction, not to

waste time in unavailing regret; all their wishes and repentance will not recal me to life. I shall never, never return! I would rather earnestly recommend to their regard my youthful successor, whose appearance is shortly expected. I cannot hope to survive long enough to introduce him; but I would fain hope that he will meet with a favourable reception; and that, in addition to the flattering honours which greeted my birth, and the fair promises which deceived my hopes, more diligent exertion and more persevering efforts may be expected. Let it be remembered, that one honest endeavour is worth ten fair promises."

Having thus spoken, the Old Year fell back on his couch, nearly exhausted, and trembling so violently as to shake the last shower of yellow leaves from his canopy. Let us all hasten to testify our gratitude for his services, and repentance for the abuse of them, by improving the remaining days of his existence, and by remembering the solemn promises we made him in his youth.

How swiftly pass our years!  
How soon their night comes on!  
A train of hopes and fears,  
And human life is gone!  
See the fair SUMMER now is past;  
The foliage late that clad the trees,  
Stript by the equinoxial blast,  
Falls, like the dewdrops on the breeze!

Cold WINTER hastens on!  
Fair Nature feels his grasp;  
Weeps o'er all her beauties gone,  
And sighs their glory past!  
So, LIFE, thy Summer soon will end,  
Thine Autumn too will quick decay,  
And Winter come, when thou shalt bend  
Within the tomb to mould away.

But Summer will return,  
In all her beauties dressed!  
Nature shall rejoice again,  
And be by man caressed!  
But, oh! Life's summer passed away,  
Can never, never hope return!  
Cold winter comes, with cheerless ray,  
To beam upon its dreary urn!

Then may we daily seek  
A mansion in the skies,  
Where Summers never cease,  
And glory never dies!  
There an eternal SPRING shall bloom,  
With joys as vast as angels' powers!  
And thrice ten thousand harps in tune  
Shall praise the love that made it ours.

#### PHENOMENON ON THE DEVONSHIRE COAST.

**A** CIRCUMSTANCE took place on a part of the maritime coast of this county, on Wednesday or Thursday, the 13th or 15th July (for my informant, though an intelligent seaman, could not recollect the exact day), which you will, no doubt, think deserving the attention of your philoso-

phical readers, and I therefore communicate to you the details I received of this phenomenon from the respectable person above mentioned, who seems to have observed it with peculiar accuracy.

The weather had been fine for some days preceding this event, the winds

being light and variable, but principally blowing from the South-east and South-west quarters, as is usual on the western coast in all this season of the year. The atmosphere seemed to be charged with electric matter, but no evolution of it had taken place in the neighbourhood whence my report is made; though from the South-west and at a considerable distance, a continual peal of thunder was heard, which lasted for many hours. From nine to eleven o'clock A. M. being a few hours before low water of neap-tide, a reflux of the tide took place with such great rapidity, that large boats of nine and ten tons burden, which were, to use the seaman's phrase, "high and dry" upon the beach of the river Dart, at about four miles from its *embouchure*, and at fourteen or fifteen paces from the verge of the river, were set afloat in the space of a few seconds. This reflux of the tide came up the river in the form of a huge wave, called by the fisherman a *boar* (or *bore*), which moved with so much velocity than some small boats exposed to its action were in imminent danger of being upset. A succession of this flux took place after the space of some minutes, and it continued to recur, though in a slight degree, at intervals of ten minutes, or a quarter of an hour, till low water, and for an hour or two after the flood-tide.

The occurrence above related will awaken in the minds of some of your older Correspondents (who may recollect the disastrous convulsions of the earth and sea, which devastated Lisbon in 1756, and more lately the earthquakes by which Sienna and its neighbourhood in Italy, Messina in Sicily, and all the contiguous coasts of Calabria were visited,) the apprehension of similar disasters in some parts of Europe; for I believe there are no instances upon record of the electrical influences having been extended to greater distances than the confines of that quarter of the world. An octogenarian with whom I have conversed, and who has served the office of the clerk of the parish whence this report comes upwards of 53 years, perfectly remembers that appearances of

the same nature as that above described took place, to the great dismay and terror of the village, immediately previous to the destruction of Lisbon. An interest was excited in the event which fastens on the memory whatever seemed to have any connexion with it; though in that day it was little suspected that any physical cause acting upon a place so remote as Lisbon, was likely to evince its influence, and that in a manner so simultaneous as to put all doubt out of the question, upon places so far removed out of its hemisphere.

A circumstance of a similar kind is related, I think, by Swinburne, either in the History of his Travels in Naples, &c. or in some subsequent production: he states, that the late Mr. Brydone (author of that beautiful work, entitled "a Tour through Sicily and Malta") was on a visit to him at his house in Northumberland or Durham, and remarked to him on a certain day "that such were the extraordinary variations of his barometer, as to convince him that some considerable derangement of the order of nature was taking place at the time in some part of Europe." It afterwards proved to be the day when that dreadful earthquake took place in Sicily and Calabria, of which Sir William Hamilton has given so accurate and interesting account, and to which the destruction of a great part of the fine city of Messina and of Taormina, together with that of Reggio, Scilla, and other small towns in Ultra-Calabria, was owing.

The incident of the "huge wave," an expression, I believe, borrowed from Sir William Hamilton, as applying to the *boar* (*bore*), which my Devonshire fisherman has described to me, is remarked in Sir William's account of this disaster, as taking place on the coast of Calabria. Not many years after its occurrence, travelling into these countries, I passed some time at Reggio and Scilla, which then bore the marks of the ruin they had been involved in. At the latter place I met with a respectable and sensible apothecary, who was one of the comparatively few of its inhabitants that had escaped the destruction which this



"wave" brought upon the great majority. He stated to me, as indeed Sir William Hamilton relates, that, in order to avoid the imminent danger attending the fall of houses in the town, by which several persons had been killed, the greater part of the inhabitants ran to the large beach extending along the shore from the point of Scilla, towards Reggio, where they erected tents, and remained part of the day and night in perfect security. It was the good fortune of this gentleman to be too infirm to accompany his son and his family to this place of shelter, and he remained in his garden, which was a little out of, and above the town.

At what period of the day or night I do not now recollect (and not having Sir William's book with me cannot ascertain with precision, nor indeed is it of importance,) the exact hour; but on the instant a tremendous *wave* was seen approaching the beach, which, exaggerated perhaps by the terror of the beholders, seemed to be of from forty to fifty feet in height, and before they had power to take measures for escaping, swallowed up, "at one fell swoop," as Shakspeare expresses it, the whole of this devoted party, consisting in all of from twelve to fifteen hundred persons.

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### *The Scraphiad.*

A MAN of sensibility is always either in the attic of ecstasies, or the cellar of sorrow; either jumping with joy, or groaning with grief. But pleasure and pain are like a cucumber,—the extremes are good for nothing. I once heard a late minister compared to the same vegetable, "For," said the punster, "his *ends* are bad."

That the style of such writings as are intended to attract the public eye be more elevated than that of private letters, is as requisite as it is for the pulpit of a preacher to be somewhat above the level of his auditors.

By too constant association, the sincerest friendship may be estranged, or rather, obliterated; as the richest coins are defaced by the friction of each other.

Different periods of time, when their order has faded from the memory, seem all consolidated into one; as the distant horizon appears to mingle with the sky.

An open countenance is like the face of a dial,—showing clearly what passes within.

If perfection were ever once beheld, we should be so fully convinced of

the impossibility of equalling it, as to give up all attempts at imitation.

It is beauty whose frown is the most awful: no tempest equals that of a summer sky.

The best way to silence a talkative person is never to interrupt him. Do not snuff the candle, and it will go out of itself.

Anger is most fearful when unaccompanied by tears: it is lightning without rain.

When first we enter a crowd, there is little to be done but to push on through those before us, while our limbs are fresh and our spirits high; but we soon feel that multitudes are gathering behind us, and that the most we can hope, with probability of success, is to maintain our ground in advance of the new comers. And thus it is in a literary life. We set out, with a view of overtaking our forerunners in the chace; but eventually find it sufficiently toilsome to preserve our advantage over those youthful competitors who are momentarily threatening to outstrip us.

## AMERICAN WRITERS.

**T**WO or three omissions, and one or two alphabetical irregularities (hardly to be avoided, in the first concoction of an index, without assistance,) have been discovered—by ourselves—in two or three of our late papers, concerning the affairs of North America. —Our justification—for we never make an apology—is that we write altogether from recollection, without a book of any kind: a note, or a hint, of any name, or nature, to freshen our memories with. Books, indeed, except as a reference for dates, words, and figures, three things which we carefully avoid, whenever they *can* be avoided, with decency—believing on our oaths, that there is nothing so insupportable, in *this* world, as unnecessary precision—books, indeed, would be out of the question; for we profess to supply that, which cannot be found in any book or books, whatever. And as for notes and memoranda, about matters and things in general, we are of those, who take them, as they do perceptions of beauty—sound and colour—flavour and hue—*only* upon the invisible tablets of the heart and mind; *only* into the *lighted* chambers of both.—We use no *camera obscura*; make no drawings—no sketches—blot no paper with hints, every one of which, over a sea-coal fire, or *in* it, as the case may be (that generally depending upon another question—as whether it be in print or in manuscript; the property of the author and the purchaser, &c.)—at some future period may become the nucleus of a chapter—perchance, of a volume.—We like to carry our young till they are fully grown, where nature intended them to be carried—not in memorandum-books, cotton, raw-silk, or hand-baskets—within us, not without—in our hearts, not in our hands:—and would be delivered of them, if not precisely as Jove was, of his, in panoply complete—at least, not before their teeth and claws are grown, so that they can take care of themselves. A short season of gestation is bad enough—but whelp-

ing in a hurry is the devil—one full-grown cub of the lion (as we have well nigh said before) will outlive a litter of lap-dogs.

We make no apologies, as we *have* said before; but—but we do what is better, we make atonement; correct our irregularities, and supply our omissions, just so fast as they become obvious to ourselves—but no faster.

We shall do it, on this occasion (after a few minutes,) because we pique ourselves, not a little, upon our scrupulous impartiality, truth, exactness, and plain dealing, in our treatment of whatever concerns the United States of North America:—a country, about which, all circumstances considered, there would seem to be not only a lamentable mis-apprehension, but a lamentable ignorance, in quarters, where one might look for better things; for positive and exact information,—instead of rigmaroll (serious or profane)—for manly and severe criticism, instead of loose rambling, and superfluous recrimination:—among those who are extravagantly partial to whatever is American, chiefly because it is *not* English—and partly, because it *is* American; and among those, who are as decidedly partial to whatever is English—chiefly because it *is* English, and partly, because it is *not* American. —Many laughable, some serious, some provoking, and some extraordinary errors, concerning one another, *do* prevail, at this hour, among both of these great parties—on both sides of the Atlantic:—errors, which, if they be not speedily seen to, with a strong hand, or a sharp knife, will sow their own seed; multiply and perpetuate their poison; drug the very atmosphere with mischief; overgrow and strangle whatever is wholesome or precious in the neighbourhood of our posterity, on both sides of the water. —This must not be—shall not be—if we can prevent it: and we shall try hard.—Let Americans be what they pretend—Americans. Let our men of Great Britain be what *they* pretend

—Britons—let each *prefer* his own country, as he would his own mother; let each be *partial*, if you please, in any reasonable degree, to his own country,—for that is natural—(nay, to be otherwise, were so *un-natural*, that we should suspect any man's heart, and pity his understanding, who should not be somewhat partial—so far as affection, or judgment, but not veracity, were concerned—to his own country; just as we should *his* understanding and heart, who should not be *partial* to his own mother :)—but, while we say this; while we encourage a natural partiality, in every man's *heart*, for his own country, and his own mother; and are ready to forgive much—very much, that proceeds from an affection so honourable to humanity, even when it influences the *head*—Yet, we see no reason for encouraging anybody in running afoul of other people's countries and mothers :—and are not very willing, either to overlook or forgive, the folly and wickedness of that man, be he who he may, who, in the superfluity of his affection and zeal, for what relates to his own country, and his own home, is eternally breaking in upon the repose of every other man's country and home.—Defence is one thing—attack another. A brave manly quarrel, in withstanding aggression, is always creditable :—but, where we are the aggressor, shameful. Family feuds are absurd: national feuds, worse. Nothing was ever gained by either—not even reputation.

Would you flatter the Americans?—Don't puff them—don't exaggerate—stick to the truth. There is no flattery in falsehood. Acquaint yourselves thoroughly with your subject: and, whatever else you do, speak the plain truth. Poetry, declamation, rhetoric, and all that, are out of place; wit, is mischievous; and humour, profane, (unless employed for seasoning; and *only* for seasoning,) on a subject of such importance. Nothing can be worse, for the stomach of this public, nor in much worse taste, than to dish up anything American—game or not game; wild meat,\* or not—with a

superabundance of sweet sauce, or Cayenne pepper.—No—if you treat of America at all, do it soberly—righteously—in the main however, you may have to sprinkle it, now and then, with fire and brimstone, for the palate of the over-fed.

And so, too—if you would be severe on the Americans; severe, we mean, to any good purpose, either for yourself, or for them—for your country, or for theirs; severe, beyond the petty tingling sarcasm of the hour; severe, beyond the miserable severity of that miserable insect, which *cannot* sting but once—and then, dies;—that noisy nothing, which, when it is exasperated, strikes in a hurry—and is glad to escape in a hurry—always losing his weapon—often his life—never drawing blood—and sometimes backing out, like the scorpion by downright suicide—or, as the fashion is to call it now, be derangement, visitation, or accidental death :—if you would be severe on the Americans, in a better way—a way more worthy of yourself, if you are a man—speak the truth of them. *Nothing cuts like the truth*:—or, as the *Quarterly* would have it, in a late criticism, *not anything*—cuts like the truth.

In one word—Let us understand what we are talking about, whether we praise and condemn these brother Jonathans, these western Englishmen; these children of *our* fathers—on the other side of the world.—To illustrate our observations, to some purpose—from recent occurrences—we would ask what can be more absurd, in the estimation of a statesman; or more wicked in that of any person, of common-sense, or common humanity, than to hear the people of America called our *inveterate* enemies, our *implacable* enemies—and, worst of all, our *NATURAL* enemies,—Our *natural* enemies !—for what?—Why, forsooth, because (if they can help it—which is very doubtful) they won't let us manufacture for *them*: and, because, if they *can* (which is, also, very doubtful) they *will* manufacture for themselves.—Does that make them

\* As the late case of MR. JOHN D. HUNTER---for example, of whom a word by and by.



our *natural* enemies?—we have no fear—nor they, any hope, (unless their heads are turned), of their ever being able to out-manufacture us; or to undersell us, in any but their own markets: nor even there without a system of taxation, which, whatever may be the ultimate good, operates in a very equivocal manner, *now*, by obliging one part of the community to maintain the other, without an equivalent;—that is, by obliging the consumer to feed the manufacturer, by purchasing of him, at much higher prices than he *might* purchase elsewhere.

This is their look-out—not ours—They won't employ us for ever—granted—but what right have *we* to complain?—They do not become our *natural* enemies, by refusing to employ us—it is only by out-working us; or underselling us to a third party.—O, but they *are* our natural enemies, nevertheless.—Why?—Because they multiply so fast—empire upon empire—from ocean to ocean.—Alas! if they were not their *own* enemies—the most unnatural of all enemies—they would roll back again to their ancient boundaries—retreat into their citadel, the thirteen Original States—or, at least, build a wall of brass about them, for a place of refuge, in the time, that *will* come.—They are, now, in a fair way to fall asunder by their own weight—or perish, like a monster, by exhaustion of the heart, while the extremities are preternaturally enlarged.—New England is the heart of the confederacy.—New York and Pennsylvania, the back-bone—but, at the rate they are now going on, they will soon want a dozen such hearts, and as many more such back-bones, to keep them in shape.

Some people talk of staying the northern inundation, by making use of Mexico. This cannot be done—the very idea is absurd—childish—Mexico would be swept away, before it could muster on the frontiers—but if it could, why should it be done?—Is it either wise, necessary, or expedient?—*Are* the people of the United States—are they indeed our *NATURAL* enemies?—If they are, it is time to

look about us—and if they are, in the name of God, where are we to look for our natural friends?—If we cannot look to them, who are of the same blood, and the same religion; whose language is the same; whose laws are the same; whose very form of government is more like ours, than any other government upon earth; whose literature is the same; whose antipathies and prejudices are the same—where shall we look—to whom?—

One word more—the people of North America know their own interest. They do not want anybody to flatter them.—They know, for they are a shrewd people, take them all in all, that highly-colored, romantic stories, & superfine rhapsodies, about anything, which *is* really excellent, only serve to make it ridiculous: that eulogy, however well meant, or delicately flavoured, is pretty sure to do more harm, than good; that intemperate praise provokes intemperate ridicule, or censure; eulogy, satire—and that, the bitterness and asperity of the counteracting dose, are *intended*, wisely enough, to overcome the nausea, which is natural to him, who has unexpectedly, or accidentally, swallowed a small quantity of unadulterated eulogium—*accidentally*, we say, because nobody—not even the subject of eulogium, will swallow it, if he *knows* what it is.

“Praise undeserved, is censure in disguise.”—This is a favourite copy-slip in America.—“Heaven save us from our friends! *we* will take care of our enemies”—they say, also, when they read such beautiful books, as have been made about them lately.—They know well, that the droll, stupid blundering of Messieurs Fearon, Faux, and Co., on one side of the water; and the worse than blundering—the lies—of the ‘NEW-ENGLAND-MAN,’ on the other; and the everlasting misrepresentation, falsehood, and confusion of the newspaper-gentry, on both sides, are soon laughed out of countenance; overborne by weightier proof; smothered in their own dust, or consumed in their own acrimony.

The brother Jonathans will never think the worse of us—whatever they

may think of our common sense, if, on taking up one of our papers, they come upon a paragraph headed 'AMERICAN ABSURDITY'; and containing an extract from one of *their* papers,\* wherein they had spoken very handsomely of two or three English travellers; (recommending them with emphasis, to the hospitality of the Americans;) and expressed a proper anxiety for the promotion of a good understanding between America and Great Britain:—No—nor will they think a whit the better of Mr. Matthews, when they come to hear that after the *first* night representation of his '*Jonathan in London*' he left out—precisely the best thing in it\*—in consequence of a little shuffling in the pit, made, probably, by some junior Americans (fresh from the dinner table)—who never well understood what they were shuffling about,—at least, we should hope so, in charity.

But enough. We have been surpris-

sed into these remarks by the occurrences of the day.—Let us proceed, now, on our course. In speaking lately of the AMERICAN PAINTERS, we omitted one, who *is* an American; one, who passes for an American; and some three or four, actually in London, of whom we knew little or nothing.—We shall despatch the whole of *them*, therefore, in double quick time.

R. SULLY: (nephew of T. Sully, touched off in our former number.)—PORTRAIT. A native American (Virginia)—young—enthusiastic; and willing to work hard: has good notions of drawing; has been under a capital master (his uncle, T. S.); handles the crayon remarkably well—for an American; has had some practice in painting from life; and, if he have patience, will undoubtedly make a figure.

BOUMAN—PORTRAIT. A native American, we believe: now in London; a worthy man; but we *know*, of our-

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\* Speaking of American Papers—one word on a late MIRACLE, taken out of the Norfolk Beacon; which seems to be doubted here, while it is going the rounds. We care nothing for the 200 persons who saw it; nor for the testimony of the Rev. gentleman that swore to it; but, we rely on the probability of the story.—It proves itself.—What is it?—Only that the face of Miss Narcissa Crippin, on the 19th of August, 'say, about 8 o'clock' (she being so 'operated' upon by some '*spirit*' at a *camp-meeting*), 'became too bright and shining, for mortal eyes to gaze upon,' &c. &c.—'It resembled the reflection of the sun upon a bright cloud'—The appearance of her face *for forty minutes* was truly angelic—(no doubt, only observe the *reason*)—during which time *she was silent*—(this, we take, to be the MIRACLE).—'After which, she *spoke*—when her countenance *gradually faded*!'—There!—that is all. Now, we ask what there is improbable (bating the *silence*—which we have high authority to believe *possible*—for the same length of time, where women are supposed to be—*to wit*—in heaven)—in all this?—Do you still doubt?—make the experiment for yourself. Persuade any woman, if you *can*, to hold her tongue for 'forty minutes;' and see if her face doesn't *shine*—*aye*, and *fade away*, too,—when she opens her mouth.

† The passage was to this effect. We were not present on the *first* night; but we are assured of what we say—and *know* "of our own knowledge," as the law-people say—that, whatever it was, it is left out *now*. The English negress tells the Yankee "nigger"—a slave—that, having set foot on English ground, he is *free*.—"FREE!—What is that?" says he—"I have heard a great deal about *him*, in America; but never knew what *he* meant."—Now—why is this passage left out?—Is it untrue—absurd—or what?—Does an American slave *know* anything about what liberty *means*—in America? No—he does not. Why, then, do the blockheads leave it out?—Because other blockheads have chosen to kick up their heels about it. What! is it come to this?—Are we to be intimidated in this way, by boys?—Are our public performers afraid of speaking the truth?—Are we to feed the Americans with sop and candle?—The young of the British Lion, with pap?—No—let us rather give them that—if it be medicine—which will take the hair off—try what they are made of—their "bone and gristle,"—about which Edmund Burke said so many fine things—Ay, and give it scalding hot, when justifiable, though it take the skin from their plated ware—raise a blister on the solid metal below, whatever it be, gold or brass, iron or steel, set fire to their tinsel, and show what there is underneath. Grant everything in favour of the United States; grant everything against ourselves; grant, if you please, that we keep slaves in our colonies; that we introduced them into America (which is not strictly true, by the way); that Virginia herself made the first proposal that ever was made, for the abolition of slavery, (as the Marquis of Lansdowne asserts, on the authority of 'Mr. JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE,'—a very splendid—very honest—and very crazy gentleman, who represents Virginia in the Lower House of Congress); that the work of emancipation is going on, gradually, in America; that slavery is unknown throughout *New-England*, and some of the other States; that there has been everything but open war to prevent it, in certain of the new States; that America was the *first* power to declare the taking of slaves, *piracy*; grant all this—Yet—yet—enough remains of *inconsistency* in herself—and of *truth* in the sarcasm, to justify it *entirely*.



selves, little or no good of him, as a painter. The only head of his (except his own) that we ever saw, was a very hard, positive sort of a thing. Good judges here, however, tell us that he has improved surprisingly. We are glad of it—nothing is more probable—we only know that he is industrious, and *began*, rather unfortunately, with copying Rembrandt.—

WATMULLER—HISTORY and PORTRAIT. This gentleman passes, in America (since he painted his *Danaë*), for an American. He is not—he is a Swede. His portraits are singularly beautiful; but we never saw his *Danaë*. It has been spoken of as a masterpiece—nay, as a picture, dangerous even for a woman to look at. The plain truth is, we believe, that such a woman, so full of languor, richness, and beauty, has not often been met with in this world.

KING, C.B.—PORTRAIT: “Located” in Washington: a student of West at the same time with Sully.—Very clever. Makes good faces—distinct—hard and forcible; and, sometimes, a rich picture. Works most of his time upon the great men of Washington, and the “heads of department:”—works hard, “improves” every hour; and *will be* very good.

VANDERLYN—HISTORICAL. Studied in France—painted *Marius*, (a noble, strong, superbly-finished picture,) and *Ariadne*, (a rather beautiful affair) in Paris. For one of which, he obtained a prize, we believe. He is a native American—a little Frenchified in his notions of painting; but, nevertheless, a man of decided, strong talent.—We have all heard of Aaron Burr, in this country—the American Cæsar—a very dangerous, and very extraordinary man. When Vanderlyn was a boy, an apprentice to a blacksmith (as the story goes—and we have good reason to believe it substantially true,) Aaron Burr fell in his way, by accident, while he was travelling: saw some of his pen-and-ink drawings, which he mistook for engravings: tried, instantly, to obtain his discharge from his master, who was inexorable (on the discovery of his prize): and, failing, counselled the boy, if he *should* ever run away from his master, to come to

him. Not long after, Vanderlyn appeared; grew up under Burr’s patronage; went to France; and, when Burr fled for his life to this country, after having shot Alexander Hamilton—when, after having had his hand upon the presidential chair, and his foot, within one step of the American throne, he became, instantaneously as it were, an outcast, and a wanderer, in a foreign country—he was found and supported, in his misery, by Vanderlyn, the blacksmith’s boy.

JARVIS is not an American. He is an Englishman. EICHOLT is either a German, or born of German parents. PEALE [CHARLES] father of Rembrandt, founder of the Philadelphia Museum, (an institution honourable to America) and a respectable solid portrait-painter—is, also, an Englishman. He was a saddler. Jarvis painted fire-buckets till he was about nineteen, when he saw, and copied one of Stewart’s pictures. He is now in the foremost rank of *American* masters. *Thus*, the chief American painters are English, by birth or study, or both; and most of them were mechanicks. *Thus*, all the statesmen were lawyers; and almost all the authors are New-Englandmen, (Yankees,) and lawyers into the bargain. There are only three landscape-painters of any note; two of whom (SHAW and GUY) are Englishmen; the other, DOUGHTY, an American. Shaw is very good; but a mannerist and a plagiarist. Guy is middling; but steals very judiciously, and almost always from the same source;—Claude, in his water, sea-mist, and vapour. Doughty is young; was a tanner and currier; has made great progress; and will be something extraordinary.

Thus much for our omissions. Now for two or three errors—two of which are *not* ours. Mr. C. HARDING was not born, as we said, in Kentucky; he only ‘broke out’ in Kentucky. He was born somewhere in the back parts of New-York.—

Thus much to relieve our conscience; avoid the recurrence of some irresistible translations; and pave the way for OUR AMERICAN WRITERS;—whom we now re-introduce without ceremony.



BEAZLY, OR BEASLEY, Dr. This gentleman wrote a large handsome octavo, some three years ago, to prove, among others matters—*firstly*, that one John Locke was in his right mind, when he made his book—*about*—if we are not mistaken—the Human Understanding; *secondly*, that all our Scotch metaphysicians (Brown, perhaps, excepted) had miserably mistaken the said John Locke; misquoted him shamefully; and misrepresented him like the very—we won't say what—as Dr. B., if our recollection serves, is a clergyman of what is called the “Church of England”\* in America; and is, or was, a Professor (perhaps of ethics), or one of the government, at Princeton College, New Jersey, to boot—where, if Salmagundi may be trusted, “all the Professors wear boots:” and, *thirdly*, that some of the best authenticated apparitions and ghosts, that have ever been heard of—are—*probably*—mere humbugs; while others are only delusions; and the rest very true—to a certain extent—in a certain way. Nor is this all. Surprising as the work may appear so far, the best part of the story is to come. The book is a very clever book, done up in good style; and Mr. B. or Dr. B. *does* prove—*firstly*—that John Locke was in his right mind—in times and places when and where, to tell the plain truth, (for which we take no little credit, by the way, to ourselves) we had often had our doubts; and, moreover, that he, the said John Locke, knew very well what he was driving at, many a time and oft, when—we did not, while studying him, (although, to come up to the scratch manfully, we confess, that we never spoke of the matter at the time, lest it might, one day or other, turn out, as it *has* in more than one case, that John Locke was right, and ourself wrong, after all; he surprisingly clear, and ourself a blockhead—pass that, if you please, to our credit).—Well, having proved this *firstly*, (to our satisfaction, and surprise of course,) he goes on to prove, *second-*

*ly*,—and what is more, *does* prove, *secondly*, some droll blunders, to be sure, upon our chief metaphysicians—our high priesthood; some of which are only to be accounted for,—charitably or decently,—by supposing that our said chief metaphysicians had never seen “Locke on the Human Understanding;” quoted from some other book, by mistake,—which had been so lettered by mistake; or copied from one another, what had been hastily written down, by somebody, from recollection,—and put a wrong name to it; and, *thirdly*, Dr. B. *does* prove, not only as much as he undertook to prove respecting apparitions, &c. &c.—but (after the fashion of his countrymen, who do everything *so* thoroughly) rather more. It reminded us of Dr. Hayden; who *proved* the *universal* deluge, and the Bible, at the same time, from the water-rolled pebbles on *one side* of a brook (Jones's Falls) in America; of Ira Hill, who proves that there was a *universal* deluge—in Europe,—*because* all North America arose instantaneously out of the water; and that all North America arose instantaneously out of the water, *because* there was a *universal* deluge in Europe, and because there is no other way of accounting for it;—and of Paul Allen, (all three native born Yankees) who, while attacking slavery, went rather out of his way to prove, that the Africans were nothing more nor less, “according to the received opinion,” than the children of Canaan, whom the Almighty, by the mouth of Noah, doomed forever to slavery [Gen. ix. 25.] saying, “Cursed be Canaan. A servant of servants shall he be to his brethren.”

BIGELOW.—A Yankee: formerly editor of a magazine, or journal, in New York—now, nobody knows where: one of those rolling-stones that gather no moss, which are so common in America. He was a bold, saucy, unprincipled writer; and was the *first* of those who ventured, headforemost, at Byron. Mr. B. began with Lord B.'s “Lament of

\* EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—It is not a little remarkable, but we are assured (and believe it) from good authority,—that this Church, without any privilege or patronage, in any way, (except what is private,) is now increasing *faster* than any other in America. We *know*, that, in a wordly point of view, it is always more respectable there.

'Tasso, or Prophecy of Dante ;' wrote a furious, blackguard, clever article, to prove that Lord Byron left out his rhymes. He gave examples, *which* proved—either that Byron was writing blank verse at the time ; or that he, the critic, had mistaken a stanza for a couplet—we forget which.

BOLMAN—Dr. a pamphleteer : wrote, very sensibly, upon many questions of importance ; and somewhat about a metallic currency, and the precious metals, at a time (during the late war, in America) when there were no precious metals in the country (out of Massachusetts, and that neighbourhood)—not enough silver and gold, if they could have been diluted to the consistence of moonshine, to wash over a thousandth part of the scoundrel trash that was in circulation, for money—of course, there was a fine opportunity for speculation, hypothesis, and theory, among the newspaper-people, and pamphleteers—concerning a *substitute* for money. Dr B. did some good, nevertheless : and one or two of his pamphlets would be worth looking into, now ; and that, as we take it, is no common praise for any pamphlet or political squib, some ten or a dozen years after it has burnt out.

BROWN, CHARLES BROCKDEN.—This was a good fellow ; a sound, hearty specimen of Trans-Atlantic stuff.—Brown was an Amenæan to the backbone—without knowing it. He was a novelist ; an imitator of Godwin, whose Caleb Williams made him. He had no poetry ; no pathos ; no wit ; no humour ; no pleasantry ; no playfulness ; no passion ; little or no eloquence ; no imagination—and, except where panthers were concerned, a most penurious and bony invention—meagre as death,—and yet—lacking all these natural powers—and working away, in a style with nothing remarkable in it—except a sort of absolute sincerity, like that of a man, who is altogether in earnest, and believes every word of his own story—he was able to secure the attention of extraordinary men, as other people (who write better) would that of children ;—to impress his pictures upon the human heart, with such unexampled vivacity, that no time can

obliterate them : and, withal, to fasten himself, with such tremendous power, upon a common incident, as to hold the spectator breathless.

His language was downright prose—the natural diction of the man himself—earnest—full of substantial good sense, clearness, and simplicity ;—very sober and very plain, so as to leave only the *meaning* upon the mind. Nobody ever remembered the words of Charles Brockden Brown ; nobody ever thought of the arrangement ; yet nobody ever forgot what they conveyed. You feel, after he has described a thing—and you have just been poring over the description, not as if you had been reading about it ; but as if you, yourself, had seen it ; or, at least,—as if you had just parted with a man who *had* seen it—a man, whose word had never been doubted ; and who had been telling you of it—with his face flushed. He wrote in this peculiar style, not from choice ; not because he understood the value or beauty of it, when seriously or wisely employed—but from necessity. He wrote after his peculiar fashion, because he was unable to write otherwise. There was no self-denial in it ; no strong judgment ; no sense of propriety ; no perception of what is the true source of dramatic power (distinctness—vividness.) While hunting for a subject, he had the good luck to stumble upon one or two (having had the good luck before, to have the yellow fever) that suited his turn of expression, while he was imbued, heart and soul, with Godwin's thoughtful and exploring manner : and these one or two, he wore to death. The very incidents, which were often common-place, are tossed up, over and over again—with a tiresome circumstantiality, when he is not upon these particular subjects.—He discovered, at last perhaps, as many wiser men have done—when there was no use in the discovery—that it is much easier to suit the subject to the style, than the style to the subject ;—no easy matter to change your language, or cast off your identity—your individuality—but 'mighty easy,' as a Virginian would say, to change your theme.

BROWN was one of the only three or



four professional authors, that America has ever produced. He was the first. He began, as all do, by writing for the newspapers—where that splendour of diction, for which the Southern Americans are so famous—is always in blast: He was thought little or nothing of, by his countrymen; *rose*, gradually, from the newspapers to the magazines, and circulating libraries; lived miserably poor; and died, *as he lived*, miserably poor; and went into his grave with a broken heart.

He was born in Philadelphia; lived in Philadelphia—or—as his countrymen would say, with more propriety, “put up”—(as he *did*—with everything—literal starvation—and a bad neighbourhood, in the dirtiest and least respectable part of the town)—“tarried”—lingered in Philadelphia; and had the good luck—God help him—to die in Philadelphia, while it was the ‘*Athens of America*’—the capital city, in truth, of the whole United States.

He was there, during the yellow fever of 1798—(Hence the terrible reality of his descriptions, in *Arthur Mervyn*, and *Ormond*)—a pestilence, that, like the plague of London, turned a city into a solitude—a place of sepulture—till the grass grew in the streets.—He had no means of escape—he had a large family—a wife (to whom he was greatly indebted for the accomplishment of his works—a very superior and interesting woman) and several children—daughters.—Yet—yet—he had no means of escape. The fever raged with especial malignity in his neighbourhood—he, himself, and several of his family, were taken down,

with it—but whither were they to fly? *how*?—in dead carts, with a yellow flag steaming over them—to the hospitals, where the ‘detestable matter,’ of which he speaks, was accumulating by cartloads.—No, it was better to die at home—with his own family—dissolve in his own house, at least;—and keep out everything—even to the very sunshine and air of heaven, both of which were smoking with pestilence—by barring the windows—securing the doors—and making the whole house dark.

He lived in ‘Eleventh Street’—(we mention this for the information of his townsmen—not one in a thousand of whom know it: of his countrymen—not one in a million of whom, out of *Athens*, ever would know it, but for us)—between ‘walnut’ and ‘chesnut’—on the eastern side—in a low, dirty, two-story brick house; standing a little *in* from the street—with never a tree nor a shrub near it—lately in the occupation of—or, as a Yankee would say, “*improved*” by, an actor-man, whose name was Darley.

By great good luck, surprising perseverance, and munificent patronage—for America\*—poor Brown succeeded—(much, as the Poly-glott Bible maker succeeded, whose preface always brings the tears into our eyes—in burying all his friends—outliving all confidence in himself—wasting fortune after fortune—breaking his legs, and wearing out his life, in deplorable slavery, without even knowing it.)—Even so, poor Brown succeeded—in getting out, by piece-meal, a small, miserable, *first* edition—on miserable

\* A few facts will show what is reckoned ‘munificent patronage’ in America. Two hundred dollars (about 45*l.*)—payable partly, or wholly, in books—the *best* of paper money by the way—are *now*, even to this hour, considered a good price, for a good novel, in two American volumes, (which make from three, to four, here.) When *R. Walsh, Jr. Esquire*, was the Jupiter of the American Olympus, (having been puffed in the *Edinboro’*, for some blackguard thunder and lightning about Napoleon, whose character neither party ever understood,) he was employed by a confederacy of publishers, to *edit* a Quarterly Journal. They paid nothing to contributors, of whom Walsh made continual use—spared no trouble—stuck at nothing, in the experiment;—paid him fifteen hundred dollars (340*l.*) a-number—and failed—of course. Allan was to have had 3000 dollars (680*l.*) for the *Am. Revolution*—but he never wrote a word of it. *Neal* and *Watkins* wrote it. *Allan* got nothing; *Watkins* the same: *Neal*, 1000 dollars, in promises—which produced some 3 or 400 *dols.* (75*l.*)—It is in two vols. 8vo. *Breckenridge* got 500 dollars (110*l.*) *cash*, for the copyright of his *American War*: *Neal* 200 dollars (45*l.*) *cash*, for the copyright of *Keep Cool*, a small novel, two vols. his first literary essay.—*Cooper* published the *Spy* on his own account. It has produced about six hundred pounds—in every way, to him: but would not have sold for fifty in MS.—Think of that—when Mr. Irving gets fifteen hundred pounds—for the second edition of some tolerable stories, which altogether, would not make one volume of a Yankee novel.



paper (even for *that* country)—a *first* volume of one or two of his works—the second *volume* following, at an interval—perhaps of years—the second *edition* never—never, even to this hour.—Yet will these people talk of their *native* literature.

There has never been; or, as the *Quarterly* would have it—there has *not ever* been, any second edition, of any thing that Brown ever wrote—in America, we mean. We say this, with some positiveness (notwithstanding the most unprofitable uproar lately made about him there,—for which we shall give the reasons, before we have done with Brother Jonathan—cut where it may—hit or miss)—because we *know*, that, very lately, it was impossible to find, even in the circulating libraries of his native city (Philadelphia) any complete edition of his works:—Because we *know*, that, when they are found, any where (in America) they are odd volumes—of the *same* edition, so far as we can judge—printed ‘all of a heap’—or samples of some *English* edition:—Because a young Maryland lawyer told *ourselves*, not long ago, that he had been offered an armful of Brown’s novels—(by a relation of Brown’s family)—which were lying about in a garret, and *had* been lying about, in the same place, the Lord knows how long—if he would carry them away—or, as he said, ‘tote ‘em off, ye see.’ But being a shrewd young fellow—not easily ‘cotched;’ having heard about an executor *de son tort*, for meddling with a dead man’s goods—and suspecting some trick (like the people, to whom crowns were offered, on a wager, at sixpence a-piece,) he cocked his eye—pulled his hat over one ear—screwed up his mouth, and walked off, whistling ‘Taint the truck for trowers, tho’—

Some years ago, we took up *Charles Brockden Brown*; disinterred him; embalmed him; did him up, decently; and put him back again—(that is—one of *us* did so.)—Since then, poor Brown has had no peace, for his countrymen. We opened upon the North American creature—making him break cover; and, riding after him, as if he were worth our while. *Then*—but

never till then—(we were the first)—did they give tongue on the other side of the Atlantic.—We puffed him a little. They have blown him up ‘sky-high.’—We went up to him reverently—they, head-over-heels. We flattered him somewhat—for he deserved it; and was atrociously neglected. But they have laid it on with a trowel.—He would never have been heard of, but for us.—They are determined, now, that we shall never hear of any thing else.—We licked him into shape: they have slobbered him—as the anaconda would a buffaloe (if she could find one)—till one cannot bear to look at him. We pawed him over, till he was able to stand alone—in his own woods—they—till he can neither stand nor go; till we should not know our own cub, if we saw him.

The talking about him began, clumsily enough—and, as usual, with a most absurd circumspection, in the North American Review: All the newspapers followed—of course—all the magazines—tag, rag, and bob-tail: And then, just in the nick of time, came out proposals from a New-Yorker, to publish a handsome edition of *Brown’s Novels*; at less, we believe, than one dollar (4s. 6d.) a volume—‘worthy of him—worthy of the age—and—worthy of America,’—by subscription.

There the matter ended. Nothing more was done—of course. The family were scattered—very likely to the four winds of heaven;—and what if there *was* a niece living in Philadelphia—that was no business of theirs. They talked about his books; but nobody thought of subscribing. They called him the “Scott” of America—and there the matter ended.

It was one thing to make a noise; another to pay money. His countrymen had kicked up a dust, about his grave—talked of the “star-spangled banner”—and what more would ye expect of his countrymen? The whole community were up in arms—people were ready to go a pilgrimage to his birth-place—if there were no toll to pay—but not one in a million can tell, to this hour—where he was born—where he lived—where he died—or

what he has written. They had ransacked the circulating libraries, anew; looked into such of his novels, as they could find, most of them for the first time, and the "balance," for the last time; dried out the grease—righted the leaves—wrote over the margins—dog-eared what was agreeable—hurried through a part—skipped the rest—smuttied their fingers—paid a 'flippeny bit' a head—and what more would you have?

They had bragged of their national spirit, as being unexampled—(they were right—it is unexampled :) of their national genius, which had been able to "extort" praise from us—in spite of our teeth;—they had made a plenty of noise about poor Brown; hurraed, like fine fellows, for American literature—and what more would any reasonable man—who knows them thoroughly—desire?

Brown wrote *Arthur Mervyn*; *Edgar Huntly*; *Clara Howard*; *Wieland*; *Jane Talbot*; *Ormond*; and some papers, which have since been collected and called the *Bibliquist*.

*Clara Howard* and *Jane Talbot* are mere newspaper novels; sleepy, dull common-sense—very absolute prose—nothing more.

*Arthur Mervyn* is remarkably well managed, on many accounts; and miserably on others. It was the first, the germ of all his future productions. Walbeck was *himself*—he never equalled him, afterwards—tho' he did play him off, with a new name and a new dress, in every new piece. Explanations were designed—half-given, but never finished: machinery half disclosed—and then forgotten, or abandoned. Brown intended, at some future day, to explain the schoolmaster, that seduced the sister of Mervyn, into Walbeck: Incidents are introduced, with great emphasis, which lead nowhere—to nothing; and, yet, are repeated in successive works. Thus—(we speak only from recollection, and have not seen one of the books for many a year)—in *Arthur Mervyn*, *Edgar Huntly*, and, perhaps, in *Jane Talbot*, a sum of money comes into the possession of "another person," who converts it,

under strong temptation, to his own use.—Let us pass on.

*Edgar Huntly* was the second essay—*Ormond*, the last. About *Wieland* we are not very certain. These three are unfinished, irregular, surprising affairs. All are remarkable for vividness, circumstantiality, and startling disclosures, here and there: yet all are full of perplexity, incoherence, and contradiction. Sometimes, you are ready to believe that Brown had made up the whole stories, in his own mind, before he had put his pen to the paper; at others, you would swear that he had either never seen, or forgotten, the beginning, before he came to the end, of his own story. You never know, for example, in *Edgar Huntly*, whether—an Irishman, whose name we forget—a principal character, is, or is *not*, a murderer. Brown, himself, seems never to have made up his own mind on that point. So—in *Wieland*—you never know whether Brown is, or is not in earnest; whether *Wieland* was, or was not, supernaturally made away with. So—in *Ormond*—who *was* the secret witness?—to what purpose?—What a miserable catastrophe it is—Quite enough to make anybody sick of puling explanations. Now, all this mystery is well enough, when you understand the author's *intention*. Byron leaves a broken chain—for us to guess by—when his Corsair is gone. We see that he scorns to explain. Byron is mysterious—Brown only perplexing. Why? Because Brown undertakes to explain; and fails. Brown might have refused as Byron did. We should have liked him, if he had, all the better for it; as we do Byron. But we shall never forgive him, or any other man, dead or alive, who skulks out of any undertaking with an air—as if not he, but other people are to be pitied.—We have our eye on a case, in point; but, no matter now.

Brown wanted material. What little he found, tho' it had all the tenuity of pure gold, he drew out, by one contrivance and another, till it disappeared in his own hands. So long as it would bear its own weight, he would never let go of it; and, when it broke—he

would leave off spinning, for a time, as if his heart had broken with it. He would seem to have always taken up a new piece before he had thrown off the old one (we do not mean that Old One, whom it is rather difficult for any author to throw off, after he has once given himself up to the harlotry of the imagination)--to have clung, always, to one or two favourite ideas--the Ventriloquist and the yellow fever--as if they were his nest-eggs: one might have written, with as much propriety, at the end of any story that he ever wrote, as in almost every part of it--after the fashion of Magazines--“*to be continued.*” This grew, of course, out of a system which prevailed, then--and is now taking a new shape in the twopenny publication of costly works, by the number. He was a story-teller by profession. Like \*\*\*\*\* he knew, very well--as did Hajji Baba--that nobody will pay for a joke, if he can help it; that, lunging point foremost, with an epigram--is like running hilt first with a small sword; that no man likes working for a dead horse; that, if you want your pay for a fat story, you must go round with your hat, before you have come to the knob. He was a magazine writer; and rather 'cute. There was no stealing his bait. If you nibbled, you were in, for the whole--like a woman in love--hook, trap, and all. Money-lenders; gamblers; and subscribers to a story--which is “*to be continued,*” nobody knows how long, are all in the same pickle. They must lend more; play higher; and shell out, again--or all that has been done, goes for nothing. You must have the last part of a story--or the first is of no use to you: (this very article, now, is a pretty illustration)--our author knew this. He never let go of more than one end of a story, at a time--even when he had sold out. It is amusing to see how entirely he would forget where his own traps lay--while he was forging bait: his own hooks, while he was counterfeiting the flies. The curious box--broken to pieces, at night, so mysteriously (in the *Sleep Walker*) is in point. We could cite fifty more

cases. The *secret witness* is hardly anything else, but a similar box--knocked apart, in a mysterious manner--the Lord knows wherefore. So with *Wieland*: In every case, you leave off, in a tease--a sort of uncomfortable, fidgetting, angry perplexity--ashamed of the concern, that you have shown--and quite in a huff with him--very much as if you had been running yourself to death--in a hot wind--after a catastrophe--with the tail soaped.

Yet, our conclusion respecting Charles Brockden Brown, is this. He was the Godwin of America. Had he lived here--or any where, but in America--he would have been one of the most capital story-tellers--in a serious way, that ever lived. As it is, there is no one story of his, which will be remembered or read, after his countrymen shall have done justice to the genius that is really among them. They have enough of it--and of the right sort--if they will only give it fair play. Let them remember that no man will be great, unless he work hard; that no man will work hard, unless he is obliged--and that those who do so work, cannot afford to work for nothing and find themselves. It would be well for his countrymen to profit by--not imitate--we despise imitation even of what is excellent--it would be well for them to profit by his example. We want once more, before we die, to look upon the face of a real North American. God send that we may!

Brown's personal appearance was remarkable. He was a tall man--with a powerful frame--and little or no flesh. It was impossible to pass him, in the street, without stopping to look at him. His pale, sallow, strange complexion; straight black hair--“black as death;” the melancholy, broken-hearted look of his eyes; his altogether extraordinary face--if seen once, was never to be forgotten. He would be met, week after week--month after month--before he died, walking to and fro, in some unfrequented street of his native town, for hours and hours together--generally at a very early



time in the morning---lost in thought, and looking like a ship-wrecked man. Nobody knew him---nobody cared for him---(till we took up his cause)--he was only an author---yet, when we have described him, everybody in Philadelphia will recollect him. After having walked, in this way, for several hours, he would return to his desolate, miserable, wretched family, and fall to writing, as if he had not another hour to live. We do not know his age---nor the time of his death precisely. But it must have been about 1813---and he was not far from 35. He went off in a lingering consumption, with a broken heart---and a spirit absolutely crushed.

I saw him, said Mr. Sully, the painter, whom we have given a sketch of, in a former number---I saw him, a little before his death. I had never known him---never heard of him---never read any of his works. He was in a deep decline. It was in the month of November---our Indian summer---when the air is full of smoke. Passing a window, one day---I was caught by the sight of a man---with a remarkable physiognomy---writing, at a table, in a dark room. The sun shone directly upon his head. I never shall forget it. The dead leaves were falling, then---it was Charles Brockden Brown.

Irving, in his "*Tales*," has purloined a head, and a scene, from Brown---probably, without knowing it; as Brown purloined from Godwin---if so---why, so much the better for all parties. It has been the rage of late. In *Wieland*, there is a description of a murderer's face, appearing in a deserted house---at night. Irving makes direct use of this head, in the negro, looking over the rock; and, *indirectly*, in his account of the picture, which, in its frightful distinctness, is not only very like Brown, but wholly unlike Irving. Yet, what are we to expect of a "traveller" who does not even pretend to know his own property; whose "trunk," as he says himself, is full only of odds and ends---belonging to other people? Geoffrey used once, to remind us, in his veneration for the antique, of the man who had

an old jack-knife, which he held in such veneration---that, in progress of time, he put---first a handle to it---and then a blade: Now, he reminds us of a very dear friend, who complains, that he never says a good thing, but he is in doubt, immediately, about its being his own; is always fancying that he must have read it, or seen it, or heard of it before---and what is harder yet---he says, "whenever I whisper the thing to my particular friends---they always appear to think so, too." It is a deplorable case, to be sure. More of Irving, however, in due season; and yet we cannot give him the go-by, without a question or two. Geoffrey is a devilish good fellow after all, in the genteel-comedy way; and, sometimes, in broad quiet humour, as we mean to show, after our own fashion, by and by. But---but---if we are not mistaken, he wrote a very fine thing, about Mr. T. Campbell, in America---by way of introduction to Mr. C.'s poetry. Mr. I. then came over the water; or, as they say on t'other side---"came out"---and Mr. C. wrote some very pretty thing---in London---about Mr. I., of course. Mr. I. then wrote a paper or two---could he do less?---for the *New Monthly*. But---now, we are coming to it---and if it be true it is too bad---we speak only from hearsay, not having seen the *New Monthly* of late; they do say that a certain "some periodical," which Geoffrey had been told about, or heard of, but had never seen---as containing a certain story, "in print," which Geoffrey himself tells, and they do say, spoils in telling---is the *New Monthly Magazine* itself, edited by Mr. T. Campbell himself. If so, what a predicament! how very uncomfortable for some folks!

But let us finish with Brown. Irving is not alone under this charge of purloining from him---his face and eyes---There are Neal and Cooper---both of them have stolen his cata-mounds, and played the devil with his Indians. Neal, however, is content with "catching the idea"---and working it up, till it scratches his own fingers. But Cooper---so far as he can---steals the broom ready made! Neal is

altogether too much of a poet. He overdoes everything---pumps the lightning into you, till *he* is out of breath, and *you*, in a blaze.---In his lucid intervals, he appears to be a very sensible fellow ; but, in his paroxysms---there is not a page of his, that wouldn't take fire, in a high wind. He writes volume after volume, to the tune of three or four a-month ; hardly one of which it is possible to read through : and yet, we could hardly open at a passage, without finding some evidence of extraordinary power---prodigious energy---or acute thinking. He is, undeniably, the most original writer that America has produced---thinks himself the cleverest fellow in America---and does not scruple to say so.---He is in Europe now.

So, with COOPER. The only catamount, that ever he ventured upon, was a tame one, which had escaped out of Brown's clutches, first, with his nails paired ; and out of Neal's office, at last, with a bell on.---However---all in good time. We shall soon come to him ; and if people wish it, knock up the whole alphabet of American writers, sixteen to the dozen, in a couple of hours.

CAREY---MATTHEW : An Irishman : formerly the most respectable publisher in America ; now retired, in favour of his boys. He has written upon everything---always respectably ; and, sometimes, with remarkable cleverness. He is a laborious collector of facts ; and a good reasoner. His *Olive Branch* has gone thro' 12 or 20 editions in America.

## VARIETIES.

The following is an extract of a letter from Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles, late Governor of Bencoolen, communicating the destruction by fire of the ship *Fame*, in which he had embarked with his family and suite on his return to Europe. A more interesting narrative is scarcely to be found even in the pages of fiction. The loss sustained is unhappily irreparable.

### LOSS OF THE SHIP FAME.

" WE embarked on the 2d of February in the *Fame*, and sailed at day-light for England with a fair wind and every prospect of a quick and comfortable passage. The ship was every thing we could wish ; and having closed my charge here much to my satisfaction, it was one of the happiest days of my life. We were, perhaps, too happy, for in the evening came a sad reverse. Sophia had just gone to bed, and I had thrown off half my clothes, when a cry of Fire ! fire ! roused us from our calm content, and in five minutes the whole ship was in flames ! I ran to examine whence the flames principally issued, and found that the fire had its origin immediately under our cabin. Down with the boats ! Where is Sophia ? Here ! The children ? Here ! A rope to the side ! lower lady Raffles ! Give her to me ! says one ; I'll take her, says the Captain. Throw the gunpowder overboard ! It cannot be got at---it is in the magazine close to the fire ! Stand clear of the powder ! Skuttle the water-casks. Water ! water ! Where's Sir Stamford ? Gone into the

boat. Nelson ! Nelson ! come into the boat. Push off---push off !---Stand clear of the after part of the ship !

" All this passed much quicker than I can write it ; we pushed off ; as we did so, the flames were issuing from our cabins, and the whole of the after-part of the ship was in flames ; the masts and sails now taking fire, we moved to a distance, sufficient to avoid the immediate explosion, but the flames were now coming out of the main hatchway, and seeing the rest of the crew, with the Captain, &c. still on board, we pulled back to her under the bows, so as to be most distant from the powder. As we approached, we perceived that the people from on-board were getting into another boat on the opposite side ; she pushed off, we hailed her. Have you all on board ? Yes, all save one. Who is he ? John-son, sick in his cot. Can we save him ? No, impossible ; the flames were then issuing from the hatchway ; at this moment the poor fellow, scorched I imagine by the flames, roared out most lustily, having run up on deck. I will go for him, says the Captain.

The two boats then came together, and we took out some of the persons from the Captain's boat, which was overladen, we then pulled under the bowsprit of the ship, and picked the poor fellow up. Are you all safe? Yes, we've got the man; all lives safe, thank God! pull off from the ship; keep your eye on a star, Sir Stamford; there's one barely visible.

"We then hauled close to each other, and found the Captain fortunately had a compass, but we had no light but from the ship. Our distance from Bencoolen we estimated to be from 20 to 30 miles in a S. W. direction; there being no landing-place to the Southward of Bencoolen, our only chance was to regain that port. The Captain then undertook to lead, and we to follow in a N. N. E. course as well as we could. No chance, no possibility being left that we could again approach the ship, for she was one splendid flame fore and aft and aloft, her masts and sails in a blaze, and rocking to and fro, threatening to fall in an instant. There goes her *miizen* mast; pull away, my boys; there goes the gunpowder, thank God!

"You may judge of our situation without further particulars; the alarm was given at about twenty minutes past eight, and in less than ten minutes she was in flames; there was not a soul on board at half-past eight, and in less than ten minutes afterwards she was one grand mass of fire.

"My only apprehension was the want of boats to hold the people; as there was no time to have got out a long boat, or made a raft, all we had to rely upon was two small boats, which fortunately were lowered without accident, and in these two small open boats, without a drop of water or grain of food, or a rag of covering, except what we happened at the moment to have on our backs, we embarked on the wide ocean, thankful to God for his mercies. Poor Sophia having been taken out of her bed, had nothing on but a wrapper, neither shoes nor stockings; the children were just as taken out of bed, whence one had been snatched after the flames had attacked it. In short there was not time for

any one to think of more than two things—Can the ship be saved? No; let us save ourselves then—all else was swallowed up in one great ruin.

"To make the best of our misfortune, we availed ourselves of the light from the ship to steer a tolerable good course towards the shore; she continued to burn till about midnight, when the saltpetre, of which she had 230 tons on board, took fire, and sent up one of the most splendid and brilliant flames that was ever seen, illuminating the horizon, in every direction, to an extent of no less than fifty miles, and casting that kind of blue light over us, which is, of all others, the most luridly horrible. She burnt and continued to flame in this style for about an hour or two, when we lost sight of the object in a clond of smoke.

"Neither Nelson, nor Mr. Bell, our medical friend, who had accompanied us, had saved their coats, the tail of mine, with a pocket handkerchief, served to keep Sophia's feet warm; and we made breeches for the children with our neckcloths. Rain now came on, but fortunately it was not of long continuance, and we got dry again—the night became serene and starlight. We were now certain of our course, and the men behaved manfully; they rowed incessantly, and with good heart and spirit, and never did poor mortals look out more for daylight and for land than we did. Not that our sufferings or grounds of complaint were any thing to what has often befallen others; but from Sophia's delicate health, as well as my own, and the stormy nature of our coast, I felt perfectly convinced we were unable to undergo starvation and exposure to the sun and weather many days; and aware of the rapidity of the currents, I feared we might fall to the southward of the port.

"At day-light we recognized the coast and Rat Island, which gave us great spirits, and though we found ourselves much to the southward of the port, we considered ourselves almost at home. Sophia had gone through the night better than could have been expected, and we continued to pull on with all our strength. About eight or



nine o'clock we saw a ship standing to us from the Roads; they had seen the flame on shore, and sent out vessels in all directions to our relief; and here certainly came a Minister of Providence, in the character of a Minister of the Gospel; for the first person I recognized was one of our Missionaries. They gave us a bucket of water, and we took the Captain on board as a pilot. The wind, however, was adverse, and we could not reach the shore, and took to the ship, where we got some refreshment, and shelter from the sun. By this time Sophia was quite exhausted, fainting continually. About two o'clock we landed safe and sound, and no words of mine can do justice to the expression of feeling, sympathy, and kindness with which we were hailed by every one. If any proof had been wanting, that my administration had been satisfactory, here we had it unequivocally from all; there was not a dry eye; and as we drove back to our former home, loud was the cry of "God be praised!"

"But enough; and I will only add, that we are now greatly recovered, in good spirits, and busy at work in getting ready-made clothes for present use. We went to bed at three in the afternoon, and I did not awaken till six this morning. Sophia had nearly as sound a sleep, and with the exception of a bruise or two, and a little pain in the bones from fatigue, we have nothing to complain of.

"The property which I have lost, on the most moderate estimate, cannot be less than 20,000*l*. I might almost say 30,000*l*. But the loss which I have to regret beyond all, is my papers and drawings; all my papers, of every description, including my notes and observations, with memoirs and collections, sufficient for a full and ample history, not only of Sumatra, but of Borneo, and every other Island in these Seas; my intended account of the Establishment of Sincapore; the history of my own Administration; grammars, dictionaries, and vocabularies; and last, not least, a grand map of Sumatra, on which I had been employed since my first arrival here, and on which, for the last six months, I had

bestowed almost my whole undivided attention; this, however, was not all—all my collections in natural history, and my splendid collection of drawings, upwards of a thousand, in number, with all the valuable papers and notes of my friends Arnold and Jack; to conclude, I will merely notice, that there was scarcely an unknown animal, bird, beast, or fish, or an interesting plant, which we had not on board. A living tapir, a new species of tiger, splendid pheasants, &c. &c. all *domesticated* for the voyage. We were, in short, in this respect, a perfect Noah's Ark. All, all, has perished; but, thank God, our lives have been spared, and we do not repine.

"Our plan is to get another ship as soon as possible, and I think you may still expect us in July. There is a chance of a ship called the *Lady Flora* touching here on her way home, and there is a small ship in the Roads, which may be converted into a packet, and take us home, as I have a Captain and crew at command."

#### THE SCOTCH NOVELS.

In Captain Medwin's "Conversations with Lord Byron," the following conversation is interesting, as being almost decisive of the question as to the author of the Scottish novels. "I never travel," says Lord Byron, "without Scott's novels, they are a perfect library in themselves: a perfect literary treasure. I could read them once a year with new pleasure." I asked him if he was certain about the novels being Sir Walter Scott's? "Scott as much as owned himself the author of *Waverley* to me at Murray's shop. I was talking to him about that novel, and lamented that its author had not carried back the story nearer to the time of the Revolution. Scott, entirely off his guard, said, "Ay, I ought to have done so, but,"—there he stopped. It was in vain to attempt to correct himself; he looked confused, and relieved his embarrassment by a precipitate retreat.—He spoiled the fame of his poetry by his superior prose. He has such extent and versatility of powers in writing, that, should his novels ever tire the public, which is not like-

ly, he will apply himself to something else, and succeed as well."

#### EFFECT OF OXYGEN ON GLOW-WORMS.

It is an interesting experiment (says Mr. Parke) to place a glow-worm within a jar of oxygen gas in a dark room. The insect will shine with much greater brilliancy than it does in atmospheric air. As the luminous appearance depends on the will of the animal, this experiment probably affords an instance of the stimulus which this gas gives to the animal system.

#### A GLACIER MELTED BY HOT WATER.

Mention has been already made by us of the labours directed by M. Venetz, engineer of the bridges and roads of the department of the Valais, to accomplish the destruction of the ice, which covers the Dranse. Last autumn there remained only 292 feet. The work has re-commenced this summer; but the avalanches which have fallen from the upper glacier, during the winter, have so filled the breaches which were made last year in the lower glacier, that at the beginning of June the Dranse was covered again to an extent of more than 1,000 feet. During the course of the same month the work was considerably impeded by avalanches, which fell every instant, and even on the 8th July, a great part of the pipes were covered with a huge mass of ice. In placing some new ones at the commencement of the month of August, they discovered some remains of the last, at more than thirty feet deep. It is truly a war against nature that they carry on; scarcely have they been overcome on one point ere they attack another; and when M. Venetz cannot reach the glacier by falls of water, he dams up and makes the Dranse overflow itself, in order to undermine it at the foot. It is thus that he is continually impeded by a thousand foreseen and unforeseen obstacles. Unfortunately, to this is added the most distressing circumstance of all, that of an illness brought on by the excess of his fatigues, and from which he is scarcely recovered at this moment. But hopes still, in spite of all, to free the Dranse entirely this year. The whole mass of the glacier is already reduced about one-

half of its cubic bulk. Ten currents of water at present fall upon it; and by means of a breach effected in its centre, the spectator may observe at a glance, by the enormous height which still remains, the incredible effect which these little water-falls have produced. M. Venetz is unable to comprehend how he had the courage to begin undertaking the destruction of this glacier, but he now assures himself of success.

#### THE MASON AND HIS SON.

The following fact occurred at Clagenfurt, in Carinthia, when the French army occupied that town. The thunder had much injured the point of the very high steeple of the principal Church; and a mason and his son were employed to repair it. A crowd of inhabitants assembled at the place to witness this perilous operation. The father, a man of fifty years of age, still vigorous and active, ascended first; his son followed him; they almost reached the summit; the spectators tremblingly counted their steps, when they saw the son suddenly loose hold of the ladder and fall to the ground. A cry of terror arose. All crowded towards the unfortunate man who lay shattered upon the pavement without a sign of life. In the meantime the father continued to ascend, performed his task, descended with sang froid, and appeared with a melancholy but composed air before the spectators, who immediately surrounded him. All endeavoured to console him; but they soon learned with horror that the fall of his son was not accidental, for that he himself had precipitated him from the top of the steeple. "Heavens!" exclaimed they, "is it possible. What fury! what madness!" "Listen to me," replied the father, without emotion:—

"In our trade there are certain rules and customs. The oldest and most experienced ventures into danger the first; the younger follows. According as one ladder is secured by cords another is raised, which is at first fastened at the bottom to the top part of the other. Then the eldest ascends this ladder which is only steadied at the bottom; and assisted by his com-

panion, who supplies him with cord, he proceeds to fasten it at the top. This is the work of greatest danger. As I was occupied at the highest extremity of the ladder, I suddenly heard my son exclaim below me, "Father, father, there's a cloud before my eyes; I know not where I am." I instantly raised my right foot and gave him a kick, which struck him in the forehead, and he fell without uttering a word.

"Infamous wretch! monster! what demon could have urged you to such a crime?"—"Softly, gentlemen; I am assuredly to be pitied, much to be pitied; but I am far from believing myself guilty. In our trade it is well known that if the head turns giddy in a dangerous position, where there is no means of assisting one's-self, and of taking time to recover, that man is irretrievably lost. Now such was the case of my son. From the moment that his sight was gone, there was no hope for him; in two or three seconds more he must necessarily have fallen; but before that, and in his last agonies, he would undoubtedly have grasped at the tottering ladder on which I was placed; he would have dragged it away, and we should have both fallen. In an instant I foresaw this inevitable result, and I prevented it by dealing him the blow which precipitated him, and which—saved me, as you see. Now tell me, you who call me a monster, if I had killed myself at the same time, who would have supported his unfortunate wife and children, who henceforward have nothing to look for but my labours? To die for him would perhaps have been the duty of a father; but to die along with him without any utility, is, I believe, what neither religion nor justice require."

During some moments a profound silence reigned throughout the assembled crowd; but the clamours recommenced; the mason was arrested, and delivered over to the tribunals. He there displayed the same firmness he had shown before the people. The Judges, like the multitude, could not resist a first impulse of horror; but, upon reflecting on the situation in which he was placed, and the motive he had assigned for his conduct, they acknow-

ledged that his reasoning, however horrid, was just, and exhibited a presence of mind to which, though with shuddering, they could not refuse their admiration.

#### THE LOGAN SHAKING STONE.

Lieutenant Goldsmith and his crew have commenced the arduous and dangerous attempt to replace the Logan-stone. Lient. G. seems quite confident of success, and has landed the requisite implements. The Logan-stone is estimated to weigh 70 tons, and the purchases provided for lifting are equal to 120 tons, which, from the nature of the rock, must be placed on a plank scaffolding to be erected around its summit: hence the attempt is considered full of risk; but the adventurers have declared their intention of going cautiously to work. It is only three feet from its original site.

#### MEDALS FOUND IN FRANCE.

The excavations for antiquities at Famars were resumed on the 23d of August in the orchard of the chateau. The most interesting discoveries made in these buildings were, a small statue of Minerva in bronze, clasps of the same metal very well executed, and two ivory combs of curious workmanship.

On the 25th of September, a very precious discovery crowned the labors with a degree of success beyond the most sanguine hopes: At the foot of the main wall which encloses the Hypocausta, discovered in 1813, there were found two bronze vases filled with silver medals. The first of a round form, and covered with a bronze patina, contained 3,920: the second, of a more elliptical shape, and furnished with a handle, contained 2,658: and 3,377 were found in a third vase of an elegant form, and which was preserved whole. The total number of silver medals is 9,955. These coins, which were in excellent preservation, are from the age of Augustus to that of Constantius. A considerable number, especially the more recent, are as brilliant as if they had just come from the mint. It would be difficult to fix at present the value of this treasure; we can however state that several reverses, mentioned as rare by Mionnet and other authors, are in great numbers. This is considered to be the most important discovery of the kind made in the department of the north.

To the above interesting notice we subjoin the following, extracted from



the *Petites Affiches de Valenciennes* of Saturday, the 9th October :—

A second important discovery has just taken place at Famars, at the moment when the shareholders of the excavations spontaneously doubled their shares. On the 7th of October, four vases of terra cotta, filled with silver Roman medals, were discovered at six paces distance from those found before, and at the foot of the same wall. The first contained 1,065, the second 1,923, the third 1,412 : these three vases were of red earth, with only one handle ; the fourth, a very large one of an orbicular form, contained alone 5,115 medals ; total 9,515 ; which added to the 9,955 found on the 25th of September, makes the astonishing number of 19,470 silver medals found at Famars in less than a fortnight. What hopes for the future ! One of the red vases is perfectly whole. The medals of the last discovery are larger than those of the first ; they are all radiated heads ; among them are the effigies of Balbicus, Pupienus, Gordianus Pius, Philippus senior and junior, Oracillia, Severa, Trajanus Decius, Herunnia Etruseilla, Hostilianus, Trebonianus Gallus, Volusianus, Carinus, and others, with a great variety of different reverses.—The partakers in the excavations at Famars are informed that the distribution of the lots of medals will take place next week.

#### SPECIMENS OF A PATENT POCKET DICTIONARY.

"These lost the sense their learning to display,  
And those explain'd the meaning quite away."  
*Pope.*

*Damme !*—An expletive of style, used to fill up vacancies of matter, and therefore of perpetual occurrence in the conversations of the high and low vulgar.

*Dandy.*—A fool who is vain of being the lay-figure of some fashionable tailor, and thinks the wealth of his wardrobe will conceal the poverty of his ideas ; though, like his long-eared brother in the lion's skin, he is betrayed as soon as he opens his mouth.

*Dangler.*—An androgynous insect that flutters about ladies' toilettes, and buzzes impertinently in their ears.

*Day and Martin.*—See "Hand-writing on the wall."

*Debt, National.*—Mortgaging the property of our posterity that we may be better enabled to destroy our contemporaries.

*Debates.*—An useless wagging of tongues where the noses have been already counted.

*Delay.*—See Chancery court.

*Destiny.*—The scapegoat which we

make responsible for all our crimes and follies ; a Necessity which we set down for invincible when we have no wish to strive against it.

*Dice.*—Playthings which the Devil sets in motion when he wants a new supply of knaves, beggars and suicides.

*Diplomatist.*—A privileged cheat, hired to undermine, overreach, and circumvent his opponent, and rewarded with court dignities in proportion as he is deficient in all the moral ones.

*Dinner.*—A meal taken at supper-time ; formerly considered as a means of enjoying society, and therefore moderate in expence and frequent in occurrence ; now given to display yourself, not to see your friends, and inhospitably rare because it is foolishly extravagant.

*Discipline, military.*—That subordination which is maintained upon the Continent by the hope of distinction, in England by the fear of the cat-o-nine-tails.

*Disguise.*—That which we all wear on our hearts, and many of us on our faces.

#### NEW WORKS.

Stanhope's *Greece* in 1823-24, 8vo. 13s.—Medwin's *Conversations of Lord Byron*, 2d edit. 8vo. 18s.—Edmeston's *Patmos*, and other *Poems*, 12mo. 3s.—Kavanagh's *Wanderings of Lucan and Dinah*, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—*Blossoms at Christmas*, 12s.—*Friendship's Offering for 1825*, 12s ; proofs, 18s.—Chandler's *Life of Johnson*, 8vo. 6s.—*Amusements of Western Heath*, 2 vols. 18mo. 4s.—*Tales of the Vicarage*, 18mo. 2s.—*London Scenes*, 18mo. 6s.—*Vocal Repository*, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—*The Literary Box*, 18mo. 3s. 6d.—*Turner's System of Medico-chirurgical Education*, 8vo. 12s.—*Bampfild of Diseases of the Spine*, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—*Sisson's Historic Sketch of the Parish Church of Wakefield*, small 4to. 15s.—*Daniel Wilson's Sermons and Tracts*, 2 vols. 8vo. 28s.

The *Memoirs of the celebrated Madame de Genlis*, on which we believe she has been occupied for many years, are about to be published in 4 vols. 8vo. A more interesting work could scarcely be announced.

The second Series of "*Highways and Byways*," now passing rapidly through the press, is to consist of 3 volumes in 8vo. each containing one Tale. The scenes of the stories are placed in the Pyrenees, Versailles, and Normandy ; and the heroine of one of them is the ill fated Marie Antoinette, the late Queen of France.

*Rothelan*, a Romance of the English Histories, by the Author of "*Annals of the Parish*," &c. has appeared.

# SPIRIT

OF THE

## ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

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### MODE OF HUNTING THE BADGER, JAGUAR, AND OTTER IN SOUTH AMERICA.

#### THE BADGER.

**H**UNTING this useful animal forms a source of amusement and emolument to the Indians of Bocca Montana Albarregas, and most tribes that inhabit the higher regions of the Cordilleras, from Coro to Cumana. As there are no stated periods for taking it, although in the months of August, September, and October it is certainly fattest, they continue to search for it the whole year round, unless during the breeding season, when the flesh is rank and lean, and the lard or butter, *manteca*, rancid. In making their hunting dispositions, they form parties of seven or eight, or more. When the tribe is numerous, they will sometimes take five, six, or seven miles in a sweep over the country: and such is their dexterity and address in taking these animals, that they will nearly clear it for five or six years of badgers, notwithstanding all the obstruction of brushwood, cover, &c. &c. In these excursions they are accompanied by a number of women and boys, whose business it is to build temporary huts, cook, collect fruits, and lastly, to cure what badger hams and gammons the men catch: this is no sinecure, and although they rest during the night, the day ushers them in more labour than comes to the hunters' share. When they arrive at the badgers' haunts,—generally in high situations, contiguous to rocks, for the purpose of burrowing when hard pressed,—they soon discover his traces by the manner in which he scrapes for pistachios and other oblong nuts, the names of which I forget. They then search the rock

until they find the burrow, and also under the projecting roots of large trees, the hollows of which afford them shelter. When the burrows are in trees, they seldom give themselves the trouble of erecting pitfalls for them, as their curs kill and drag them out, or else they dig them out. When the burrows are in the rocks, they set to work to erect pitfalls, or traps, in the building of which they display a regularity and system that would do credit to an European mason. As the falls are four feet by four in height and breadth, the flags with which they are built are so closely set, as to prevent the creature introducing his paw-nails between them, for his strength is such that he would raise a stone of two or three hundred weight. As the badger's family generally consists of seven or eight, the hunters set as many of those pitfalls in their way as will intercept them, one by one, in making their passage to their burrows, and frequently one in the mouth of the burrow, provided it is large enough, covering them with turf, earth, and leaves over little twigs. As soon as they have made a sufficient number, with incredible labour and perseverance, using no other implements than their hatchets and stone-hammers, the covering-flag is placed over; at the back of this they place a quantity of rubbish, so as to give weight to its fall, and plant bushes so artfully as to deceive a stranger, forming a lane, through which the creature must necessarily pass to his burrow. Then one or two ascend the trees or highest rock, to give notice of the badger's approach; while another

is buried in sight of the traps in such a manner as to be covered with leaves, and in such a posture, as to observe the creatures coming toward the traps, and hurry them into them by missiles, but never attempts to show himself until the badger passes him. In this manner, the remainder of the party advance into the brushwood and then let loose their dogs, who, on scenting the badgers, set up a whining cry, accompanied by the rattles of the Indians, making the badger start, and betake himself to his burrow. Sometimes seven or eight will start together, the most of which are always caught; but should one escape, they again hunt the ground over. If their party is not numerous enough, the women join after the first chase, as the danger of coming in contact with tigers is over, the first noise having started them as well as most noxious creatures. Indeed, the badger is seldom found near the jungle, as he is not fond of such neighbours. Should one escape the traps, which is very seldom the case, they leave the traps set day and night, and a man to watch him, until hunger forces him to quit his subterranean abode. Sometimes the Indian curs will enter, and kill the creature, if his burrow is large enough to admit them; yet he often makes them retreat, provided they cannot surround him, although those curs are certainly superior to our European terriers in bite, and tenacity of their hold. Whenever a badger earths, the Indians cast lots, to know which shall watch until the badger breaks, leaving him two days' provisions in the mean time, supposing this to be the usual time until the animal bolts. But it is sometimes a toss-up which will hold out longest, especially if it be an old badger: but even here the Indian has decidedly the advantage, as he is known to endure four days' hunger, without any bad results. If it happens in harvest, he is pretty well off; for his cunning makes him an overmatch for the animal, and he always carries the image of a man of rude workmanship, which he sets before the earth, supported by twigs in a moving position: this prevents the badger stirring while the Indian goes in quest of food,

a work of little time with him, as he is satisfied with the first thing he finds: he soon returns to await the coming out of his subterranean visitor, as the disgrace of returning without the badger is shocking to a hunter, and debars his ever being a guapo or warrior, until he can, by some very extraordinary feat, wipe this stain off his name. They also use the noose or snare to catch these creatures, which is placed across the pathways, like rabbit-wires, with this exception—that the Indian's snare is attached to a spring-pole, that suspends and strangles the creature. The South American badger is larger than those in Europe, and much browner: he is also much easier killed.

Perhaps its habits are the most social of any quadruped in the universe; it is not known to quarrel with any other quadruped; even the fox, pole-cat, stinkard, the opossum, the land-crab and snake make it resign its abode, although it is much stronger than any of them. It also lives in the greatest harmony with its own species, subsisting principally on nuts, roots, and vegetables; and is cleanly in its habits, being observed to perform its ablution while the dew is on the ground. The Indians count two species of it, viz. the Marano, or pig-badger; and the Pero, or dog-badger. I am informed the former roots for its amusement like a pig; they bring forth two, three and four at a litter, and preserve them carefully. Badger hams are certainly delicious, and the sale of them was prohibited but to the Viceroy, who generally shipped a quantity of them annually to Madrid, for the use of their august Majesties; now they are purchased for one-fourth of the original value, as the Viceroy sometimes paid eight or ten dollars for a pair of gammons. The way of curing them perhaps contributed to their flavour, which was simply to rub them with coarse sugar and Chili pepper, each day, pressing them very hard until quite dry. This source of emolument would have been considerable to these hunting tribes were they not cheated and made tributary to the Viceroy, as they had to give him a dozen first, and afterwards take trinkets out of the stores at what-



ever price he chose to demand. The butter, or Manteca de Marano, as they call the lard, was also in great demand among the *grandees*, who fried most of their food in it. A party of eight would destroy two or three hundred badgers and a quantity of deer, on their return home, beside *guanás*. These hunting parties are so delightful, even to the women, that the hopes of being allowed to accompany the men will be a stimulus to conduct themselves properly the year round. On those excursions they live well, and seem more happy than during the rainy season: in their way home they travel day and night rapidly, in spite of all obstructions, carrying long poles between them, on which the animals are slung; the skins and lard the boys carry. The women are certainly the heaviest loaded, and must keep pace with those gentry; the dogs too are better fed during this period, and seem to return with regret. A cloud of vultures generally hover over them, and are seen by their clans a day or two before they arrive, who make every preparation to receive them: their return is greeted like that of victors. The rainy nights are passed in recounting their exploits one to another.

#### THE JAGUAR.

The taking of this fierce creature forms a portion of the warlike features distinguishing the Indians of South America, particularly the *Laneros*, or men of the plains, though these creatures invariably avoid the haunts of men, and commit very little depredations on any property unless sheep and goats, as the forest affords them plenty of prey, and their sagacity is great in discovering the numerous herds of deer and mountain goats. Fierce in his habits, he will not attack man, unless he scents human blood; in this case his thirst gets the better of him, and he has been frequently known at night to leap over six or seven file of men, in attempting to reach a wounded man: of this the *Laneros* are so well convinced that they encompass the wounded. One inducement a *Laneros* has in pursuing the jaguar is the honour of the feat,—for the value of its skin, and the little depredations it commits on

his flocks, would never, I apprehend, induce him to risk a single combat with such fierce animals; but there is a stronger stimulus, viz. that killing seven jaguars, or six tigers, will give him the title of *guapo*, or warrior, and entitle him to choose the fattest virgin for his companion in the tribe; for with them the lady who is most *en bon point* is most beautiful. This alone is a sufficient inducement; and they endeavour to complete their task as early as the age of seventeen. On the approach of the breeding season, they watch with great assiduity the battles that take place between the male and female, as this is a sure indication of her littering, not wishing to have the male know where she deposits the cubs, as some naturalists assert that he eats them; others, that he hugs them to death. However this be, she never suffers him to approach the jungle, if I may be allowed to call it so, until they are able to run after her. During this period, he awaits her with the most tender solicitude, and even brings her a portion of his prey. He is seen hovering instinctively about the place where she is couched at noon-tide. When the *Laneros* perceives this, he envelops himself in a jaguar's skin, and approaches him, taking good care to have the wind in his favour, as the jaguar's keen scent would soon discover the imposition. Even this sagacity and instinct they think they have got over, by burning plantain leaves so as to take away any human scent the body has for hours; though this is probably a fancy. As soon as the *Laneros* perceives the jaguar, he runs from him on all fours, and endeavours to mimic the whining cry of the beast, which by some is said to be like a cat, or like hogs crouching in a sty; the latter is what I would compare them to, as I have seen them mustering by night previous to hunting. As soon as the male perceives him, he bounds towards him; when the *Laneros* dexterously throws the noose over him, and soon strangles him. Sometimes he wounds him with his lance, and then a sanguinary conflict takes place. As the *Laneros* has his left arm well bound round with tanned

horse-skin, impervious to the jaguar's tusks, he presents his left hand; as soon as the jaguar seizes it, he is stabbed with a long knife, which seldom misses the heart, as the principal excellence of a *guapo* is killing the beast with as few stabs as possible. As soon as he despatches the male, the female becomes an easy prey. Sometimes the Laneros, when their numbers are complete, will, to prove their dexterity and address, decoy the jaguar into a defile, when the man uncovers and shows himself; the jaguar endeavours to retreat, but is prevented by other Indians, who scare him with fire-brands, for they can produce fire by rubbing two pieces of wood together, as quick as if with tinder. In this manner they sometimes worry him with dogs, while they keep him at bay until the women arrive to witness their cruelty. As the jaguar gets frantic, he endeavours to bite at every thing near him; as often as the creature opens his mouth he is sure to have a burning torch rammed into his throat, until madness exhausts him, and he is no longer able to close his jaws; then the women and boys descend from their high positions, chop off his paws, hammer out his teeth, and often skin him alive, while the boys are smeared with the blood, in order to make them good warriors, and the mothers take delight in seeing the animosity they have to the creature, even when no longer able to do any injury. As to the female jaguar, they have only to come near her couching-place to provoke a quarrel, as she will often attack them before they are within two hundred yards of it: in her they sometimes find a more formidable enemy than in the male, although much inferior in point of size and strength, but more subtle and crafty: their bite is difficult to heal, and the Laneros think a wound from a jaguar a great disgrace; so much so that a young aspirant for the title of *guapo*, who had the misfortune of being wounded in a rencontre, was so much ashamed of acknowledging it, that he suffered a mortification sooner than expose the wound, although he was well aware the women possessed a salve that would cure him.

## THE OTTER.

Pero de Agua water-dog, and otter are synonymous terms in both languages. As hunting this species of otter in South America forms a recreation for the grandees or better sort of gentry for two or three months in the year, like our grouse or partridge shooting parties, an account of their aquatic excursions may prove interesting. In the month of May the parties assemble by previous arrangement, composed principally of the chief inhabitants of these districts and their relatives or clans and visitors, male slaves, muleteers, &c. Having ascended the waterfalls, they encamp near those clear and transparent rivers in which otters abound in great numbers. After the business of physicking the blood-hounds and a species of bluish cur without any hair, they make their hunting dispositions, and appoint their land and water captains to head each party; the duty of the latter is to stand in the prow of the canoe and cheer the dogs to the prey. A huntsman, in fact, is mostly an Indian, as those dogs will not hunt to any other tongue; what this is owing to, whether custom or sagacity, I know not, but it is certainly the case; however, the young Spaniards and Creoles have latterly remedied this defect, and are now as well qualified to hunt a bloodhound in the Indian tongue as an Indian himself. Both parties having armed themselves with otter spears, barbed like harpoons, and with long handles made of rough light wood about ten feet or more, they cheer on the blood-hounds, who no sooner wind the prey than they join chorus with their huntsmen, until they arrive near the Calle Pero, or otter city, when the land party divide into three; one watch; another ascend the ford; while the others poke the banks, in order to eject the creature. As soon as he is started, the hounds are again in full cry, and the curs are loosed to dive after him, and will relieve each other in this task: as soon as one is up down goes the other, while the hounds keep up the cry in the water at a slow pace, until they eventually force the creature to the head of the stream into shallow water.

where these curs either snap him up or he is speared by the hunters; after this, the hounds are allowed the gratification of mouthing him until satisfied, when they again return to depopulate this little commonwealth of otters. After all the old otters have fled, the young ones betake themselves to the uppermost recesses of their burrows, and defend themselves with great obstinacy when they are dug out of their dirty habitation; a slight blow on the forehead will soon despatch them, as that seems their most vulnerable part. In their abode the head, fins, tails and fragments of several species of fish are to be seen, for the otter is, like most aquatic monsters, a glutton; as he seldom eats more than a mouthful of each fish, he must cause frightful destruction among the finny race, and his depredation causes his haunts to be found out at low water, when the hounds would pass him: Abbé Ricardo, who wrote a little treatise on the history of this animal, about a century ago, (in good preservation in the Cathedral of Caraccas) relates, that while the parent otters are in existence, they do not suffer the young gentry to attempt propagating, but that the young are two or three years under their parents' guardianship: one thing is very certain, in the same community are to be met three or four different generations of those creatures under the guidance of their patriarch. The alligator is the

only aquatic enemy of this creature, with the exception of the shark, with whom he has very little intercourse. It seems Father Ricardo caused a cage-pond to be erected in his garden, in order to study their natural history. His little legend teems with amusing anecdotes of the aboriginal hunters, of whose club he was a member; those gentry, he said, during such excursions, lived well. Certainly, the echoing cry of hounds and hunters is the most delightful I ever heard. It vibrates through every glen at the distance of five or six miles.

The colour of the South American otter is different from that of the European; the latter is much darker; and the male is still darker than the female, who generally gets brown while suckling her puppies; Abbé Ricardo says that they change coats. The skin is now more valuable than formerly, as General Parr's cavalry use them for pistol-covers, and foraging regimental caps are made of them. They also use their skins for segar cases, and the Indians eat the flesh. In destroying fish, the otter rejects the head, and will not use it, although pressed by hunger. In Buenos Ayres there is one quite domesticated, which will invariably bring home what it gets in the river: but tame habits make it lazy and indolent; it is vicious during the breeding season, and is obliged to be chained.

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### MY FIRST-BORN, SMILING.

SAGE Sibyls say, when infants smile,  
 Angelic forms before them shine—  
 A holy guard, ere worldly guile  
 Has mark'd their brows with sorrow's line.

When thy pure lips, my cherub boy,  
 And fair blue eyes, smile softly bright:  
 Lips—fit to hymn in Heaven their joy—  
 Eyes—clear as Bethle'm's guiding light:

Then do I wish one sainted form—  
 One form alone may guard thy soul:  
 Thy mother, boy, has pass'd the storm,  
 The conflict of an earthly goal.

Many a year she taught my view,  
 My thoughts to bend with things above—  
 Many a year, no care I knew:—  
 Who can feel care when mothers love?

But she is gone, my blue-eyed boy;  
 I heard the last convulsive sigh—  
 I knew there was an end to joy—  
 I felt that charity could die!

Spirit of her who loved me well!  
 Take thy bright palm and hie thee down:  
 Guide thou my child on Earth from Hell—  
 Lead, when he dies, to Heaven's bright crown.



## KARL AND HIS HORSE NICOLAUS.

A YOUNG German who was serving his time to a jeweller, at Magdeburg, was allowed by his master, in the third year of his apprenticeship, to go to Brunswick to see his parents. That he might effect this with comfort to himself, and in a way worthy of the assistant of a reputable tradesman and public functionary of Magdeburg, his master lent him one of his own horses, and provided him with money; whilst the old cook, with whom he was a great favourite, filled his wallet with all the dainties that she could lay her hands upon, and gave him sundry well-meaning hints and admonitions touching the temptations that awaited him in Brunswick. It was on the morning of Midsummer-day, in the year 1612, that he arose at six o'clock, lighted his travelling pipe, and mounted the steed, which by no means seemed to sympathize with his rider in the pleasure to be derived from the prospect of a long journey. He was in truth a sluggish beast, overfed and under-worked, and apparently upon such good terms with himself that, when he took any thing into his head, the whip was of no avail, and the spur, however manfully applied, could not drive him from his purpose. He was so fat, that Karl, although a handsome stripling, looked with his legs sticking out almost at right angles like a Y turned upside down. "The devil take thee on our journey (said Karl) if thou go not more speedily than at present. Would I had all the money that has been expended on thee in the article of whips; truly with that I might buy a better animal than thou art, or hast been, or ever wilt be." As he concluded his petulant, but, under all the circumstances, excusable harangue, Nicolaus (for that was his horse's name) shook his head, and gave two or three most significant neighs, which seemed pretty much the same as "Hold thy peace, and speak not of that which thou understandest not! Assuredly I am the best judge of what pace is most proper for me and advisa-

ble for thee: I am come to years of discretion, and shall take especial care of thy neck and my own health and comfort!" Well! on they jogged, every now and then renewing this kind of conversation, which always ended in the same manner. About three o'clock in the afternoon, Karl, to the entire satisfaction of Nicolaus, alighted at the Three Golden Bottles, a small *herberge*, or public-house, situated at the extremity of a hamlet, replenished his *meerschaum*, and seated himself in a room set apart for the more respectable visitors of this notable house of entertainment, on the outside of which hung a board, whose crooked letters indicated to travellers that—

Horses might a stable find,  
And men have liquors to their mind.

At one corner of the room he beheld two persons playing at cards, and remarked that one of them, who appeared by his dress and the sums of money that he staked to be a substantial farmer, continually lost; at which the other, who was a dark mysterious looking man, only smiled, and every now and then incited him to continue his destructive course, by saying, "It is your turn now! play boldly—the luck cannot always keep to one side. Come! to give you a better chance, I will put down double to your single stakes." The farmer, buoyed up with the hope of regaining his money, which was indeed the greater part of what he possessed in the world, played on until he had lost all, and then, burning with ill-concealed rage and disappointment, rushed out of the room, whilst he, who had made himself the possessor of his wealth, laughed thrice loudly and triumphantly, and stole out, as Karl supposed, to follow his unfortunate companion. Now, our young traveller had looked on attentively, and saw the result of their gaming with no very pleasant feelings. He was in particular shocked and indignant at the cold-hearted laugh that escaped from the dark lips of the stranger. Karl drank

his wine faster and faster, and puffed out his smoke from his pipe with greater rapidity and in larger volumes than he had heretofore done. He was vexed at the defeat and triumph he had just witnessed, and vowed in his own mind, should the man who had last left him return, to stake all that his master had given him, rather than that he should carry it with so high a hand. The fact is, the old cook, to whom we have already alluded, had given Karl a very respectable initiation into the mystery of card-playing, on divers cold winters' nights by the kitchen fire. Now, the game at which the strangers had been engaged was the very one on which he prided himself not a little. The truth must be spoken—mine is not a *perfect* hero. Besides being double loaded with ambition, he was primed with vanity, which no sooner encountered the match of opposition than explosion took place, which made many rather cautious of coming in his way. In a short time the successful stranger re-entered the chamber, but his adversary came not with him. He challenged Karl, who instantly accepted the offer, called for more wine, and again filled his pipe. He played for very small stakes, yet his little purse was getting lower and lower, for the stranger had an advantage over him which he was slow to believe, but which was at last too evident. At length he had little more than sufficient remaining to discharge the bill of the herbergist, and arose from the table with impatience and vexation. It is doubtful whether the loss of the money affected him so much as the wound that his youthful pride had suffered. He was turning to depart, when the laugh, or rather yell, of his companion checked him. Stung to the soul by the insult he had just received, Karl flew towards him and aimed a blow full at his face, but, in the act of doing so, fell forward on his hands. He sprang up, but the stranger was gone, although the door had been and was still closed and the windows were down. Karl's anger now gave place to astonishment. He was convinced that the stranger had dealings with the devil; nay, he almost thought he had

been gambling with the arch master of the ceremonies himself. He found also that either astonishment or Rhenish wine had had the effect of making his steps indecisive, his head giddy, and reduced the chance of keeping on his legs, and the risk of falling down, to pretty even terms. He however paid his host, and, without knowing how he got there, found himself on the back of Nicolaus, riding along as it appeared to him much more rapidly than usual. What surprised him most of all was, that everything around him seemed likewise to have gotten the travelling mania. There were some fine old elms going at the rate of ten miles an hour, and, what was very remarkable, some little shrubs that grew near appeared to keep up with them. A large farm house was in pursuit of a barn, but they were so well matched, that there was little hope of its being overtaken. There was also an admirable steeple-chase between the heads of two distant churches, and a boy who was sitting on a bank by the road side rode past him in excellent style. "This may be all very agreeable (muttered Karl) to the parties concerned, but, for my part, I care not how soon they finish their long-winded race. Stop, stop—Nicolaus, no galloping if it please thee, thou unruly steed of Satan. Whenever I have desired thee to use thy speed, thou hast gone slow enough, and now thou must, out of thy very obstinacy, and regardless of my safety, hurry on as if thy master were behind thee!" He pulled the rein as he finished speaking, and Nicolaus suddenly stood still. His rider had awakened him from a fine sleeping jog-trot, and he looked as if he much marvelled what satisfactory reason could be given for it. There was no stable near, which doubtless appeared to him the only fair excuse for a full stop, nor was there the least sign of provender. However, for once, he seemed determined to do as his rider wished, and still he stood

As Hildebrand the gallant knight,  
Who saw his lady's ghost at night  
Throwe off the veiling palle and shroude,  
And vanish through a parted cloude.

Karl began to be better satisfied, for

as he had before conceived that he was riding at a gallop when Nicolaus was innocent of everything save and except the jog-trot before mentioned, so he now thought that he was enjoying a very pleasant lady-like canter, when in truth he was as immovable as his majesty of Charing Cross. After riding on for some time at the rate of no miles an hour, he fell asleep, and a little after, as an almost necessary consequence, fell from his saddle. His fall, however, was broken by a bed of nettles, which seemed to have grown there for his especial accommodation; but he was not so grateful as he should have been, for he threw away some very choice German to anathematize them. To be sure he had lost his money, a circumstance which seldom tends to sweeten a man's temper or to put him in good humour; but what then? Had he fallen direct to the ground he might have broken an arm, or leg, aye, or even his neck, whereas he was now only stung all over his face and hands, and ought to have returned thanks to the Virgin that it was no worse. Were all mankind to act upon this suggestion there would not be a single unhappy person living. The criminal sentenced to a short imprisonment would bless his stars and feel happy that it was not a long one; the convict ordered for transportation might console himself with the idea that it was better than being hanged; and the man who should be doomed "*longam literam facere*," or, in plain terms, who had received a promise of being hanged, might still be delighted in thinking how far preferable it is to burning. It is bad policy to fancy our own ills greater than those of others, for in proportion as we magnify the evils of life, we increase our imaginary sufferings in enduring them. But to return to Karl; he left his master's horse to amuse himself as he might think fit, placed himself under a tree, and in a minute more was fast asleep. Nicolaus, who, to do him justice, was not always insensible to the force of good example, deliberately walked to a spot opposite Karl's resting place, laid himself down, and, after a few pre-

liminary nods, imitated his master to the life.

Karl had been but a short time asleep, when confused and crowded dreams of what had lately happened disturbed his repose. The dark stranger whom he met at the inn was the principal actor in the somnambulatory drama that was going on. Karl beheld and heard him with shuddering and with horror, although, when superstition was out of the case, he had little fear in his composition, as was manifested on various occasions when his high spirit seemed to take but one leap from his heart to his fist, to knock those down from whom he considered he had received an affront. He got his first rudiments, however, of superstitious lore from his nurse, and the old cook at his master's completed his education in that particular branch. The devil was generally the hero of most of her stories, and, to speak disinterestedly, she scarcely gave him his due. Nothing was done, however diabolical, that was not immediately put down to his account; and she often found afterwards, that what she had attributed to him had been committed by persons who had passed in the world as pious and God-fearing characters. The ghost stories that he heard had their effect upon Karl in no ordinary degree, and imbued him with all the visionary and romantic ideas that often lead youth into error, but at the same time throw a charm over that period of life

When hearts have not a dream of sorrow,  
And thought scarce ventures to the morrow,  
But takes its light and tripping way  
Through all the pleasures of to-day.

He suddenly awoke from his slumbers, and found Nicolaus standing close beside him. The bright tints of day were departing, and twilight was scattering her rose-hues over the cloudless face of heaven. Tranquillity reigned the goddess of the scene, and the winds and the birds and the waters paid her their silent homage.

Karl had not rested sufficiently to maintain his equilibrium with any certainty, but he mounted his steed with a determination of proceeding as quickly



as it might please his pertinacious four-footed companion. He gave Nicolaus his head, who seemed to move along with no inconsiderable alacrity ; indeed, at times his master was by no means too proud of his equestrian talent to prevent his occasionally resorting to the mane, which, although not perfectly jockey-like, possessed the advantage of keeping him in his saddle—no small consideration by the bye to a youth with only about one-third of his senses about him—the more so as no one was near to scrutinize his actions. Well, on he went, thinking of the pleasures that awaited him at Brunswick, and anticipating the kind welcome he should receive from his relatives and friends, when he was suddenly aroused from his waking dream by hearing the sound of a horse's hoofs close at his side. He turned his head, and was startled to find the same tall dark figure who had contrived to make him ride so much lighter, by ridding him of several supernumerary silver pieces at the inn, on a black steed, which exactly kept pace with his own animal. At the first moment, Karl thought of endeavouring to persuade Nicolaus to use his best speed, by a manful application of the whip ; but when he considered the unyielding attributes of his stoical quadruped, he gave up the idea in despair. His alarm too was in some degree dissipated by the changed address of the stranger, who courteously wished him a good evening, and testified his delight at having a companion on so lonely a road. Though Karl was rather more assured, he by no means felt that the delight was mutual. "Curse the fellow ! (thought the youth) it requires no great stretch of politeness to be civil to a person when you are riding with his money in your belt. I would that his raven-hided beast knew how to stumble and break the ill-favoured cheat's neck, or at least put out his collar-bone !" This charitable sentence, however, he deemed it quite as well not to give *vivá voce*, for it struck him forcibly that it might not be considered by his fellow-traveller in

the light of a joke. As the stranger entered more fully into conversation, Karl's fears by degrees began to abate ; but he could not help now and then giving a sly look under the black horse's belly, to see whether the other foot of the unknown rider corresponded with the one which he had a view of. But he had no opportunity of satisfying his curiosity, for if he ever slackened his pace that the other might go on before him, the stranger also pulled his rein and remained always close at his side. At length they came to a narrow pass, between two hills, where two horses could not go abreast, and Karl said to himself—"Ha ! ha ! I have thee now, or the devil's in't !" He drew up that the stranger might pass on first, but he was too polite to take precedence, and Karl was obliged to go on. When he had gone about half-way through the narrow road, he turned to have a full view of the gentleman who had stood so much upon forms, but how great was his surprise to find that there was not a trace of him to be seen ! "So, so, (cried Karl) this place did not tempt thee, thou arch-fiend ! thou liked'st not to show thy cloven foot, and I give thee credit for having some shame left ; though verily I am glad to be quit of thy visage !" When he came to the end of the pass, and was jogging on gaily, he nearly dropped from his saddle, at finding the dark rider, whom he fancied he had left behind, still by his side. "I mark thy surprise, (said he to Karl) but I saw when thou wert riding before me that thy horse had lost his tail, and out of compassion for the poor beast, hatred for the flies that annoy him, and respect for his rider, I went back, and by good fortune found it lying on the road. I have now (added he) great pleasure in restoring it uninjured." Saying this he presented it with a very creditable bow to Karl, who gazed on the tawny relic in utter astonishment. How Nicolaus had lost his tail he could by no means conjecture. He was, indeed, so amazed that he forgot to thank the stranger for his courtesy, at which the other appeared in no wise offended. "So, then (said Karl at

last) I am on a tailless horse ! It is well that it will be dark by the time I come to my journey's end, or I should be followed through the street as if I were an imp of the dev—" he stopped short in his speech, for he perceived that he had committed himself, as his companion seemed not at all to relish the insinuation. He turned, however, with renewed good humour to Karl, and said: "Come, come, thy case is not so hopeless. Thou shalt not be on the back of an imperfect animal. Give me the tail, and pledge me thy word that thou wilt look straight forward, and not once cast thine eyes backward to make thy remarks on my proceedings, and I promise without loss of time to affix the fly-flapping appendage once more to the hinder part of thy steed."

Karl, although he strongly doubted the possibility of such a manœuvre, willingly pledged his word, and in a moment afterwards heard the stranger mutter something which was unintelligible to him, but which he made no question was some spell used in the ceremony of tail-fixing. "Turn (said the stranger, who was now again beside him), thy horse is again repaired !" Karl did as he was requested, and the tail was manifest ; but Nicolaus betrayed as little joy at the recovery of it, as he had evinced sorrow for its loss. Karl could not help suspecting that the stranger had made him promise to look straight forward, not so much out of fear that he should be a spy upon his operations, as that he dreaded an exposure of the cloven-foot ; nevertheless he thanked him for his good offices, and kept on his way. After a time it occurred to him that a pipe would be no bad thing ; but when he had filled it, found to his mortification that he had lost his flint, and began railing in good set terms at his own carelessness and indiscretion. "Despair not, while I am near thee (said the stranger) ; hold thy pipe towards me !" No sooner was this done than he breathed upon it, and the tobacco was ignited. Karl felt now convinced that he was travelling with Satan ; for the herb burnt rather blue than otherwise, and there was a villainous smack

of sulphur in the only whiff that he took. He had a very certain presentiment that his companion had not brought the fire which he had just given him from the same place where Prometheus had obtained *his*. The pipe dropped from his lips, and he trembled from head to foot. He now began to devise means of ridding himself of his black-art-practising fellow-traveller. He had observed on their journey that when they came near any of the crosses, which are common to this day in Catholic countries, his companion vanished, and did not rejoin him until they were out of sight of those devil's eye-sores. He now resolved to make the best use of his observation, and happening to espy a small cross at a little distance, and seeing that his good friend had left him as usual, he rode up to it, dismounted, and easily drew it from the ground. "It's an ill procession, they say, when the devil carries the cross, (cried Karl) so I'll e'en be before-hand with him." He threw it across his shoulders, vaulted into his saddle, and trotted forward, until he came to a town which he supposed to be the place of his destination. Nicolaus made a sudden halt and neighed loudly ; and lashes and caresses were alike ineffectual to induce him to proceed. A door was opened, and the old cook who knew the voice of Nicolaus too well to be mistaken, welcomed the young apprentice home again to his master's house, at Magdeburg. The truth is, that Nicolaus, liking better a dirty stable than a clean road, had taken care to turn his head homeward, when his rider awoke from his slumber under the tree, and Karl was obliged to defer his visit to Brunswick until a better opportunity should occur. He told his master the whole story on the next morning ; but the jeweler (unbelieving as he was !) attributed every thing to his superstition and state of intoxication ; but the old cook was fully persuaded that he had actually been in the society of the devil, and was not satisfied that he was entirely out of his, the said devil's power, until he had confessed to the priest of the family, and purified himself with an additional

sprinkling of holy water. His master had the cross burned, and warned Karl not to mention the circumstance of his having sacrilegiously carried it off, as he might incur the displeasure of the holy church. Karl did as he was

desired, and on the following day the removal of the cross was discovered, and considered as a miracle by the good people of Lower Saxony in the seventeenth century.

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#### THE MAIDEN'S FUNERAL.

##### THE COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.—NO. V.

**A** LITTLE longer, yet a little longer let us tarry in this secluded burial-ground. The sun's golden rim touches not yet the line of that bright horizon. Not yet have the small birds betaken themselves to their leafy homes, nor the bees to their hives, nor the wild rabbits to their burrows on the heath. Not yet, sailing like a soft fleecy cloud through the grey depths of twilight, hath the light-shunning owl ventured abroad on her wide winnowing vans, nor is the bat come forth, cleaving the dewy air with his eccentric circles. Tarry a little longer, even till the moon, that pale, dull, silvery orb, shines out uneclipsed by the glories of her effulgent brother. Then, will her tender light, glancing in between those ancient oaks, sleep sweetly on the green graves, and partially illumine that south-east angle of the Church Tower, and those two long narrow windows. And then will our walk homeward be delightful—far more so than in the warm glow of sunset. For then, every bank and hedgerow will be glittering with dew in the pale silvery light, and every fern leaf will be a diamond spray, and every blade of grass a crystal spear; and sparks of living fire will tremble on them, and glance out with their emerald rays from between the broad leaves of the coltsfoot and the arum. And then the wild honeysuckles, (our hedgerows are full of them,) will exhale such sweets as I would not exchange for all the odours of the gardens of Damascus; or if we go homie by the heath track, the wild thyme, and the widows-wail, will enrich the air with their aromatic fragrance. On such a night as this will be, I never unreluctantly re-enter the formal dwell-

ings of man, or resign myself to oblivious slumbers. Methinks, how exquisite it would be, to revel like a creature of the elements the long night through in the broad flood of moonshine! To pass from space to space with the fleetness of thought, "putting a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes," or to skim silently along, on the stealthy moonbeams, to lonely places, where wells of water gush up in secret, where the wild deer come fearlessly to drink, where the halycon rears her young, and the water lily floats like a fairy ship, unseen by human eye—and so, admitted to nature's sanctuary, blending as it were in essence with its pervading soul of rapturous repose—to be abstracted for a while from dull realities, the thoughts and cares of earth, that clog the unextinguishable spirit with their dense vapours, and intercept its higher aspirations—what living soul, conscious of its divine origin, and of its immortal destination, but must at times feel weary of this probationary state, impatient of the conditions of its human nature, and of bondage in its earthly tabernacle! What living soul that has proved the vanity of all sublunary things, but has at times aspirated with the royal Psalmist, "O that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away and be at rest!"

Hark!—there's a stir near us—a stir of footsteps, and of human voices. It proceeds from within the Church, and see, the porch doors are ajar, and also that low-arched door-way opening into the belfry. Those steps are ascending its dark narrow stair, and then—hark again! from within, a low dull creaking sound, and then—one long, deep startling toll—another, ere the



echoes of the first have died away over the distant woods. That sound is the summons of the grave. Some neighbouring peasant is borne to-night to his long home, and see, as we turn this angle of the church, there beside that broad old maple, is a fresh-opened grave. The dark cavity is covered in by two boards laid loosely over, but it will not be long untenanted. Let us look abroad for the approaching funeral, for by the tolling of the bell, it must be already within sight. It comes not up that shady lane—no, nor by the broad heath road, from the further hamlet—nor from the direction of the Grange Farm—but there—ah!—there it is, and close at hand, emerging from that little shrubby hollow, through which the road dips to the near village of Down. Is it not a beautiful thing to gaze on, in this lovely secluded spot, by the light of that yellow sunset, the mellow hue of which falls with such a rich yet tempered brightness on the white draperies of those foremost in the procession?

It is a maiden's funeral, that probably, of some young person; for see, the pall is borne by six girls, each shrouded like a nun in her long white flowing hood, and in lieu of the black pall, a white sheet is flung over the coffin. The lower classes are very tenacious of those distinctive observances, and many a young creature I have known, whose delight it seemed, during the last stages of some lingering malady, to arrange everything for her own burial. The fashion of her shroud, and the flowers they should strew over her in the coffin—the friends who should follow her to the grave, and the six of her young companions to be selected for her pall-bearers. Almost the very poorest contrive, on such occasions, what they call "a creditable burying"—even to the coarse refreshments distributed among the funeral guests. Poor souls!—long and sorely do they pinch for it, in their own few comforts, and in their scanty meals—but the self-inflicted privation is unrepiningly endured, and who would take upon him, if it were possible, to restrain that holy and natural impulse, to honour the memory of the dead? See!

—the train lengthens into sight as it winds up the ascent from that wild dingle. The bearers and their insensible burthen are already near, and there follow the female mourners foremost. Ah! I know now for whom that bell tolls—for whom that grave is prepared—whose remains are there borne along to their last resting-place. Close behind the coffin comes a solitary mourner—solitary in her grief, and yet she bears in her arms a helpless innocent, whose loss is even more deplorable than hers. That poor old woman is the widowed mother of Rachel Maythorne, whose corpse she is following to the grave, and that unconscious baby who stretches out its little hands with laughing glee towards the white drapery of the coffin, is the desolate orphan of her only child—Alas! of its unwedded mother.—A dark and foul offence lies at his door, who seduced that simple creature from the paths of innocence! A few words will tell her story, but let us stop till the funeral train has passed on into the church, from which the minister now advances to meet it.—That poor childless mother! with what rapid strides have age and infirmities overtaken her, since we saw her this time twelve-month, holding open that very gate for the farmer's prosperous family, and following them into church with contented humility, accompanied by her duteous Rachel. Then, she was still a comely matron, looking cheerful in her poverty, and strong to labour. Now, how bent down with age and feebleness does that poor frame appear! The burthen of the little infant is one she can ill sustain, but to whom would she resign the precious charge? She has contrived a black frock for the little creature—probably from her own old gown—her widow's gown, for she herself has on no mourning garment, only an old rusty black willow bonnet, with a little crape about it of still browner hue, and a large black cotton shawl, with which she has covered over, as nearly as possible, that dark linen gown. She holds up no handkerchief to her eyes, with the idle parade of ceremonial woe, but her face is bent down over the baby's bosom,

and drops are glistening there, and on its soft cheek, that never fell from those young joyous eyes.

A few neighbours follow her—a few poor women two and two, who have all contrived to make some show of decent mourning, and those three or four labouring men, who walk last, have each a crape hat-band, that has served for many funerals. They are all gone by now—the dead and the living. For the last time on earth, the departed mortal has entered the House of God. While that part of the burial-service appointed to be read there is proceeding, a few words will tell her story.

Rachel Maythorne was the only child of her mother, and she was a widow, left early to struggle with extreme poverty, and with the burthen of a sickly infant, afflicted with epileptic fits, almost from its birth. The neighbours, many of them, said, “it would be a mercy, if so be God Almighty were pleased to take away the poor baby; she would never thrive, or live to be a woman, and was a terrible hindrance to the industrious mother.” But *she* thought not so, neither would she have exchanged her puny wailing infant, for the healthiest and the loveliest in the land—she thought it the loveliest, ay, and the most intelligent too, though everybody else saw well enough that it was more backward in every thing, than almost any child of the same age. But it did weather out the precarious season of infancy, and it did live to be a woman, and even to enjoy a moderate share of health, though the fits were never wholly subdued, and they undoubtedly had weakened and impaired, though not destroyed her intellect. Most people at first sight would have called Rachel a very plain girl, and she was, in truth, far from pretty, slight and thin in her person, and from the feebleness of her frame, stooping almost like a woman in years. Her complexion, which might have been fair and delicate, had she been a lady, and luxuriously reared up, was naturally pallid, and, exposure to sun and wind in her outdoor labours, had thickened it to a dark and muddy hue; but there was

a meek and tender expression in her mild hazel eyes, and in her dimpled smile, and in the tone of her low quiet voice, even in the slight hesitation which impeded her utterance, that never failed to excite interest, when once they had attracted observation. The mother and daughter lived a life of contented poverty—the former, strong and healthful, found frequent employment as a char-woman, or in going out to wash, or in field-labour. The latter, brought up almost delicately, though the child of indigence, and still occasionally subject to distressing fits, was principally occupied at home, in the care of their cow, the management of the little dairy, in the cultivation of their small patch of garden, (and small though it was, Rachel had her flower-knot in a sunny corner,) and in knitting and coarse needlework. In summer, however, she shared her mother’s task in the hay-field, in mushroom-picking, and in the pleasant labour of the gleaners; and how sweet was the frugal meal of that contented pair, when the burthen of the day was over, and they sat just within the open door of their little cottage, over which a luxuriant jessamine had wreathed itself into a natural porch!

If Nature had been niggardly in storing the simple head of poor Rachel, she had been but too prodigal of feeling, to a heart which overflowed with the milk of human kindness, whose capacity of loving seemed boundless, embracing within its scope every created thing that breathed the breath of life. We hear fine ladies and sentimental misses making a prodigious fuss about sensibility, and barbarity, and “the poor beetle that we tread upon;” but I do firmly believe simple Rachel, without even thinking of her feelings, much less saying a word about them, would have gone many steps out of her way, rather than set her foot upon a worm. It was a sore trouble to her, her annual misery, when Daisey’s calf, that she had petted so fondly, was consigned to the butcher’s cart, and while the poor mother lowed disconsolately about in quest of her lost little one, there was

no peace for Rachel. Every moan went to her heart. But her love, and pity, and kindness of nature were not all expended (as are some folks' sensibilities,) on birds, and beasts, and black beetles. Her poor services were at the command of all those who needed them, and Rachel was in truth a welcome and a useful guest in every neighbour's cottage. She was called in to assist at the wash-tub, to take a turn at the butter-churn, to nurse the baby while the mother was more actively occupied, or to mind the house while the goodwoman stepped over to the shop, or to watch the sick, while others of the family were necessitated to be about the daily labour that gained their daily bread; she could even spell out a chapter of the Bible, when the sick person desired to hear its comfortable words. True, she was not always very happy in her selections. "It was *all* good;" so she generally began reading first where the book fell open, no matter, if at the numbering of the twelve tribes, or at "The Song of Solomon," or the story of "Bel and the Dragon."—"It was all good," said Rachel; so she read on boldly through thick and thin, and fine work, to be sure, she made of some of the terrible hard names. But the simple soul *was* right—It *was* "all good." The intention was perfect, and the spirit in which those inapplicable portions of Scripture were almost unintelligibly read, found favour doubtless with Him who claims the services of the heart, and cares little for the outward form of sacrifice.

A child might have practised on the simplicity of Rachel Maythorne, and when April-fool-day came round, on many a bootless errand was she sent, and many a marvellous belief was palmed upon her by the village urchins, who yet in the midst of their merry mischief, would have proved sturdy champions in her cause, had real insult or injury been offered to the kind creature, from whom all their tormenting ingenuity could never provoke a more angry exclamation, than the short pathetic words, "Oh dear!" One would have thought none but a child could have had the heart to abuse

even in jest the credulous innocence of that unoffending creature. But the human "heart *is* desperately wicked;" and one there was, so callous and corrupt, and absorbed in its own selfishness, as to convert into an "occasion of falling," the very circumstances which should have been a wall of defence about poor Rachel.

It chanced that, towards the end of last year's harvest, the widow Maythorne was confined to her cottage by a sprained ancle, so that for the first time in her life, Rachel went out to the light labour of gleaning, unaccompanied by her tender parent. Through the remainder of the harvest season, she followed Farmer Buckwheat's reapers, and no gleaner returned at evening so heavily laden as the widow's daughter. For the farmer himself favoured the industry of simple Rachel, and no reaper looked sharply towards her, though she followed him so close, as to glean a chance handful, even from the sheaf he was binding together. And she followed in the wake of the loaded waggons, from whose toppling treasures, as they rustled through the deep narrow lanes, the high hedges on either side took tribute, and though *her* sheaf acquired bulk more considerably than ever from the golden hangings of the road side, no one rebuked the widow's daughter, or repelled her outstretched hand; and *one* there was, who gave more than passive encouragement to her humble encroachments. And when the last waggon turned into the spacious rick-yard, and the gleaners retired slowly from the gate, to retrace their way homeward through the same lanes, where a few golden ears might yet be added to their goodly sheaves, then Rachel also turned towards her home, but not in company with her fellow gleaners. For the young farmer led her by a nearer and a pleasanter way, through the Grange homestead, and the orchard, and the hazel copse, that opened just on the little common where stood her mother's cottage, the first of the scattered hamlet. But though the way was certainly shorter, and there were no stiles to clamber over, and the young farmer helped Rachel with her



load, by the time they reached the little common, lights were twinkling in all its skirting cottages, and the returned gleaners were gathered round their frugal supper-boards, and the Widow Maythorne was standing in her jasmine porch, looking out for her long absent Rachel, and wondering that she lingered so late, till the sight of her heavy burthen, as she emerged from the dark copse, accounted for her lagging footsteps and tardy return. Her companion never walked with her farther than the copse, and he exacted a promise — — — Alas! and it was given and kept, though the poor thing comprehended not why she might not make her dear mother partaker of her happy hopes; but it was *his* wish, so she promised all he exacted, and too faithfully kept silence. So time passed on. The bright broad harvest moon dwindled away to a pale crescent, and retired into the starry depths of heaven, and then, again emerging from her unseen paths, she hung out her golden lamp, to light the hunter's month. Then came the dark days and clouded nights of November, and the candle was lit early in the widow's cottage, and the mother and daughter resumed their winter tasks of the spinning wheel and the knitting needles. And the widow's heart was cheery, for the meal-chest was full, and the potatoe-patch had yielded abundantly, and there stood a goodly peat-stack by the door; and, through the blessing of Providence on their careful industry, they should be fed and warmed all the long winter months: so there was gladness in the widow's heart. But Rachel drooped; at first unobserved by the fond parent, for the girl was ever gentle and quiet, and withal not given to much talking or to noisy merriment; but then she would sit and sing to herself like a bird, over her work, and she was ever ready with a smiling look and a cheerful answer, when her mother spoke to or asked a question of her. Now she was silent, but unquiet, and would start as if from sleep when spoken to, and fifty times in an hour lay by her work hastily, and walk to the door, or the window, or the little cupboard, as if for some special pur-

pose, which yet seemed ever to slip away unaccomplished from her bewildered mind; and sometimes she would wander away from her home for an hour or more together, and from those lonely rambles she was sure to return with looks of deeper dejection, and eyes still heavy with the traces of recent tears. The mother's observation once aroused, her tender anxiety soon fathomed the cruel secret. Alas! unhappy mother—thou hadst this only treasure—this one poor lamb—who drank of thy cup, and lay in thy bosom, and was to thee a loving and a dutiful child; and the spoiler came, and broke down thy little fence of earthly comfort, and laid waste the peaceful fold of nature's sweetest charities.

The rustic libertine, whose ruthless sport, the amusement of a vacant hour, had been the seduction of poor Rachel, soon wearied of his easy conquest, and cast her "like a loathsome weed away." He found it not at first an easy task to convince her of his own baseness, and intended desertion of her; but when at last he roughly insisted on the discontinuance of her importunate claims, and the simple mind of his poor victim once fully comprehended his inhuman will, she would have obeyed it in upbraiding silence; but alas! her injuries were not to be concealed, and it was the hard task of the afflicted mother to appeal for such miserable compensation as the parish could enforce, to support her unhappy child in the hour of trial, and to assist in maintaining the fatherless little one. Three months ago it was born into this hard, bleak world, and though the child of shame, and poverty, and abandonment, never was the heir of a mighty dukedom more fondly welcomed, more doatingly gazed on, more tenderly nursed, than that poor baby: and it was a lovely infant. How many a rich and childless pair would have yielded up even to the half of all their substance, to be the parents of such a goodly creature! All the sorrows of the forsaken mother, all her rejected affections, all her intense capabilities of loving, became so absorbed and con-

centrated in her maternal feelings, that when she looked upon her child, and hugged it to her bosom, and drank in at her eyes the sweetness of its innocent smiles, it would have been difficult, perhaps, to have kept alive in her poor simple mind a repentant sorrow for her past fault, as associated with the existence of that guiltless creature. No one judged hardly of poor Rachel, though many a muttered curse, "not loud, but deep," was imprecated on her heartless seducer. *She* was still a welcome guest in every cottage—she who had ever been so ready with all her little services to every soul who needed them, was now welcome to sit with her infant in the low nursing-chair beside their humble hearths, or to lay it in the same cradle with their own little ones, while she busied herself at her task of needlework. It was a great comfort to the anxious mother to know, that, while she was absent from her cottage, her daughter had many a friend, and many a home, to which she might resort when her own was lonely, or when the peculiar symptoms, with which she was familiar, warned her of an approaching fit. On such occasions, (and she had generally sufficient notice,) experience had taught her, that by flinging herself flat down on her face, either on the bed or floor, the attack was greatly mitigated in violence, and sometimes wholly averted; and it had been hitherto an especial mercy, that the afflictive malady had never made its terrific approaches in the night season. Therefore it was, that the Widow Maythorne now and then ventured to sleep from home, when engaged in one of her various occupations, nurse-tending. So engaged, she left her cottage one evening of last week, and, not expecting to return to it before the afternoon of the ensuing day, she made it her provident request to a neighbour, that, if Rachel did not look in on her early in the morning, she would step across and see how it fared with her and her baby. Morning came, and the good woman was stirring early, and soon every cottage lattice was flung open, and every door unclosed, and the blue

smoke curled up from every chimney but that of the Widow Maythorne's dwelling. There, door and window continued fast, and the little muslin curtain was undrawn from within the chamber-window. So the friendly neighbour, mindful of her promise, stepped across to the silent cottage, and it was not without an apprehensive feeling, that she lifted up the latch, of the garden-wicket, before which stood the old cow, waiting to be disburthened of her milky treasure, and loving out, at intervals her uneasy impatience at the unusual tardiness of her kind mistress. Fast was the door, and fast the chamber-window, and that of the little kitchen, and cold was the hearth within, and all was still as death, and no noise answered to the repeated knocks and calls of the friendly neighbour. She tried the chamber casement, but it was fastened within, and the little curtain drawn before it precluded all view of the interior. But, while the dame stood close to it, with her face glued to the glass, her ear caught an indistinct sound, and in a moment she distinguished the feeble wail of the little infant, but no mother's voice was heard tenderly hushing that plaintive murmur.

Quickly the good dame summoned the assistance of a few neighbours—the cottage door was forced open, and they passed on through the cold empty kitchen into the little bed-chamber. There stood the poor uncurtained bed whereon the widow and her daughter had slept side by side so lovingly, for so many quiet and innocent years, and where of late the new-born babe had nestled in his mother's bosom. It was still clinging there—alas!—to a lifeless breast. The living infant was already chilled by the stiffening coldness of the dead mother, who had been, to all appearance, for many hours a corpse. The immediate cause of her death was also too probably surmised. She had evidently expired in a fit, and, from the cramped posture in which she was discovered, it was also evident her first impulse had been to turn herself round upon her face, so to baffle the approaching crisis. But

even at that fearful moment, maternal love had prevailed over the powerful instinct of self-preservation—she had turned half-round, but stayed herself there, painfully supported in cramped posture by the elbow of her right arm, while the left still clasped the baby to her bosom, and had stiffened so its last tender office.

[As we have published in the *Athenium* almost all the productions of the accomplished poetess, L. E. L. —we have thought that the insertion of her longest and best poem "*The Improvisatrice*" would be very acceptable to our readers.]—*Ed.*

THE IMPROVISATRICE.

I AM a daughter of that land,  
Where the poet's lip and the painter's hand  
Are most divine,—where earth and sky  
Are picture both and poetry—  
I am of Florence. 'Mid the chill  
Of hope and feeling, oh ! I still  
Am proud to think to where I owe  
My birth, though but the dawn of woe !

My childhood passed 'mid radiant things,  
Glorious as Hope's imaginings ;  
Statues but known from shapes of the earth,  
By being too lovely for mortal birth ;  
Paintings whose colours of life were caught  
From the fairy tints in the rainbow wrought ;  
Music whose sighs had a spell like those  
That float on the sea at the evening's close ;  
Language so silvery, that every word  
Was like the lute's awakening chord ;  
Skies half sunshine, and half starlight ;  
Flowers whose lives were a breath of delight ;  
Leaves whose green pomp knew no withering ;  
Fountains bright as the skies of our spring ;  
And songs whose wild and passionate line  
Suited a soul of romance like mine.

My power was but a woman's power ;  
Yet, in that great and glorious dower  
Which Genius gives, I had my part :  
I poured my full and burning heart  
In song, and on the canvass made  
My dreams of beauty visible ;  
I know not which I loved the most—  
Pencil or lute, both loved so well.

Oh, yet my pulse throbs to recall,  
When first upon the gallery's wall  
Picture of mine was placed, to share  
Wonder and praise from each one there !  
Sad were my shades ; methinks they had  
Almost a tone of prophecy—  
I ever had, from earliest youth,  
A feeling what my fate would be.

My first was of a gorgeous hall,  
Lighted up for festival ;



Braided tresses, and cheeks of bloom,  
 Diamond agraff, and foam-white plume ;  
 Censers of roses, vases of light,  
 Like what the moon sheds on a summer night.  
 Youths and maidens with linked hands,  
 Joined in the graceful sarabands,  
 Smiled on the canvass ; but apart  
     Was one who leant in silent mood  
 As revelry to his sick heart  
     Were worse than veriest solitude.  
 Pale, dark-eyed, beautiful, and young,  
     Such as he had shone o'er my slumbers,  
 When I had only slept to dream  
     Over again his magic numbers.

Divinest Petrarch ! he whose lyre,  
 Like morning light, half dew, half fire,  
 To Laura and to love was vowed—  
 He looked on one, who with the crowd  
 Mingled, but mixed not ; on whose cheek  
     There was a blush, as if she knew  
 Whose look was fixed on her's. Her eye,  
     Of a spring-sky's delicious blue,  
 Had not the language of that bloom,  
 But mingling tears, and light, and gloom,  
 Was raised abstractedly to Heaven :—  
 No sign was to her lover given.  
 I painted her with golden tresses,  
 Such as float on the wind's caresses  
 When the laburnums wildly fling  
 Their sunny blossoms to the spring.  
 A cheek which had the crimson hue  
     Upon the sun-touched nectarine ;  
 A lip of perfume and of dew ;  
     A brow like twilight's darkened line.  
 I strove to catch each charm that long  
 Has lived,—thanks to her lover's song !  
 Each grace he numbered one by one,  
 That shone in her of Avignon.

I ever thought that poet's fate  
 Utterly lone and desolate.  
 It is the spirit's bitterest pain  
 To love, to be beloved again ;  
 And yet between a gulf which ever  
 The hearts that burn to meet must sever.  
 And he was vowed to one sweet star,  
 Bright yet to him, but bright afar.

O'er some, Love's shadow may but pass  
 As passes the breath-stain o'er glass ;  
 And pleasures, cares, and pride combined,  
 Fill up the blank Love leaves behind.  
 But there are some whose love is high,  
 Entire, and sole idolatry ;  
 Who, turning from a heartless world,  
     Ask some dear thing which may renew

Affection's severed links, and be  
As true as they themselves are true.  
But Love's bright fount is never pure ;  
And all his pilgrims must endure  
All passion's mighty suffering  
Ere they may reach the blessed spring.  
And some who waste their lives to find  
A prize which they may never win :  
Like those who search for Irem's groves,  
Which found, they may not enter in.  
Where is the sorrow but appears  
In Love's long catalogue of tears ?  
And some there are who leave the path  
In agony and fierce disdain ;  
But bear upon each cankered breast  
The scar that never heals again.

My next was of a minstrel too,  
Who proved what woman's hand might do,  
When, true to the heart pulse, it woke  
The harp. Her head was bending down,  
As if in weariness, and near,  
But unworn, was a laurel crown,  
She was not beautiful, if bloom  
And smiles form beauty ; for, like death,  
Her brow was ghastly ; and her lip  
Was parched, as fever were its breath.  
There was a shade upon her dark,  
Large, floating eyes, as if each spark  
Of minstrel ecstasy was fled,  
Yet, leaving them no tears to shed ;  
Fixed in their hopelessness of care,  
And reckless in their great despair.  
She sat beneath a cypress tree,  
A little fountain ran beside,  
And, in the distance, one dark rock  
Threw its long shadow o'er the tide ;  
And to the west, where the nightfall  
Was darkening day's gemm'd coronal,  
Its white shafts crimsoning in the sky,  
Arose the sun-god's sanctuary.  
I deemed, that of lyre, life, and love  
She was a long, last farewell taking ;—  
That, from her pale and parched lips,  
Her latest, wildest song was breaking.

## SAPPHO'S SONG.

FAREWELL, my lute !—and would that I  
Had never waked thy burning chords !  
Poison has been upon thy sigh,  
And fever has breathed in thy words.  
Yet wherefore, wherefore should I blame  
Thy power, thy spell, my gentlest lute ?  
I should have been the wretch I am,  
Had every chord of thine been mute.

It was my evil star above,  
 Not my sweet lute, that wrought me wrong ;  
 It was not song that taught me love,  
 But it was love that taught me song.

If song be past, and hope undone,  
 And pulse, and head, and heart, are flame ;  
 It is thy work, thou faithless one !  
 But, no !—I will not name thy name !

Sun-god, lute, wreath, are vowed to thee !  
 Long be their light upon my grave—  
 My glorious grave—yon deep blue sea :  
 I shall sleep calm beneath its wave !

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FLORENCE ! with what idolatry  
 I've lingered in thy radiant halls,  
 Worshipping, till my dizzy eye  
 Grew dim with gazing on those walls,  
 Where Time had spared each glorious gift  
 By Genius unto Memory left !  
 And when seen by the pale moonlight,  
 More pure, more perfect, though less bright,  
 What dreams of song flashed on my brain,  
 Till each shade seemed to live again ;  
 And then the beautiful, the grand,  
 The glorious of my native land,  
 In every flower that threw its veil  
 Aside, when wooed by the spring gale ;  
 In every vineyard, where the sun,  
 His task of summer ripening done,  
 Shone on their clusters, and a song  
 Came lightly from the peasant throng ;—  
 In the dim loveliness of night,  
 In fountains with their diamond light,  
 In aged temple, ruined shrine,  
 And its green wreath of ivy twine ;—  
 In every change of earth and sky,  
 Breathed the deep soul of poesy.

As yet I loved not ;—but each wild,  
 High thought I nourished raised a pyre  
 For love to light ; and lighted once  
 By love, it would be like the fire  
 The burning lava floods that dwell  
 In Etna's cave unquenchable.

One evening in the lovely June,  
 Over the Arno's water's gliding,  
 I had been watching the fair moon  
 Amid her court of white clouds riding ;—  
 I had been listening to the gale,  
 Which wafted music from around,  
 (For scarce a lover, at that hour,  
 But waked his mandolin's light sound),—  
 And odour was upon the breeze,  
 Sweet thefts from rose and lemon trees.



They stole me from my lulling dream,  
And said they knew that such an hour  
Had ever influence on my soul,  
And raised my sweetest minstrel power.  
I took my lute,—my eye had been  
Wandering round the lovely scene,  
Filled with those melancholy tears,  
Which come when all most bright appears,  
And hold their strange and secret power,  
Even on pleasure's golden hour.  
I had been looking on the river,  
Half-marvelling to think that ever  
Wind, wave, or sky, could darken where  
All seemed so gentle and so fair :  
And mingled with these thoughts there came  
A tale, just one that Memory keeps—  
Forgotten music, till some chance  
Vibrate the chord whereon it sleeps !

## A MOORISH ROMANCE.

SOFTLY through the pomegranate groves  
Came the gentle song of the doves ;  
Shone the fruit in the evening light,  
Like Indian rubies, blood-red and bright ;  
Shook the date-trees each tufted head,  
As the passing wind their green-nuts shed ;  
And, like dark columns, amid the sky  
The giant palms ascended on high ;  
And the mosque's gilded minaret  
Glistened and glanced as the daylight set.  
Over the town a crimson haze  
Gathered and hung of the evening's rays ;  
And far beyond, like molten gold,  
The burning sands of the desert rolled.  
Far to the left, the sky and sea  
Mingled their gray immensity ;  
And with flapping sail and idle prow  
The vessels threw their shades below.  
Far down the beach, where a cypress grove  
Casts its shade round a little cove,  
Darkling and green, with just a space  
For the stars to shine on the water's face,  
A small bark lay, waiting for night  
And its breeze to waft and hide its flight.  
Sweet is the burthen and lovely the freight,  
For which those furled-up sails await,  
To a garden, fair as those  
Where the glory of the rose  
Blushes, charmed from the decay  
That wastes other blooms away :  
Gardens of the fairy tale  
Told, till the wood-fire grows pale,  
By the Arab tribes, when night,  
With its dim and lovely light,  
And its silence, suiteth well  
With the magic tales they tell.

Through that cypress avenue,  
 Such a garden meets the view,  
 Filled with flowers—flowers that seem  
 Lighted up by the sunbeam ;  
 Fruits of gold and gems, and leaves  
 Green as Hope before it grieves  
 O'er the false and broken-hearted,  
 All with which its youth has parted,  
 Never to return again,  
 Save in memories of pain !

There is a white rose in yon bower,  
 But holds it a yet fairer flower :  
 And music from that cage is breathing,  
 Round which a jasmine braid is wreathing,  
 A low song from a lonely dove,  
 A song such exiles sing and love,  
 Breathing of fresh fields, summer skies—  
 Now to be breathed of but in sighs !  
 But fairer smile and sweeter sigh  
 Are near when *LEILA*'s step is nigh !  
 With eyes dark as the midnight time,  
 Yet lighted like a summer clime  
 With sun-rays from within ; yet now  
 Lingers a cloud upon that brow,—  
 Though never lovelier brow was given  
 To *Houri* of an Eastern heaven !  
 Her eye is dwelling on that bower,  
 As every leaf and every flower  
 Were being numbered in her heart ;—  
 There are no looks like those which dwell  
 On long-remembered things, which soon  
 Must take our first and last farewell !

Day fades apace : another day,  
 That maiden will be far away,  
 A wanderer o'er the dark-blue sea,  
 And bound for lovely Italy,  
 Her mother's land ! Hence on her breast  
 The cross beneath a Moorish vest ;  
 And hence those sweetest sounds, that seem  
 Like music murmuring in a dream,  
 When in our sleeping ear is ringing  
 The song the nightingale is singing ;  
 When by that white and funeral gloom,  
 Half-hidden by the cypress gloom,  
 The hymn the mother taught her child  
 Is sung each evening at her tomb.  
 But quick the twilight time has past,  
 Like one of those sweet calms that last  
 A moment and no more, to cheer  
 The turmoil of our pathway here.

The bark is waiting in the bay,  
 Night darkens round :—*LEILA*, away !  
 Far, ere to-morrow, o'er the tide,  
 Or wait and be—*ABDALLA*'s bride !

She touched her lute—never again  
Her ear will listen to its strain!  
She took her cage, first kissed the breast—

Then freed the white dove prisoned there :  
It paused one moment on her hand,

Then spread its glad wings to the air.  
She drank the breath, as it were health,

That sighed from every scented blossom ;  
And, taking from each one a leaf,

Hid them, like spells, upon her bosom.  
Then sought the secret path again

She once before had traced, when lay  
A Christian in her father's chain ;

And gave him gold, and taught the way  
To fly. She thought upon the night,

When, like an angel of the light,  
She stood before the prisoner's sight,

And led him to the cypress grove,  
And showed the bark and hidden cove ;

And bade the wandering captive flee,  
In words he knew from infancy !

And then she thought how for her love  
He had braved slavery and death,

That he might only breathe the air  
Made sweet and sacred by her breath.

She reached the grove of cypresses,—  
Another step is by the side :

Another moment, and the bark  
Bears the fair Moor across the tide !

'Twas beautiful, by the pale moonlight,  
To mark her eyes,—now dark, now bright,

As now they met, now shrank away,  
From the gaze that watched and worshipped their day.

They stood on the deck, and the midnight gale  
Just waved the maiden's silver veil—

Just lifted a curl as if to show

The cheek of rose that was burning below :

And never spread a sky of blue

More clear for the stars to wander through !

And never could their mirror be

A calmer or a lovelier sea !

For every wave was a diamond gleam :

And that light vessel well might seem

A fairy ship, and that graceful pair

Young Genii, whose home was of light and air !

Another evening came, but dark ;

The storm clouds hovered round the bark

Of misery :—they just could see

The distant shore of Italy,

As the dim moon through vapours shone—

A few short rays, her light was gone.

O'er head a sullen scream was heard,

As sought the land the white sea-bird,

Her pale wings like a meteor streaming.

Upon the waves a light is gleaming—



Ill-omened brightness, sent by Death  
 To light the night-black depths beneath.  
 The vessel rolled amid the surge ;  
 The winds howled round it, like a dirge  
 Sung by some savage race. Then came  
 The rush of thunder and of flame :  
 It showed two forms upon the deck,—  
 One clasped around the other's neck,  
 As there she could not dream of fear—  
 In her lover's arms could danger be near ?  
 He stood and watched her with the eye  
 Of fixed and silent agony.  
 The waves swept on : he felt her heart  
 Beat close and closer yet to his !  
 They burst upon the ship !—the sea  
 Has closed upon their dream of bliss !

Surely their's is a pleasant sleep,  
 Beneath that ancient cedar tree,  
 Whose solitary stem has stood  
 For years alone beside the sea !  
 The last of a most noble race,  
 That once had there their dwelling-place,  
 Long past away ! Beneath its shade,  
 A soft green couch the turf had made :—  
 And glad the morning sun is shining  
 On those beneath the boughs reclining.  
 Nearer the fisher drew. He saw  
 The dark hair of the Moorish maid,  
 Like a veil, floating o'er the breast,  
 Where tenderly her head was laid ;—  
 And yet her lover's arm was placed  
 Claspings around the graceful waist !  
 But then he marked the youth's black curls  
 Were dripping wet with foam and blood ;  
 And that the maiden's tresses dark  
 Were heavy with the briny flood !  
 Woe for the wind !—woe for the wave !  
 They sleep the slumber of the grave !  
 They buried them beneath that tree ;  
 It long had been a sacred spot.  
 Soon it was planted round with flowers  
 By many who had not forgot ;  
 Or yet lived in those dreams of truth,  
 The Eden birds of early youth,  
 That make the loveliness of love :  
 And called the place "THE MAIDEN'S COVE,"—  
 That she who perished in the sea  
 Might thus be kept in memory.

---

FROM many a lip came sounds of praise,  
 Like music from sweet voices ringing ;  
 For many a boat had gathered round,  
 To list the song I had been singing.  
 There are some moments in our fate  
 That stamp the colour of our days ;

As, till then, life had not been felt,—  
 And mine was sealed in the slight gaze  
 Which fixed my eye, and fired my brain,  
 And bowed my heart beneath the chain.  
 'Twas a dark and flashing eye,  
 Shadows, too, that tenderly,  
 With almost female softness, came  
 O'er its mingled gloom and flame.  
 His cheek was pale ; or toil, or care,  
 Or midnight study, had been there,  
 Making its young colours dull,  
 Yet leaving it most beautiful.  
 Raven curls their shadows threw,  
 Like the twilight's darkening hue,  
 O'er the pure and mountain snow  
 Of his high and haughty brow ;  
 Lighted by a smile, whose spell  
 Words are powerless to tell.  
 Such a lip !—oh, poured from thence  
 Lava floods of eloquence  
 Would come with fiery energy,  
 Like those words that cannot die.  
 Words the Grecian warrior spoke  
 When the Persian's chain he broke ;  
 Or that low and honey tone,  
 Making woman's heart his own ;  
 Such as should be heard at night,  
 In the dim and sweet starlight ;  
 Sounds that haunt a beauty's sleep,  
 Treasures for her heart to keep.  
 Like the pine of summer tall ;  
 Apollo, on his pedestal  
 In our own gallery, never bent  
 More graceful, more magnificent ;  
 Ne'er look'd the hero, or the king,  
 More nobly than the youth who now,  
 As if soul-centred in my song,  
 Was leaning on a galley's prow.  
 He spoke not when the others spoke,  
 His heart was all too full for praise ;  
 But his dark eyes kept fixed on mine,  
 Which sank beneath their burning gaze.  
 Mine sank—but yet I felt the thrill  
 Of that look burning on me still.  
 I heard no word that others said—  
 Heard nothing, save one low-breathed sigh.  
 My hand kept wandering on my lute,  
 In music, but unconsciously :  
 My pulses throbbed, my heart beat high,  
 A flush of dizzy ecstasy.  
 Crimsoned my cheek ; I felt warm tears  
 Dimming my sight, yet was it sweet,  
 My wild heart's most bewildering beat,  
 Consciousness, without hopes or fears,  
 Of a new power within me waking,  
 Like light before the morn's full breaking.

I left the boat—the crowd : my mood  
Made my soul pañt for solitude.

Amid my palace halls was one,  
The most peculiarly my own :  
The roof was blue and fretted gold,  
The floor was of the Parian stone,  
Shining like snow, as only meet  
For the light tread of fairy feet ;  
And in the midst, beneath a shade  
Of clustered rose, a fountain played,  
Sprinkling its scented waters round,  
With a sweet and lulling sound,—  
O'er oranges, like Eastern gold,  
Half hidden by the dark green fold  
Of their large leaves ;—o'er hyacinth bells,  
Where every summer odour dwells.  
And, nestled in the midst, a pair  
Of white wood-doves, whose home was there :  
And, like an echo to their song,  
At times a murmur past along ;  
A dying tone, a plaining fall,  
So sad, so wild, so musical—  
As the wind swept across the wire,  
And waked my lone Æolian lyre,  
Which lay upon the casement, where  
The lattice wooed the cold night air,  
Half hidden by a bridal twine  
Of jasmine with the emerald vine.  
And ever as the curtains made  
A varying light, a changeful shade,  
As the breeze waved them to and fro,  
Came on the eye the glorious show  
Of pictured walls, where landscape wild  
Of wood, and stream, and mountain piled,  
Or sunny vale, or twilight grove,  
Or shapes whose every look was love ;  
Saints, whose diviner glance seemed caught  
From Heaven,—some, whose earthlier thought  
Was yet more lovely,—shone like gleams  
Of Beauty's spirit seen in dreams.  
I threw me on a couch to rest,  
Loosely I flung my long black hair ;  
It seemed to soothe my troubled breast  
To drink the quiet evening air.  
I looked upon the deep-blue sky,  
And it was all hope and harmony.  
Afair I could see the Arno's stream  
Glorying in the clear moonbeam ;  
And the shadowy city met my gaze,  
Like the dim memory of other days ;  
And the distant wood's black coronal  
Was like oblivion, that covereth all.  
I know not why my soul felt sad ;  
I touched my lute,—it would not waken,  
Save to old songs of sorrowing—  
Of hope betrayed—of hearts forsaken :



Each lay of lighter feeling slept,  
I sang, but as I sang, I wept.

(To be continued.)

#### ON THE EXERTION OF FEMALE TALENT.

IT is evident, from the many instances that have presented themselves to the world of feminine excellence, that the female mind is capable of profiting as much by cultivation and study as that of the other sex. We have had poetesses, philosophers, scholars, politicians, and moral writers, whose names will be handed down to future generations, who will rejoice in the truths diffused by their pens.

From the mixed society that a young man is thrown into at his entrance into life, it is probable by the time he commences author he may not be fully convinced that something more is expected of those who can produce any thing worth the perusal, than that they should merely amuse. It is directly the reverse with the female; they are early taught, that to be esteemed they must be useful, and the same argument each wisely applies to her own heart. While the man is delighting in those displays which should have been the objects of regular cultivation, the female is wisely laying up those stores of knowledge which is to make her useful "in her day and generation." We think no one will deem this chimerical. Who can take up any of *Miss Hamilton's* works, and say they are not the result of great study? or who can peruse the varied effusions of *Miss More*, and not perceive, in every line, the manifestations of a persevering intellect.

There have been several instances on record of females who have arrived at great proficiency in the dead languages, of which *Mrs. Carter*, *Miss Eliza Smith*, and the celebrated French critic *Madame Dacier*, are extraordinary examples; and now and then that sportive goddess, Nature, by way of showing the "lords of the creation" what she could do, has created one or two spirits somewhat *amazonian*. Of this small and select class was a lady of the name of *Juliana Barnes*, who

flourished several hundred years ago, and who wrote an elaborate treatise on hunting, hawking, and fishing, which may be found in the libraries of bibliomaniacs. Also *Lettice Bigby, Barneſ Offſley*, who, during the tumults in Ireland in 1642, most valiantly defended her castle at Geashill against all assailants.

It would be difficult to mention the sphere of life where females have not determined to be celebrated: that they have been so the varied works of *Madame de Staël*, and the epistles of *Madame de Sevigné*, may be cited as instances almost worthy of being termed wonderful of female talent. The great powers of reasoning of the former, and the wit and discernment of every intrigue that was carrying on in the magnificent but dissolute court of Louis XIV. which is displayed in the letters of the latter, may be cited as illustrative of this remark. That they should excel as poetesses and novelists is not very wonderful; there is an imaginativeness and innate delicacy in the female mind admirably adapted to the composition of works of fiction; yet to what noble purposes have not some of this hitherto despised class of literature been rendered subservient to women. The works of that great moralist *Edgeworth*, and the beautiful and religious novels of the late *Mrs. Brunton*, are eminent examples of the justice of this conclusion. It is not irrelevant here to state, that we do not conceive it difficult to assign satisfying reasons for the contempt so lavishly bestowed on this *genius* of composition. Formerly every miserable wight, who could string a few sentences together, wrote novels, and we had productions in comparison with which the "renowned History of Daddy Two Shoes, on Three Legs," might fairly be termed sublime and beautiful; but this day has fled for ever, and amiable snicides, and love-sick robbers can de-

light no more. If novels are purchased or read they must combine historic anecdote, or must refer to some of our best interests. The genius of romance appears to have died long since, and the ravings of *Maturin* will never wake her from her slumbers, or retard his name one instant from the oblivion to which it is so rapidly hastening. Of late years female ability in literature has been most conspicuous, and in favour of morals, virtue, and religion, it has been actively and indefatigably exerted, and the reward that the authors may boast (besides the fame and profit) is the consciousness of having been gifted with no talent which they have misapplied, and of possessing, in its fullest extent, "the sunshine of the breast."

While females are confessedly possessed of such vast means of doing good, and so undeviating a disposition to subdue evil, it behoves us to think on the importance of females of talent, and how their minds may be well regulated in infant states. Their almost boundless influence in society has been sufficiently acknowledged in all ages and need not be dwelt upon here: how doubly important therefore, must their influence be in a colony, whose character for morality, temperance, and industry, remain to be formed, and who must, according to the natural and irresistible course of events, be moulded after the fashion of the few master-

spirits who are resident among them, and of whose qualities, whether good or bad, the mass must in some degree partake, as the stream reflects the brightness or opaqueness of the clouds that roll above it. A man may possess expansion of intellect, perseverance, and decision of character, sufficient for a "director general" in a sphere like this, but he will be a rare personage if he unites with all this, example as well as precept; if he has no vice to fling into the scale, no state-ness that freezes all approach to him, and no individual interests, or petty spleens, to gratify. All this *may* take place, *may will* take place, while society is constituted as it is, but we are bold enough to argue, that this alloy, so commingled with ore, could *not* be presented to the view if a female, gifted as we have mentioned, were placed in the same sphere of action. The exertions of her pen, aided by the effects naturally produced by example, the union of all that was useful in life, with so much that could embellish it, and above all, the palpable happiness, both here and hereafter, that must result from pursuing the same path she has trod, would gradually unfold itself to the understanding of each being; common sense could not slumber, or, if she did, it would be but to arise with increased resolutions to gain one more progressive step in the scale of humanity.

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#### THE FETE DE ST. CLOUD.

**W**ITH all the joyous anticipations of youthful fancy did a small coterie, which I had the advantage to join during a hurried visit to the French capital, receive the intelligence, conveyed to them on a brilliant September morning, that it was the last day of the *Fête de St. Cloud*\*, and that it would amount to an absolute misde-meanour, to quit Paris without witnessing the gaieties and the *agrémens* of this enlivening festival.

It was Sunday morning, and some few qualms of conscience obtruded

themselves on our English ideas, as to the propriety of the proposed mode of passing the day; but our sight-seeing propensities soon got the better of our orthodox notions, and the carriage was ordered to the door. The weather was most inviting, and there was an elasticity in the air which was calculated to infuse into even an Englishman, that buoyancy of spirit on which our Gallic neighbours justly pique themselves: such sensations being quite at variance with the condensing effects of a London atmosphere. All Paris appeared in motion, and the scene on the road through the Bois de

\* This fete occurs annually during three successive Sundays, in or about the month of September.

Boulogne presented an humble imitation, with respect to bustle and dust, of the Epsom road during the races.

The distance, however, from the city not being great, the pedestrians were numerous, and before quitting the banks of the Seine, we observed several large sized barges, each bearing a ponderous freight of well stowed passengers, and floating lazily with the stream towards the grand point of attraction.

After passing through the Champs Elysées and the Barrière de Neuilly, the road presents few objects of interest, except a spot in nearly the centre of the wood, where all the growth has been levelled with the earth, and where, if report says truth, the British troops bivouacked previous to their entry into the capital.

A short drive brought us to the extremity of the village, where gendarmes were stationed to prevent the nearer approach of the carriages. Immediately on alighting several self-appointed valets volunteered their services to brush the dust from our coats and hats, and however we might have been disposed to repel their advances, they were accompanied by such an air of politesse, and with such a semblance of disinterested anxiety to please, that it became impossible to receive them otherwise than graciously. We proceeded through a line of inferior booths, to the gates of the gardens or park, where we soon found ourselves in the midst of the din and revelry of a country fair with all its noisy accompaniments, but the most indifferent observer could not fail to be struck with the novelty of the scene and the picturesque groupings it afforded. The luxuriance of the woods (as is not very usual in France,) here forming a prominent feature, the air of antiquated grandeur about the palace rising on an eminence above the foliage, the long avenues and vistas with their intermediate walks filled with the variegated costume of countless multitudes, from the martial uniform of the royal guard to the simply tasteful garb of the humble Bourgeoise, all contributed an abundant share of gratification to the eye; while the air of present enjoy-

ment, which beamed in every countenance, and the universal spirit of *vive la bagatelle* which seemed to set all the cares of this world at defiance, afforded ample field for the contemplation of the mind.

Raree shows, from which promises of unbounded amusement were held out to the lovers of conjuring, ropedancing, horsemanship, &c. lined the main walk on each side, and did not differ much in general appearance from similar establishments at our suburban fairs, but there was nothing which, in external pomp and magnificence, could presume to vie with the gorgeous display made on the like occasion by Messrs. Richardson, Gynge and their fraternity. There was many an expression truly French in the various gestures and orations of the *charlatans* and mountebanks who severally endeavoured to lure the surrounding crowd within their precincts: and there was a characteristic mercenaryism in the very tap of their drums as unlike as possible to the dull monotonous beat of our itinerant musicians, which, by the bye, is rather too closely imitated in our military bands.\*

Detached ballad-singers here and there collected groups of listeners around them, but there were no pretensions either in their style or music to excite attention. Their melodies would have been stale to the ears of a Londoner.

Roundabouts and swings in all their varieties were established in every direction, and, mounted on wooden steeds, young aspirants to military honours displayed their skill in carrying off a ring on the point of a sword, and other feats of dexterity. It was amusing to remark the ingenuity and minuteness of imitation so essentially French, manifested in the erection of some of these vehicles. They were

\* A little more attention to this particular, trifling as it may appear, would very much improve the effect of our military music. When the aid of our best bands was lately put in requisition at the Opera-house to perform in the ballet of Alfred le Grand, it was found that the services of the principal drummer would not be available, as he was totally ignorant of music. Some improvements in the mode of instruction have, I believe, been partially adopted.



surmounted at the points by models of ships completely rigged, each capable of carrying several passengers, to which the three-fold movement was given of a vessel undulating through the waves; so that as close resemblance to sea sickness as could be procured on *terra firma* might be purchased at the expense of a few sous.

Numerous specimens of that thoughtless levity (which John Bull is apt rather too generally to attach to the French character) were observable among this assemblage, and in no instance was it more apparent than in the surprising facility with which all ages seemed to derive satisfaction from the most puerile pursuits. Vast numbers of a mature age were diverting themselves with infantile toys and musical instruments; one especially, formed on the principle of the comb covered with paper, applied by a child to the mouth, and producing a similar discordant sound, appeared to furnish a source of inexhaustible gratification. Numberless parties of old and young were to be seen sporting most joyously, and performing various gambols and evolutions on the green-sward, apart from the main throng.

This exhilarating scene presented so many attractions to a stranger, that great part of the day had elapsed before we were tempted to direct our curiosity to the palace itself, towards and from which a stream of visitors of every class had been in perpetual motion throughout the morning. Ascending the rising ground towards the principal entrance, the prospect of the surrounding *paysage* increases in interest, and the calm repose of the rich and extensive landscape intersected here and there by the placid meanderings of the Seine, was well contrasted on this occasion with the glimpses of active bustle and merriment caught between the foliage immediately beneath us. Some *gens-d'armes* were stationed at the lodge to receive the deposits of sticks and *parapluies*, and having passed through this barrier, we soon found ourselves within the vestibule. Setting aside localities, however, we joined the throng which passed on leisurely, and with the utmost decorum,

through several suites of apartments\* more remarkable for the splendour of their decorations than for their grandeur or extent. A valuable collection of paintings adorn the walls, and the productions which possessed merit, did not fail to attract a full share of the attention of the motley crowd, and to call forth many judicious and well applied remarks. I could not help observing the difference between the deportment of the lower classes in France and in our own country. It would be difficult to imagine the effect of a gratuitous and indiscriminate admission of the visitants to a fair within five miles of the metropolis to the interior of a royal palace, profusely decorated and enriched with costly furniture, and paintings.

It is perhaps the immediate presence of the *gens-d'armes* which awes the populace into such order and propriety of demeanour; but I doubt if the experiment would not prove a dangerous one with us, even if Sir Richard Birnie with a host of his myrmidons were to give their personal attendance.

In passing through these apartments my attention was arrested by a short-built personage, whose general appearance embodied my notions of the *Parisian petit maître* of the last century. He was the more interesting as being the only one whom I met with who evidently preserved the habits and manners of the august race in their original purity, had he not been so deficient in stature, I think he would have presented a perfect *beau idéal* of the tribe. To attempt a description of his *turn out*, from the oily polish of his well curled locks, to his richly ornamented cane, would evince too great a love of minuteness. The pains which had been employed on the finish of both heads, were no doubt equally well bestowed. Every thing about him indicated the extreme of "shallow foppery," and empty conceit, and he was so totally engrossed

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\* The suite of rooms thrown open on these occasions are only those of Monsieur. They are much exceeded in splendour by the apartments of the King and the Duke D'Angouleme, which can be seen on other days.

with his own sweet scented person, as to be perfectly unconscious of all that was passing around him.

The race of *petit maîtres*, and their cotemporaries the *macaronis*, are nearly extinct; and, unlike the latter, they appear to have died without issue. Dandyism is certainly not so prevalent in Paris as with us, but whether this proceeds from a want of the *esprit* or the means, I shall not pretend to determine. Frenchmen are decidedly bad dressers, and must yield the superiority to Englishmen in this particular, as much as I am disposed to cede the like excellence to French ladies above my own countrywomen. Even a Parisian *elegante* dressed correctly and consistently from head to foot, is a complete "niger cygnus."

Before leaving the environs of the palace, we ascended some terrace walks, which are usual accompaniments to the royal edifice or chateaus of any note. They are here elevated to a height above the level of the building, and from the summit the eye wanders over a very extensive horizon, presenting a fertile and diversified tract of country. Various indistinct rumours now reached us that *les grands eaux alloient jouer*, and the multitude began to quicken their steps towards what appeared to constitute the greatest attraction of the day. In a true spirit of John Bullism, however, we were not to be diverted from our course, which, I blush to own, was directed towards the dinner table. This was supplied from one of the numerous restaurateurs established in the neighbourhood; and considering the concourse of company and the bustle which necessarily prevailed, there was no reason to complain either of indifferent fare or extortionate charges.

On sallying forth from the wooden building which formed our temporary dining room, I was directed by an unusual dim and Babel-like confusion of sounds proceeding from what proved to be the kitchen door. Prompted by curiosity, I ventured to set foot within the threshold, and the extraordinary peculiarity of the spectacle which presented itself sufficed to reward me for my hardihood. Of all sights in the

world for "confusion worse confounded," commend me to a French kitchen in full play. A dozen different cooks in full costume and on active service, were supplying the demands of about as many waiters, who were each enforcing attention to his respective wants, by a contest for superiority of lungs; this conflict of voices was aided by the unceasing jargon of the operative *artistes*, all of whom were talking at the same time, all in perpetual motion, and all engaged in squabbling with each other for the different culinary vessels, for of these it seemed necessary to apply a portion of the contents of six or eight to each dish before it acquired the requisite *piquancy*. I had every reason to be thankful that I had concluded my own meal before I ventured to pry into these mysteries; but there was a character about this truly French exhibition, the effect of which was irresistibly ludicrous.

We had the mortification to find on returning to the gardens, that we had missed the display of waterworks. There was abundant means, however, of consoling ourselves for this disappointment, and we proceeded with a confident anticipation of amusement to witness the performances of the dancing parties which were dispersed throughout the grounds. In our progress we encountered some female members of the royal family in their carriages with some military attendants, but their presence rather excited in the crowd a kind of idle wonder, than any very enthusiastic ebullitions of royalty. The temporary platforms for dancing, were tastefully fitted up in some picturesque spot of the garden, under the shelter of the loftier trees. To each of them was attached a well appointed orchestra, filled by excellent bands of music, whose correct and tasteful performance of the *contre dances*, would have done honour to Mr. Paine himself. The style and deportment of the dancers were such as to justify the expectations we are led to form of the superiority of *la grande nation* in all matters connected with the *heels*.

There was no laboured attempt at display, such as we may observe

among the lower classes in this country; but every one executed his part of the quadrille with a grace and facility not unworthy of Almack's. There was an evident mixture of classes, especially among the *gentlemen*, for there joined in the dance many officers, whose splendid uniforms and rich decorations bespoke them of high rank, and even in the same quadrille officers and privates appeared mingled together. The attractions of some of the belles were alone sufficiently inviting; but urged by my fair companions, and having hired chairs for the accommodation, I presently solicited the hand of an interesting girl who formed one of a family group seated near us. The novelty of an English *cavalier* joining the set afforded no little amusement, and some of the lookers on appeared on the alert to indulge their quizzing propensities. We took our station opposite my partner's sister, who was equally well dressed and possessed similar personal attractions to herself, and the quadrille being ended, I reconducted her to her seat by the side of her parents, when I received her thanks briefly but elegantly expressed, and accompanied with a most graceful gesture—I must not omit to mention, that the expences incurred on this occasion amounted to fifteen sous (7½d.) which included the hire of three chairs. I have not unfrequently taken a part in similar scenes at our English fairs, and I have seen many an expression of genuine and innocent enjoyment, and much lightness of step and heart; this, however, was mingled with so much boisterous mirth, perpetual struggle for precedence, and noisy efforts of vulgarity as to spoil the harmony and disturb the general tranquillity. "What?" asks a writer, who has favoured the world with some amusing sketches of in and about the French capital, "would a Sunday's hop be, composed of the inhabitants of St. Giles's and Bermondsey, or of Wapping and the Burrough?" The majority of this assemblage was composed of individuals of this class, and yet nothing escaped them that could either offend the eye or ear of the most refined visitor. In

short, at the shrine of gallantry, a Frenchman, whatever may be his rank in life, makes, with few exceptions, every due sacrifice: he forsakes his ribaldry, his oaths, his intemperance, and even his vulgarity of mien, in the presence of a female. There were no boozing or liquor shops to be seen, nor did I even observe one single instance of indulgence in the luxury of a pipe or cigar. Give a Frenchman his glass of lemonade or *eau sucré*, and his desires with respect to refreshing beverage appear satisfied; on this occasion the itinerant *limonadiers* mustered numerous, and were fully occupied in dealing out their meagre potations from the portable reservoirs suspended to their shoulders.

Night rapidly drawing its veil over this mirthful assemblage, compelled us reluctantly to withdraw from its fascinations, and enables me now to release my readers from a scene, which, however inspiring in reality, I fear he has long since thought sufficiently wearisome upon paper. I shall take leave, however, to suggest before parting, that one day employed in examining the peculiarities and characteristics which such a festival cannot fail to develop, is worth a whole month spent in traversing the streets of the capital.

The contrasts which an unprejudiced Englishman is occasionally led to draw with his own countrymen, are not always flattering to their polish or urbanity. Comparisons are at all times odious, but while we are careful to show the follies and vices of our light hearted neighbours, for heaven's sake let us not be slow to appreciate as well as imitate their excellences.

Reprove me not for my want of national pride, my honest friend BULL, for I love thy many virtues, thy independent spirit, and thy downright sincerity, and it is for the love I bear thee, that I would fain see thee profit by hints intended for thy benefit, for,

"— thou hast need of discipline and art  
To give thee what politer France receives  
From nature's bounty—that humane address,  
And sweetness, without which no pleasure is,  
In converse, either starv'd by cold reserve,  
Or flush'd with fierce dispute, a senseless broil."



## ANECDOTES OF THE PRESENT DAUPHIN.

The Dauphin has from his infancy shown himself to be good, modest, studious. The admirable remark that he made, when a boy, to Suffren, when the latter was presented to him at Versailles, on his return from the Eastern seas, is not yet forgotten. The Duke d'Angoulême had at the time a Plutarch in his hand: "I was reading the history of a hero," exclaimed the young Prince, embracing Suffren; "I now see one." Henry the Fourth, when a child could not have said a better thing.

When the Sovereigns of Europe, whose thrones were all menaced with destruction, combined against the oppressor of nations, and Buonaparte fell, the Duke d'Angoulême was at Bourdeaux, that loyal city, which had opened its gates to him on the 12th of March. "God be praised!" cried the Prince, "there will be no further effusion of French blood." A great number of the inhabitants of Bourdeaux solicited the honour of being presented to him. It had been thought necessary to place at the head of the list the persons most qualified by their titles and birth. "Let the list be re-modelled in alphabetical order," said his Royal Highness; "since the 12th of March everybody is noble at Bourdeaux."

When his Royal Highness repaired to the South, by order of the King, in consequence of the disturbances which took place at the end of the year 1815, the following were the noble expressions which he addressed to the president of the consistory of the reformed church at Nîmes: "No doubt prejudices have been instilled into your mind against me. You have probably been told that I do not love you. Certainly I am a good Catholic; but I can never forget that the most illustrious of my ancestors was a Protestant."

Two days after the capture of the Trocadero, while the regiments who had shared in that glorious enterprise were passing in review before the Duke d'Angoulême, some of the sol-

diers called out, "Is the prince satisfied with us?" "My friends," replied his Royal Highness, "I was going to ask you if you were satisfied with me."

One day the Duke, incognito, was inspecting the quarters established in the suburbs of Andujar. In a narrow shed he observed an old soldier of the guard lying on a truss of straw. His Royal Highness approached him, and striking him lightly on the shoulder, said, "Comrade, pray make a little room." "With great pleasure," replied the soldier, drawing back; "there was straw enough for two." His Royal Highness lay down, and soon fell into a profound sleep. An instant after the soldier awakened thoroughly. His astonishment and delight on discovering that it was the royal generalissimo who reposed by his side, may be easily conceived. After having covered his Royal Highness with his cloak, he mounted guard over him; and never was a post of honour filled with greater zeal, or a more noble pride.

## TOPHAM, THE STRONG MAN.

The most extraordinary instance of human strength recorded in modern times, is that of Thomas Topham, a man who kept a public-house at Islington. Mr. Hutton, in his history of Derby, gives this account of him:—He performed surprising feats of strength—as breaking a broomstick of the first magnitude by striking it against his bare arm, lifting two hogsheds of water, heaving his horse over the turnpike gate, carrying the beam of a house as a soldier carries his firelock, &c. When this Second Samson appeared at Derby as a performer in public, at a shilling each, upon application to Alderman Cooper for leave to exhibit, the magistrate was surprised at the feats he proposed, and as his appearance was like that of other men, he requested him to strip, that he might examine whether he was made like them; but he was found to be extremely muscular. What were hol-

ers, were filled up with ligaments in him.

He appeared nearly five feet ten, turned of thirty, well made, but nothing singular; he walked with a small limp. He had formerly laid a wager, the usual decider of disputes, that three horses could not draw him from a post which he should clasp with his feet; but the driver giving them a sudden lash, turned them aside, and the unexpected jerk had broke his thigh.

The performances of this wonderful man, in whom were united the strength of twelve, were, rolling up a pewter dish of seven pounds as a man rolls up a sheet of paper; holding a pewter quart at arm's length, and squeezing the sides together like an egg-shell; lifting two hundred weight with his little finger, and moving it gently over his head. The bodies he touched seemed to have lost their powers of gravitation. He also broke a rope fastened to the floor, that would sustain twenty hundred weight; lifted an oak table six feet long with his teeth, though half a hundred weight was hung to the extremity; a piece of leather was fixed to one end for his teeth to hold, two of the feet stood upon his knees, and he raised the end with the weight higher than that in his mouth. He took Mr. Chambers, Vicar of All Saints, who weighed twenty-seven stone, and raised him with one hand. His head being laid on one chair, and his feet on another, four people, (fourteen stone each) sat upon his body, which he heaved at pleasure. He struck a round bar of iron, one inch diameter, against his naked arm, and at one stroke bent it like a bow. Weakness and feeling seemed fled together.

Being a master of music, he entertained the company with Mad Tom. I heard him sing a solo to the organ in St. Werburgh's church, then the only one in Derby; but though he might perform with judgment, yet the voice, more terrible than sweet, scarcely seemed human. Though of a pacific temper, and with the appearance of a gentleman, yet he was liable to the insults of the rude. The ostler at the Virgin's Inn, where he resided, having given him disgust, he took one

of the kitchen spits from the mantelpiece, and bent it round his neck like a handkerchief; but as he did not chuse to tuck the ends in the ostler's bosom, the cumbrous ornament excited the laugh of the company till he condescended to untie his iron cravat. Had he not abounded with good nature, the men might have been in fear for the safety of their persons, and the women for that of their pewter shelves, as he could instantly roll up both. One blow from his fist would for ever have silenced those heroes of the Bear-garden, Johnson and Mendoza.

At the time of his death, which happened 10th August, 1749, he kept a public-house Hog-lane, Shoreditch. Having, two days before, a quarrel with his wife, he stabbed her in the breast, and immediately gave himself several wounds which proved fatal to him, but his wife recovered.

#### MUNGO PARK.

The Glasgow Courier gives the following communication respecting this ill-fated traveller, from notes made in 1822. "Duncanno, a negro, was born at Birnie Yaourie. He was in the Pass about to be mentioned, to sell collas, when he was seized by the Foulahs, carried off as a slave, and afterwards taken to the Gold Coast, where he was shipped on board a Portuguese vessel, and carried to Bahia, where he remained three years. He was employed in a Portuguese slave ship as a seaman, and returned to Africa in her, during Governor Maxwell's residence on the coast. Duncanno states, that he was in his native country, Birnie Yaourie, sixteen years ago (1808), when Mr. Park arrived there in a canoe with two masts; no persons landed. The canoe continued her course down the river, with the travellers in her. The king of Yaourie, aware of their danger, sent off eight canoes after them to warn them of it, and in one of the canoes was sent a red cow, intended as a present to the white men. Mr. Park did not communicate with them, but continued sailing onwards. The canoes followed, and at last Mr. Park, probably dreading hostile intentions, fired upon them, but fortunately did not kill any one. The canoes re-

turned, but the king, anxious for the safety of the travellers, again sent people to proceed after them, requesting them to stop, and he would send people to show them the safe and proper passage in the channel of the river. The messengers however, could not overtake them. Park continued his voyage, till the vessel got amongst the rocks off Boussa, and was, in consequence, "broke." Birnie Yaourie is in Houssa, but Boussa is not. The latter is in the country called Burgoo. Birnie Yaourie is by land distant one day's journey from Boussa, but by water one day and a half. Duncanno described the place or pass where the canoe was broke, to be like the cataracts in our mountains. The water ran with great force. The canoe was carried rapidly along, and before they could perceive their imminent danger, it struck with violence on some rocks and was dashed to pieces. The people of Boussa stood upon the rocks projecting into the river, desirous if possible, to afford the white men assistance : but the catastrophe was so sudden, and the violence of the stream so great, that they could not reach them. The break of the river on the rocks is described as dreadful, the whirlpools formed appalling, and the agitation of the waters so great, as almost to raise the canoe on its end, and precipitate its stem forwards into the gulfs below it. At the moment the vessel struck, Mr. Park had something in his hand, which he threw into the water, just as the vessel appeared to be going to pieces. The "water was too bad," so agitated that he could not swim, and he was seen to sink in it. There were "plenty" of other white men in the canoe, all of whom were drowned. The river there is as broad as from Le Fevre Point to Tagrin Point, Sierra Leone, or above four miles. There was a black man, a slave, who was saved from the canoe. This black man spoke the Foulah language, and was a slave to a Foulah man. When Duncanno left Yaourie, this man was still in Boussa ; but he knows nothing more of him. Duncanno asserted positively that no person from Park's vessel landed at Birnie Yaourie, that the

black was the only individual saved, and that that man only was left at Boussa. The people of Boussa went in canoes to this "bad place" in the river, where Park's vessel was broken, and where he was drowned, and some expert divers dived into the stream and picked up twelve pistols and two long musquets. "Plenty of people" went from Birnie Yaourie to Boussa to see the wreck, after the king of Boussa had sent to the king of Yaourie to inform him of the disaster. Park informed the black man who was in the boat, that in a week or two he should carry him with the canoe into a "great ocean," where the water was salt !"

PRINCE METTERNICH.

*A Tour in Germany and some of the Southern Provinces of the Austrian Empire, in the Years 1820, 1821 and 1822. 2 vols. 12mo.*

There is a great deal of ability in these volumes, and what is more to the purpose, at the present day, of amusement. The writer appears to be one of those well-informed persons, who make the best use of their eyes, ears, and time, during their travels, and who have the tact of selecting what is likely to prove interesting to their untravelled countrymen. The opinions which he has formed, appear on the whole to be fair enough, though, here and there we trace a little dread of *liberalism*. The most interesting portions of his tour are, perhaps, those in which he has given an account of the German Universities, and of the state of society in Vienna. Nothing more lamentable can be imagined than the laxity of morals, nothing more detestable than the system of espionage existing in that metropolis. The worst symptom of all is, the contentment of the people under such circumstances. If the administration of Metternich fails to rouse the spirit of the Austrian, to what will they not submit ? Our readers will, perhaps, be gratified with the following portrait of this statesman.

"At the head of the ministry, stands despotic the Chancellor of State, Prince Metternich, the most powerful individual in Europe who does not wear a crown. A private nobleman



from the banks of the Rhine, whose most celebrated vineyard has been bestowed on him by the grateful monarchs for whom he laboured; he has raised himself to be absolute master of the empire, firmly rooted in the confidence of his master, unwilling to bear a rival near the throne, but neither liked nor admired by the people. When I first saw him in the ball-room at Baden, he was sitting by the Court but yet alone. He was dressed in a plain suit of black, for it was the mourning for the late Queen of England. His eyes were fixed on the floor, as if in deep thought, except when they glanced up to follow the fair Countess A—who was flying round the ball in the waltz. His appearance has nothing striking or commanding. He is of middling stature, rather meagre than otherwise, but altogether a handsome man. His countenance is pale; his large broad brow is marked with what seem to be the wrinkles of cunning, rather than the furrows of thought: his smile appears to be so habitual, that it has scarcely any character, except when it is satirical. His manners are polite and conciliating, for he is through and through a man of the world. He possesses in a high degree the power of concealing his own sentiments, and a coolness which keeps him clear of all embarrassment."

#### NEW OPERATION ON URINARY CALCULI.

The *Ann. de Chemie* contains a report from M. Percy, of the following operation for breaking down and expelling calculi:—A straight sound, made of silver, containing a smaller sound sliding within it. The smaller sound near its inner extremity is divided into three arms, which spring open when they pass through the end of the exterior sound, forming a kind of spring forceps. Through the inner tube, a steel rod, having a saw, a file, or a knife, at the extremity, is made to slide with ease. The instrument being inserted through the urethra into the bladder, the inner sound is moved about until the forceps grasps a portion of calculus; when the operator, by partially withdrawing the inner sound, closes the forceps firmly on the

stone; in which situation, the saw, drill, or file is made to act on it until it becomes broken down in smaller pieces—the fragments of which are subsequently ejected by the urine, aided by a copious injection of warm water to facilitate the discharge. Although there must be considerable delicacy required, and some degree of hazard attending this mode of operating, yet M. Percy relates three cases, in which it was attended with complete success. The first, a man thirty-two years of age, underwent the operation three times before the stone was completely removed, and was so little incommoded as to be capable of walking to the house of the operator. The second instance—a small stone was broken down and ejected, leaving for its nucleus "a white kidney-bean!" In the third case, a stone as large as a pigeon's egg, was completely broken down, and discharged.

#### THE LANGUAGE OF BIRDS.

From the notes and tones of our domestic fowl alone we could produce a variety of instances to show that they are adapted and directed to particular occasions, all expressive of and working to a *meaning* and an *end*. We might dwell upon the difference of their tones or vocal sounds when they come cheerily forth at early morn, themselves gay, humble, and sprightly, like itself; and the drawling gravity of their notes suited to the loiter and slowness of their step, when day is drawing to a close, and they are sauntering in the direction of their dormitory and their perch. As the air, activity, and gaiety of morn were greeted with their poor but best music, in brisk and flippant salutation, so are their retiring notes expressive of the quietude and composure of the evening hour: their farewell requiem to the day. It was the observation of Dr. Jenner, that the songs of birds varied in character with the varying season of the year. The most familiar instance was the robin. Spring and autumn afforded, of course, the most favourable specimens of the justness of his observation, by exhibiting the lovely song of this bird at its greatest distances; comprehending also its different grada-

tions of composition and character of touch, from brilliant sprightliness to the graver notes of 'lengthened sweetness long drawn out.' But this sagacious observer of nature applied a similar remark to all song birds.

#### REVELATIONS OF THE DEAD-ALIVE.

This volume shows considerable power of thought on a variety of subjects; on literature, the fine arts, and many abstract questions. The idea, too, of the story is good; but the execution falls somewhat short of the conception. It is founded on an anecdote, related by Dr. Cheyne, of an individual who had the power of dying at will for a certain number of hours. The tale is sufficiently curious to be repeated:

"He (the patient) could die when he pleased; and yet, by an effort, or somehow, he could come to life again. He insisted so much upon our seeing the trial made, that we were forced to comply. We all three felt his pulse: first, it was distinct, through small and thready, and his heart had its usual beating. He composed himself on his back, and lay in a still posture for some time. While I held his right hand, Dr. Baynard lay his hand on his heart, and Mr. Skrine held a clear looking-glass to his mouth. I felt his pulse sink gradually, until at last I could not feel any by the most exact and nice touch. Dr. Baynard could not feel the least motion in his heart, nor Mr. Skrine perceive the least sort of breath on the bright mirror he held to his mouth. Then each of us, by turns, examined his arm, heart, and breath; but could not, by the nicest scrutiny, discover the least symptoms of life in him. We reasoned a long time about this odd appearance as well as we could; and finding he still continued in that condition, we began to conclude that he had indeed carried the experiment too far; and at last we were satisfied that he was actually dead, and were just ready to leave him. By nine o'clock in the morning, in autumn, as we were going away, we observed some motion about his body, and, upon examination, found his pulse and the motion of his heart gradually returning: he began to

breathe gently and speak softly. We were all astonished, to the last degree, at this unexpected change; and after some further conversation with him, and with ourselves, went away fully satisfied as to all the particulars of this fact, but not able to form any rational scheme how to account for it."

On this strange anecdote, the *Revelations of the Dead Alive* are founded; but the author carries this idea much farther than Dr. Cheyne. He supposes that, for every day his hero lies in this trance of death, he lives through a year of futurity in vision; but, unlike other visions, things are presented with all the vividness and determination of real life. The object, therefore, of the sleeper is, to prolong his trance as much as possible; and the only obstacle to its duration is in the natural cravings for hunger. At last he finds a remedy for this in the writings of Humboldt, from whom he learns that the Ottomans subsist for months together on one good meal of a peculiar kind of clay. Accordingly he visits the savages, purchases the requisite food, and lying down on the heights of a giant-tree, he swallows the clay, and gives himself up to death. His trance lasts for one hundred and ninety-nine days and a quarter; and for every day he runs through a year of futurity. But in this respect he has not shown much invention, as he only shows this futurity in its thoughts and opinions of the present: he seldom ventures to show the actual state of the time to come, and when he does, he evinces a small portion of imagination. On the other hand, his language is powerful, his ideas original, and his work by no means belongs to the common order of every-day publications.

#### FOSSIL BONES.

Whilst learned men are engaged in discussions upon the pretended fossil man, the Lyonesse have just discovered, not far from their walls, a real fossil elephant, in ground which had not till now been dug up. M. Bretin, Director of the Royal Veterinary School, has visited the openings, and has ascertained that the petrified bones found therein have really belonged to an elephant. The less learned persons

of the neighbourhood believed them to be the bones of a giant, others of a mammoth; while amateurs of historical memorials consider them as the remains of one of the elephants of Hannibal's army; but the learned writer who gave, in the Gazette de Lyon, the details of this discovery, traces the origin of this skeleton to the revolutions of the globe, anterior to all the documents of antiquity. The excavations are still carried on. Amongst the elephant bones have also been found some bones of the ox.

#### RUBENS.

Rubens, as is well known, first saw the light in Cologne; and in Star-street (says a correspondent who has lately visited that city,) a name happily auguring the advent of that luminary, destined to shine with so eminent a lustre in the hemisphere of art. The house is a spacious mansion, and at present converted into what is here called a "Wine House;" where the Colonians, after the business of the day, congregate to sip a glass of rhenish, or wash down with a flask of beer the fumes of the eternal pipe, which to a German seems as necessarily the appendage of his mouth, as his coat is of his back. On each side of the street door, and fixed in the wall, is a black marble tablet, bearing gilt lettered inscriptions in the German language, from the pen of Professor Walrof. One records the birth, parentage, and other particulars relating to the illustrious artist; the other informs us that in this house Mary of Medicis, the queen of Henry IV. found a refuge from the persecutions of her enemies, after the tragical death of the king, and was conducted thither by Rubens himself. On the wall of the entrance passage are painted in large characters these latin verses, which are also by the venerable and accomplished Professor:

"Spectator vario Domus hæc distinguitur Astro  
Nascitur heic Rubens huc Medicæ fugit  
Sed qui Reiginæ Patrium Donaret Apellem  
Ingenuit Profugæ fata Suprema Locus."

#### MURIATIC ACID IN THE STOMACH.

The Annals of Philosophy contain a valuable notice from Mr. Children on the chemical nature of the acid found in the human stomach. The distressing disorder of the digestive

function, termed *dyspepsia*, has been commonly ascribed to the prevalence of acetous acid in the stomach; but for the purpose of determining the point, and consequently for administering such antidotes as the improved state of medical science might suggest, Dr. Prout last year made some experiments on the acid ejected from the stomach, and found it to be the muriatic acid, and not the acetous. Mr. Children says;—"An acquaintance of mine, who occasionally suffers severely from dyspepsia, and was somewhat sceptical as to Dr. Prout's conclusions, lately requested me to examine the fluid ejected from his stomach during a violent dyspeptic paroxysm the day before, with the view of ascertaining the nature of the free acid it contained. The fluid which had been thrown from the stomach in the morning fasting, when filtered, was perfectly transparent and nearly colourless: it gave a decided red tint to litmus paper. I distilled about six ounces of it almost to dryness, at a gentle heat, receiving the product in three separate equal portions. One-half of each portion was treated with nitrate of silver. The first had no effect on litmus paper, and scarcely gave the slightest cloud with the test. The second became slightly clouded by the test, but was equally without any action on the blue paper. The third portion reddened the paper strongly, and produced an abundant dense cloud, when I dropped into it the nitrate of silver, and a pretty copious precipitate collected at the bottom of the tube. The remaining half of the third portion was evaporated by a gentle heat to about half a fluid drachm. The precipitate which a drop of it placed on a slip of glass, occasioned with a drop of nitrate of silver, was insoluble in nitric acid, and perfectly soluble in ammonia; another drop, similarly treated with muriate of barytes, gave no precipitate nor cloud. The remainder was neutralized with pure ammonia, farther evaporated, and poured on a slip of glass, when it afforded a multitude of well-defined crystals of muriate of ammonia. The presence of free muriatic acid in the



ejected fluid from the stomach, and consequently Dr. Prout's conclusions, seem thus to be fully confirmed by the preceding experiments." Hence we have the means pointed out of greatly mitigating, if not actually removing, the distressing complaints of this class by the neutralizing agency of the alkalies.

#### FRENCH ANECDOTE.

In the reign of Louis IX. when, notwithstanding the virtues of the monarch, the people were in abject slavery to the higher orders, the following occurrence took place, which is related by Joinville in a manner that shows he considered it a very amusing circumstance. Count Henri de Champagne going to mass, found on the steps of the church a poor chevalier on his knees, who said to him "My lord count, I entreat you, in the name of heaven, to give me something with which I may marry off my two daughters; for I am destitute of all means for that purpose." Artand de Nogent, a rich merchant, who was behind the count, remarked to the chevalier, "You do wrong in asking my lord for any thing, for he has given away so much that he has nothing left to give." The count, hearing this turned towards Artand, "Villain!" cried he, "you are in the wrong, to say I have nothing left to give, while I have you; and I will give you to him. Here, chevalier, I give and guarantee him to you!" The poor chevalier, not at all surprised, seized on Artand firmly by the collar, telling him that he would not let him go, without some arrangement; and the merchant was compelled to pay five hundred livres by way of ransom!

#### TYPOGRAPHICAL CURIOSITY.

The old expression of "Homer in a nutshell," is become no longer wonderful. Shakspeare's Plays, in a small foolscap 8vo. volume, seemed almost to fix the limit of fine printing; but even Mr. Whittingham's efforts are surpassed by M. Jules Didot. He is now printing an edition of the French Poets in one volume 8vo.!! price one hundred francs. Four pounds for an 8vo. volume without plates is, we believe, the highest price ever heard of; yet what amateur of French poetry would not give 4*l.* for an uniform edition of all the best authors. The volume will contain about 1400 pages printed on very thin vellum

paper, royal 8vo. in two columns, in a diamond letter. The execution of the part we have seen is exquisite, and may be reckoned amongst the finest chef-d'œuvre of typography.

#### IMPROVEMENTS.

Some leading capitalists have lately taken into consideration the utility of enlarging and deepening the present line of canal between Portsmouth and London, so as to render it a ship canal. The practicability, as well as the immense advantages of such an undertaking, are apparent; for if it were carried into effect, the present delays and risks of a circuitous coasting and Channel navigation would be completely avoided by a safe and ready communication.

A rail-road between Liverpool and Manchester has been projected; the distance is 33 1-16th miles. The surveys are nearly completed. Independent of the great benefits which the commercial interest will derive from the project, both as regards time and cheapness, the lauded interest in the vicinity of the line, will derive very great benefit. The public in general entertain wrong impressions respecting rail-roads: they never hear them mentioned without referring to such as are seen in the neighbourhood of coal pits and stone quarries. But such improvements have taken place, that they are no longer the same thing. Besides which, a rail-road without a locomotive engine, is something like a cart without a horse, a trade without profit, or a canal without water.

The riband-manufacture of Coventry and neighbourhood is in a more flourishing state at the present season than has ever been remembered; as an adequate supply for the demand cannot be produced, which has caused a general advance in wages throughout the trade, and a trifling one also in manufactured stock. Silks have risen very considerably in price, with an expectation of an additional advance, in consequence of the unprecedented consumption leaving the market unusually bare.

It is in contemplation to form a Joint Stock Company for the construction of a railway between London and Edinburgh, for the conveyance of goods and passengers; the propelling power to be locomotive and stationary steam-engines. It is understood that the distance between these two places may be reduced to about 340 miles, and if the same rate of travelling be adopted on this road as is proposed for the Liverpool and Birmingham railway, namely, eight miles an hour for goods, and twelve miles an hour for passengers, the time of conveyance between these two places will be reduced to forty-three and twenty-nine hours respectively.

#### SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The New Academy in Edinburgh was opened on the 1st of October. About 400 boys were assembled. Sir W. Scott first rose and addressed the meeting in an elo-

quent and liberal speech. He dilated on the advantages of a good education, and touched upon the leading features of the institution. Sir Walter particularly noticed the intention of making the Greek language a principal study there; and alluded to the present struggle between the Greeks and the Barbarians in terms which were greeted with high applause. The institution commences under the most flattering prospects.

*Impromptu, on seeing an Accident on a new Macadamized Pavement.*

"Your roads are not level," said a fellow one day,  
As crossing o'er Bridge-street he happened to fall;

"Oh, leave it to Time," said M'Adam, "I pray:"

"Ah, indeed," said the man, "*Time will level us all.*"

A new clock is in progress for St. Paul's Church, London. The vestrymen of the church have it in contemplation to introduce gas, and an illuminated face, so as to give to the neighbourhood the full advantage of this desirable object by night, as well as by day.

#### ANTI-ANIMAL-EATING SECT.

A new Society of Christians has been formed at *Manchester*, who profess, as one of their leading tenets, to abstain wholly from animal food, and to live entirely on vegetables. They have for some time rigidly followed this practice, and though it is expressly founded on their literal interpretation of the command *thou shalt not kill*, yet the medical effects have confirmed one fact long disputed in the physiology—viz. that man can be sustained in robust health better on vegetable and farinaceous diet than on flesh. The whole of that numerous Society now exist on vegetables, and enjoy the most perfect health and strength.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

L. E. L. the fair authoress of the *Improvisatrice*, has in the press the *Troubadour*, the *Spanish Maiden*, and other Poems.

The *Remains and Memoir* of the late Rev. Charles Wolfe, A.B. Curate of Donoughmore, author of the Poem on the "*Burial of Sir John More*,"\* will, we are informed, be printed from the author's own manuscripts, under the care of the Rev. J. A. Rupell, M.A. Chaplain to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. They will contain the author's poetical pieces, &c. and a selection from his Sermons, and be comprised in 2 vols. 12mo.

Two volumes of the poetical works of Mr. Henry Neele are said to be in the press, and a third volume preparing.

Mr. Arrowsmith intends to publish, early in the ensuing year (prefaced by a portrait of his late Father,) a set of "*Outlines of the World*," illustrated in 45 Maps of its various countries, on which their principal

post-roads and statistical divisions, as well as their most interesting physical features, will be carefully delineated. Size of the plates 12 inches by 9.

Our neighbours the French, if they are a century behind us in the magnitude of commercial enterprizes, have often of late taken the lead of us in immense literary enterprizes. Collections of one hundred volumes are subscribed for as readily as works of only two or three volumes. Five or six editions of Voltaire and Rousseau issue from the press every year. M. Lefevre is publishing at the same time a splendid edition of the French Classics, in 100 volumes royal 8vo. and a miniature edition of 50 volumes in 32mo. Mr. Panckoucke subscribed 5000 of his Dictionary of Medicine, in 60 volumes; and he is now printing a collection which will reach several hundred volumes, under the title of Translations of all the Greek, Latin, Italian, English, Spanish, &c. Classics.

Two peasants of Macerata-Fetta, near Fort Leo, in digging a pit, at the beginning of May, discovered something concealed below the surface. They informed their master, who immediately came to the spot, with three friends and a smith. With great difficulty they raised from the ground a brass chest bound with iron. The smith opened it, and they found in it the following valuable articles;—many rods and vessels of gold; a crown ornamented with diamonds; a great quantity of female ornaments; cloths of amianthus, with borders embroidered in gold; gold candlesticks, with ancient inscriptions, &c. The chest is five feet long, two broad, and two and a half deep. Some persons conjecture that these jewels may have belonged to Berengar, Duke of Ives, and King of Italy, who, in his war with the Emperor Otho I. fortified himself with his Queen Gilda, on the celebrated rock of St. Leo, where he was besieged, and, together with his consort, fell into the hands of Otho, who sent them both to Germany.

#### NEW WORKS.

*Journal Anecdotique de Madame Campan*, 8vo. 12s.—*Scott's Winter Tales*, royal 18mo. 9s.—*The Writer's Clerk*, 3 vols. 12mo. 21s.—*The Hermit in Italy*, 3 vols. 12mo. 18s.—*Dibdin's Comic Tales*, fcap 8vo. 7s.—*Watt's Remarkable Events*, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—*Smith's Art of Drawing*, 8vo. 12s.—*Maxwell's Beauties of Ancient History*, 8vo. 8s.—*The Edinburgh Review*, No 81, 6s.—*Colo's Bibliographical Tour from Scarborough to the Library of a Philobiblist*, 8vo. 8s.; large paper, 12s.—*Halkett's Notes on the North American Indians*, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—*Noble on the Plenary Inspiration of the Scriptures*, 8vo. 13s.—*Pitman's Course of Sermons*, 2 vols. 8vo. 18s.—*More's Spirit of Prayer*, fcap 8vo. 6s.—*Holderness' Manual of Devotion*, 12mo. 4s.—*The Mystery of Godliness*, 12mo. 4s.—*Forsyth's Medical Dieteticon*, 12mo. 6s. 6d.—*Brown on Cholera in British India*, 8vo.

\* This poem, about which so much has been said, first appeared in a Derry Newspaper.

# SPIRIT

OF THE

## ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

NO. 11.]

BOSTON, MARCH 1, 1825.

[VOL. 2. N.S.]

### DEER HUNTING IN SOUTH AMERICA.

AS the haunts of the fallow-deer or venays are generally far from the abodes of men, and as they live in continual alarm from the depredations of the host of enemies, beasts and birds of prey, and even reptiles, that beset them, but for the extraordinary instinct or sagacity Nature has endowed them with, for their preservation, the race must long since have been extinct. The impenetrable mountains of the Cordilleras are inhabited by immense herds of these animals; a species of the stag-kind also sometimes herds amongst them, though, as there seems a great aversion to this commixture, it must be considered as dictated by some necessary or instinctive policy. In those haunts are also to be met the *cabia montes*, or mountain-goat, so much admired for its symmetry of form and delicious flavour. The intricate and steep pathways leading to their couching haunts are mostly in clefts of rocky precipices, inaccessible to beasts of prey; and even a nimble dog can scarcely skip from rock to rock, to the outposts where their videttes are placed. Should any of them venture, they soon have occasion to repent their temerity.

It is not uncommon to see the jaguar, the tiger, &c. who have the hardihood to attack their outposts, hurled by the butting sentinels, the horned patriarchs of the flock, down a precipice of five or six hundred feet: so that, unless impelled by extreme hunger, they never attack them, except in their more open pastures. As those ravenous creatures are dormant during the day, the deer are then partly

secure. At night a straggler from the community is sure of its fate; as the jaguars hunt in packs, and are very quick-scented. One trait of the South American deer is worthy of notice. In Europe, a hunted deer is driven from amongst the herd, and abandoned to its fate: here, the guardians of the flock succour even a stranger of their community. I apprehend, that during the fawning season the females and fawns suffer more than the males, as the young are obliged to be deposited in thickets, and the eagle and vulture are always watching over-head. The large brown snake is also a great destroyer of them, but the jaguar and wild-cat are their worst enemies. There are about four bucks to one doe in the herd, which shows what destruction there must be of the latter. The colours of the deer are various, and mostly beautifully dappled upon yellow, white, and dun. The stag is generally of a dusky brown. Hunting those animals is a source both of amusement and emolument to the Indian tribes in high latitudes, and they may be said to have brought it to high perfection. Having ascertained the haunts of the animals for about a week, the whole tribe assemble before daybreak: some ascend the highest trees, to mark their progress; others couch under leaves, so as to impound them when they betake themselves to their fastnesses; then the whole tribe, men, women, and boys, stretch over a vast tract of country, and, assisted by their curs and horns, make every kind of hideous noises obliging them to quit their grazing spots while the dew is on



the ground. As the deer assemble, they form in complete marching order, preceded by the elder or patriarchs, while the bucks of the second class bring up the rear, to protect the females and young, and repel any attacks. In this manner they arrive at their haunts; while the Indians advancing from all directions, prevent their retreat, by closing up all the embouchures or openings, and while the deer are forming in battle-array, prepare the instruments of destruction, viz. large lances, resinous torches, and nooses fixed to long poles. The women are also busy stuffing jaguar and tiger skins. The Indians having made proper crevices, dug into the grit and brown rock which form the paths, advance. The images of the wild beasts are now presented, to intimidate the deer from breaking, which the bucks no sooner perceive than they make a violent effort to strike them into the gulf,—their animosity to those beasts being such, that they often pass or leap over a man to get at them. The Indians then strike, and hurl them into the abyss below, where the women are ready to hamstring or disable them, before they recover from their stupor.

When the hunters can no longer provoke them to rush on the stuffed tigers, &c. they make signals to those overhead to throw lighted flambeaux amongst them. This causes them to make a desperate effort to escape, and when the Indians have hurried a sufficient number down the precipices, they suffer the females and the fawns, and some of the bucks, to escape. Indeed, they seem very much averse to destroying a doe at all, and always liberate the doe fawns. In those excursions they take on an average from four to five hundred. In taking the *Ciervo Grande*, or Large Stag, they seldom get more than from thirty to fifty; but of the mountain-goat they catch an immense number; they enter the caverns in the rocks by night, and pursue them by torch-light; and frequently yoke a great many of them together alive, although the flesh loses its flavour from the effort to domesticate them, and they scarcely ever lose their native wildness. A full-grown fallow-deer could be bought at Valentia for seven pisetos, or about five shillings British. During the hunting season, the Creoles sometimes hunt, but the Indians are more expert.

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## HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

### SECOND SERIES.

**A**T length it appears, to the gratification of us Southrons, that all the hopes of this novel-reading age are not bound up within the Scottish Border. At one period it seemed as if the success of the author of *Waverley*, like the serpent rod of Aaron, would swallow up all lesser adventurers of the same species. His sweeping, masterly, and comprehensive outlines; the unrivalled ease and vivacity of his details; and the noble audacity with which he seized the most romantic portions of history and made them contribute to the grandeur and the vividness of his fictions, overcame all competition, and silenced the murmurs faintly raised against the want of proportion, arrangement, and connexion in his works. He seemed likely to

rule the domain of modern romance not only without an equal, but without a second, and to make a vast chasm between himself and the scribblers of the *Minerva* press, whose efforts were still required by gentle loungers at Margate and Brighton, and sentimental milliners all over the world. Miss Austen, whose novels are the most feminine, the most true, and the most intense of all the compositions of her time, was snatched away from the world in the dawning of her honest and genuine fame. Miss Edgeworth, whose brilliant wit, admirable sense, and pointed sarcasm, might have maintained a show of rivalry with the Great Unknown, ceased to write, or directed her rare faculties to the purposes of education and moral guidance.

Lady Morgan, too, chose to abandon the exercise of the fancy for the sober task of observation; and instead of veiling the sad realities of life in a drapery of alternately gay and solemn colouring, applied her powers to the detections of the varieties of national character, and the exposure of the hollowness of superstition and tyranny. Thus England and Ireland seemed left without a fair or strenuous assertor of their independent rights, and exposed without protection to the incursions of the great Scottish marauder. In his own country, indeed, a race of imitators started into existence, and acquired some reputation by gleaning in the fields over which he had hurried; but until lately, with the single exception of Maturin, England and Ireland could hardly boast a novelist.

The plan of the First Series of "Highways and Byways" was new, and possessed advantages which could hardly fail to render it popular. Its author assumed the agreeable part of an observant stroller through interesting countries, and professed to give the little histories which he incidentally discovered, with the fidelity of one who receives his intelligence immediately from the actors and sufferers. An air of truth was thus thrown over his narratives, which, to sustain the illusion, are given with the caution and earnestness of a witness. He seems to mingle unobtrusively among the interesting scenes to which his fortune conducts him, qualified to become a spectator and a party by an honest and unpretending sympathy with the joys and sorrows of his fellows. His sketches are obviously taken from life, and have all the vigour and freshness which a pedestrian traveller might be expected to confer on his pictures of objects which came within his personal review. There is no sickly sensibility; no vague indistinct dreaming; no moral paradox; but his characters are of real flesh and blood, and his incidents generally such as might well happen "in the broad highway of the world." Merits like these, set off by considerable elegance of diction, conferred a speedy popularity on the former series of tales; and will, we think, be

more strikingly developed in that which we have now to introduce to our readers.

These volumes contain ample evidence, nay a direct confession, that the author is an Irishman residing in France. His continental associations give a flavour and delicacy to his Hibernian enthusiasm without reducing its strength. The gaiety, the innocent joyousness, and the blameless vanities of the French peasantry, have extended the sphere of his pleasurable sympathies, yet have not weakened his sad recollections of home. There are many *Irishisms* in his works; but they are chiefly those of feeling rather than of taste; for, excepting an occasional rotundity and plethoric fulness of style, there is scarcely any thing overstrained or extravagant in expression, through the whole series. He somewhat resembles the great novelist of Scotland in the healthful feeling which breathes through his delineations, in the vigour of his allusions to natural scenery, and in the absence of cant and exclusive prejudice. Both, whatever may be their political creed, are right Catholic of imagination, and free of every society where manly spirit, heroic self-devotion, and gentlemanly bearing, are permitted to flourish. Our author does not attempt to compass and to master so great and unwieldy portions of human affairs, nor has the same majesty of outline or breadth of colouring; but he fills up more completely the circle in which he is contented to move, and traces more continuously the inward workings of the soul and the gradual development of character in action. There is an occasional lightness and airiness of touch, a vivacity in the relief given to his scenes, which is evidently inspired by "the vine-coloured hills and blue mountains of France." We have sometimes, in reading his works, fancied that they bear the same relation to the best productions of Sir Walter, which light Bourdeaux wine does to strong Scotch ale; and who would quarrel with the first because it is not the very best thing in the world?

The first of these tales—*Caribert the Bear-hunter*—is perhaps the most

perfect of the series. The scene is laid in the central Pyrenees, and the peasants of that magnificent and secluded region are its actors. A young girl, whose exquisite sensibility gives to her a charm "than beauty dearer," is timidly wooed by a gentle mountain swain, whom she is beginning to esteem, when a daring untractable lad, the hero of the story, comes, looks, is smitten, and conquers. As the connexion is known to be hostile to the views of the old smuggler, whom the fair Aline honours with the name of father, it is prosecuted in secret, at all manner of risks, and at sad cost of honesty and honour. This is common enough; but the picturesque delineation of Caribert the false friend and too faithful lover, and the way in which he falls off from all which gave him distinction, till his very courage fails, or only breaks out in desperation and madness, are exceedingly affecting and real. Noble by nature, generous, and sincere, he is drawn by his fatal passion to dissemble with his friend, to affect love to that friend's sister (a very piquant little coquette), and, when poor Claude detects him at the pine-grove where he meets his mistress, breaks out into rage, and slanders the girl he had cheated! What follows seems to us very finely conceived, and executed with great power. During this moral and intellectual estrangement, poor Caribert, once the most fearless of hunters, "has foregone all custom of exercises," and gradually, by disappointing, has enraged his father, whose very existence depended upon his skill and strength in the chase. The day before the nocturnal encounter in which he is discovered to be treacherous and provoked to be unjust, he has suffered bitterly from the reproaches of the old man, who had been wounded in a solitary attempt to kill a bear in his den, and has promised the next day to accompany him as of yore, and give him vengeance over the tyrant of the wilds. He comes in fevered, aguish, with incipient madness obscuring his mind, and, after a night of terrible fancies, goes out clad in his hunting-dress, flushed with the excitement of disease, which the fond

father mistakes for the glow of valour, and which the fonder mother trembles as she looks upon. The rest of this day's adventure must be told in the author's own words—for none other can do the least justice to his daring conception.

"Soon after Caribert and his father had quitted their home, the morning, which had only just broke, began to be more than commonly overcast. A snow shower, mixed with rain, assailed them ere they reached the Pic du Midi; and the piercing cold of the air, added to the sleet beating cuttingly into his face, brought on, with Caribert, repeated attacks of violent and alternate fever and shivering. When they arrived at the den of the bear, which was formed of a cavity in the western side of the mountain, close to that terrific precipice which I have already endeavoured to describe, they were both benumbed, and scarcely capable of exertion; but the old man, rousing up all his wrath and courage for the onset, approached the cave, and with loud shouts of defiance, endeavoured to stir up the savage animal's rage. The summons was no sooner heard than answered. A horrible growl sent out from the recess, was followed by the appearance of the bear, which rushed forth as if in conscious recollection of yesterday's triumph. At the appalling sound and sight, Pero, the faithful and courageous dog, unsupported by his former ally, and having his share of brute remembrance too of the late rencontre, hung down his head, dropped his tail, and fled yelping down the mountain. Old Larcole grasped his pike firmly, and advanced. The hideous monster reared itself up on its hind legs, stretched out its fore paws, and as, with its jaws yawning wide, its fearful tusks displayed, and growling with horrid energy, it was in the very act of springing forward, the veteran hunter stepped close up, and aimed a thrust, with no flinching strength, right at his enemy's heart. He was not far wide of that vital spot. His pike pierced the left breast, and went out clearly at the shoulder. Rendered frantic by the pain, the bear bounded up, flung itself full upon its undaunted assailant, and fell upon him to the earth. The old man, burying his head under the body of his foe, received on the back and shoulders of his doublet its unavailing efforts to penetrate the thick folds of armour with tusks and nails. He tugged at the pike to extricate it from the body, but his position was such that he could not succeed, and every new effort only tended to give issue to the thick stream of blood which flowed from the wound. During this frightful struggle, the yells of the bear were mixed with and smothered by the loud execrations of the old man. The latter, at length, gave up the hope of recovering his pike, but strove fairly next to get



rid of his terrific burden. He succeeded so far as to get one leg clear, and with his nervous grasp, entwined round the body of the brute; he was rising on his knee, and called out, 'Now, Caribert, now! To his heart—to his heart the death-blow, now! strike, strike!'—but Caribert struck not! He stood gazing on the scene—panick-struck—fixed to the spot with emotions not fathomable to man,—a terrible but not solitary instance of the perilous risks run by mental courage, as well as by human virtue. I do not inquire into the mystery—but there he stood, its horrible and shuddering illustration!

"The old man was now getting clear, but the bear had his hold in turn. His huge paws were fastened with a dreadful force round one of his victim's thighs; and recovering from his sprawling posture, he began to draw him backwards, evidently in the design of regaining his den. The old man's courage rose with his danger, for he alertly drew his knife from his belt, opened the blade, and plunged it repeatedly into the body of the bear. The latter leaped and bounded with agony; and Larcole recovering his feet once more, succeeded in grasping the savage in his arms. But the trial could not be prolonged. He was drooping under the dreadful gripe. Breathless and faint, he could only utter some terrific curses against the recreant who had abandoned him; and while Caribert gazed, his brain on fire, his hands outstretched, his tongue cleaving to his mouth, but his limbs trembling, his heart sunk, and his feet rooted to the earth, he saw the white locks of his aged father floating over the neck of his destroyer: while the dying animal, in his blindness, not knowing what he did, had retreated to the very edge of the precipice, slipping at every backward plunge in the slough formed by the snow and his own heart's blood, by which it was dissolved. The old man, seeing his terrible fate, seemed to acquire for an instant the gigantic energy of despair. Throwing one glance across the horrid space on the border of which he stood, he screamed in a voice of thunder, 'Caribert! Caribert!' The terrible expression conveyed in this hoarse scream, struck on the mind of his son with an electrical shock. Suddenly roused from his stupor, he recovered for an instant all his recollection and his courage. He uttered a cry of corresponding fierceness,—swung his brandished pike—rushed forwards with open arms to seize his father, and snatch him from his destiny,—but it was too late! The monster touched on the extreme edge—lost his footing—plunged instinctively forward—took another backward step, and just as Caribert believed he had grasped his father in his outstretched arms, both man and bear were lost to his sight, and their groans came mingling in the air, as they went crashing down below."

Caribert, of course, becomes insane after this terrible catastrophe, and is watched with unwearied tenderness by Aline. But we will not further spoil the pleasure of our readers by disclosing the author's secrets. There are two comic parts in the tale, one of which is capital, and the other a blemish. The first is a young mountaineer, whom the writer drags out of his cave at night by the heels, and who, with a noble instinct amidst his stupidity, quaffs off a whole glass of brandy, and goes reeling and laughing about the mountain; the second an English dandy, with effeminate manners and a generous heart—a union which rather comes within Mr. Puff's favourite range of combinations—"which, though not met with every day, might, by possibility, happen." This fantastical gentleman, too, is out of place among the grandeurs of Nature, and breaks in on the deep and powerful feeling which the serious incidents are calculated to awaken.

The second and longest tale, entitled "The Priest and the Garde du Corps," is a history of an Irish Catholic Priest and a young Irish soldier; one enrolled among the French clergy, the other enlisted in the Royal Guards, during the early periods of the French Revolution. Our author's sympathy with the Royalist party, in their struggles and sufferings, was manifest in his former publication, and is here the vital principle of his narrative. But it cannot be regarded as a servile feeling, even by those who do not share it. Though its regrets chiefly follow the misfortunes of greatness, it is an independent and manly impulse, which does not induce its possessor to palliate the crimes of prosperous tyranny, or even to pass them over in prudent silence. He who enthusiastically admires the Queen of France, and extends his pity to her vacillating husband, execrates the invasion of Spain as a freeman ought, and parcels out to the meanest of his villains a shameful death in the accomplishment of that great felony. There is something about the very name of the French Revolution, which, at first, creates re-

pugnance to read or hear any thing connected with its events; for the world has "supped full of its horrors," and been wearied out with the eternal commonplaces to which its partial failure has given occasion in houses where dulness has a privilege, and in lower places where it has a prescriptive right. But this natural disgust ought not to extend to our author; who has touched the subject lightly, and has chosen those scenes which were illuminated and softened by the beauty, the fortitude, and the weakness of Maria Antoinette, whom it pleased Burke to deify. His hero is desperately enamoured of the unhappy queen; fights a black captain for abusing her; pretends to be a Jacobin for her sake; exhausts all his fortune in plans for her rescue; and finally, after her execution, returns to his desolate home on the coast of Ireland, to see his father expire, and commit suicide. In spite of this last rash and somewhat unnecessary act (for he might have been disposed of in fifty other ways), he is a fine spirited lad, and does honour to his country. But we cannot extend our praise to the old Priest, whose name is Father O'Collagan, and who is worthy of the name—a divine with a tolerably flippant tongue and an intolerably warm heart; mixing up classical quotations with half-ruffian phraseology, and wearing us out with his noisy patriotism and riotous virtue. Ample amends are, however, made for this uproarious specimen of the Irish priesthood, in the scenes attendant on the downfall of royalty in France, which are sketched with a rapid, yet firm and dexterous hand.

The last tale, entitled "The Vouée au Blanc," is of a lighter character

than the rest of the volumes, and forms an agreeable relief from the serious and ingrossing interest they frequently excite. Its scene is laid in Normandy, where it traces the history of a lovely little girl, dedicated (happily for a limited time) to the Virgin, up to that period when the romance of life ceases, and its real cares and struggles begin—and where, generally speaking, novel-writers end, much to the satisfaction of their readers. Its plot is not worth abstracting; but it has considerable merit, both characteristic and descriptive. Mons. Sukerville, a wealthy French manufacturer of inflexible honesty and invincible gratitude, and his jolly dame, are speaking portraits; and a dull and gross physician, with just glimmering of sense enough to be a rogue and a mayor, is worthy to sit beside them. We do not greatly admire the artifice by which a young American, who rather oddly falls in love with a lady whom he has not seen, wins the affections of the heroine, in the disguise of a gouty gentleman, of middle age, with a yellow complexion, matted hair, and green spectacles; nor the vagaries of Monsieur Hippolite Emanuel Mirasse de Chouffleur; nor the incident of the author being arrested for the murder of a man who turns out to be only dead drunk. It is not in the comedy of manners that our author can hope to succeed. He has humour, but it is chiefly excited in association with strong feeling, and always happily applied to the oddities of nature—rarely to the caprices of artificial life. Let him continue to grapple with the passions and affections as he has done in the far larger portion of these volumes, and his triumph will be signal and lasting.

#### A SUBSTITUTE FOR OAK BARK IN TANNING

has been found in New South Wales, in the bark of two species of Mimosa trees, which is much used at Sidney, and some other places in that colony. In England, the supply of oak bark is so inadequate to the demand, that the tanneries, in the vicinity of London alone, use, annually; from 7 to 8,000 tons of foreign bark from France and the Netherlands, at the expense of about £14 per ton; attempts are therefore

making by Mr. T. Kent, under the patronage of the Society of Arts, to condense, in New South Wales, the active principles of the mimosa bark, into a soft or solid extract. Two tons of such extract have been imported, and it has been, found, by Mr. Brewin, and other Bermondsey tanners that a given weight of minosa extract, will tan as much leather as four to five times the same weight of oak bark of average quality.

## THE IMPROVISATRICE. By L. E. L.

Continued from p. 395.

## THE CHARMED CUP.

AND fondly round his neck she clung ;  
 Her long black tresses round him flung,—  
 Love-chains, which would not let him part ;  
 And he could feel her beating heart,  
 The pulses of her small white hand,  
 The tears she could no more command,  
 The lip which trembled, though near his,  
 The sigh that mingled with her kiss ;—  
 Yet parted he from that embrace,  
 He cast one glance upon her face :  
 His very soul felt sick to see  
 Its look of utter misery ;  
 Yet turned he not : one moment's grief,  
 One pang, like lightning, fierce and brief,  
 One thought, half pity, half remorse,  
 Passed o'er him. On he urged his horse ;  
 Hill, ford, and valley spurred he by,  
 And when his castle-gate was nigh,  
 White foam was on his 'broidered rein,  
 And each spur had a blood-red stain.  
 But soon he entered that fair hall :  
 His laugh was loudest there of all ;  
 And the cup that wont one name to bless,  
 Was drained for its forgetfulness.  
 The ring, once next his heart, was broken :  
 The gold chain kept another token.  
 Where is the curl he used to wear—  
 The raven tress of silken hair ?  
 The winds have scattered it. A braid,  
 Of the first spring day's golden shade,  
 Waves with the dark plumes on his crest.  
 Fresh colours are upon his breast :  
 The slight blue scarf, of simplest fold,  
 Is changed for one of woven gold.  
 And he is by a maiden's side,  
 Whose gems of price, and robes of pride,  
 Would suit the daughter of a king ;  
 And diamonds are glistening  
 Upon her arm. There's not one curl  
 Unfastened by a loop of pearl.  
 And he is whispering in her ear  
 Soft words that ladies love to hear.

Alas !—the tale is quickly told—  
 His love hath felt the curse of gold !  
 And he is bartering his heart  
 For that in which it hath no part.  
 There's many an ill that clings to love ;  
 But this is one all else above ;—  
 For love to bow before the name  
 Of this world's treasure : shame ! oh, shame !  
 Love, be thy wings as light as those  
 That waft the zephyr from the rose,—



This may be pardoned—something rare  
 In loveliness has been thy snare !  
 But how, fair Love, canst thou become  
 A thing of mines—a sordid gnome ?

And she whom JULIAN left—she stood  
 A cold white statue ; as the blood  
 Had, when in vain her last wild prayer,  
 Flown to her heart, and frozen there.  
 Upon her temple, each dark vein  
 Swelled in its agony of pain.  
 Chill, heavy damps were on her brow ;  
 Her arms were stretched at length, though now  
 Their clasp was on the empty air :  
 A funeral pall—her long black hair  
 Fell over her ; herself the tomb  
 Of her own youth, and breath, and bloom.

Alas ! that man should ever win  
 So sweet a shrine to shame and sin  
 As woman's heart ;—and deeper woe  
 For her fond weakness, not to know  
 That yielding all but breaks the chain  
 That never reunites again !

It was a dark and tempest night—  
 No pleasant moon, no blest starlight ;  
 But meteors glancing o'er the way,  
 Only to dazzle and betray.  
 And who is she that, 'mid the storm,  
 Wraps her slight mantle round her form ?  
 Her hair is wet with rain and sleet,  
 And blood is on her small snow feet.  
 She has been forced a way to make  
 Through prickly weed and thorned brake,  
 Up rousing from its coil the snake ;  
 And stirring from their damp abode  
 The slimy worm and loathsome toad .  
 And shuddered as she heard the gale  
 Shriek like an evil spirit's wail ;  
 When followed, like a curse, the crash  
 Of the pines in the lightning flash :—  
 A place of evil and of fear—  
 Oh ! what can JULIAN's love do here ?

On, on the pale girl went. At last  
 The gloomy forest depths are past,  
 And she has reached the wizard's den,  
 Accursed by God and shunned by men.  
 And never had a ban been laid  
 Upon a more unwholesome shade.  
 There grew dank elders, and the yew  
 Its thick sepulchral shadow threw ;  
 And brooded there each bird most foul,  
 The gloomy bat and sullen owl.

But IDA entered in the cell,  
 Where dwelt the wizard of the dell.

Her heart lay dead, her life-blood froze  
 To look upon the shape which rose  
 To bar her entrance. On that face  
 Was scarcely left a single trace  
 Of human likeness: the parched skin  
 Showed each discoloured bone within;  
 And, but for the most evil stare  
 Of the wild eyes' unearthly glare,  
 It was a corpse, you would have said,  
 From which life's freshness long had fled.  
 Yet *IDA* knelt her down and prayed  
 To that dark sorcerer for his aid.  
 He heard her prayer with withering look;  
 Then from unholy herbs he took  
 A drug, and said it would recover  
 The lost heart of her faithless lover.  
 She trembled as she turned to see  
 His demon sneer's malignity;  
 And every step was winged with dread,  
 To hear the curse howled as she fled.

It is the purple twilight hour,  
 And *JULIAN* is in *IDA*'s bower.  
 He has brought gold, as gold could bless  
 His work of utter desolateness!  
 He has brought gems, as if Despair  
 Had any pride of being fair!  
 But *IDA* only wept, and wreathed  
 Her white arms round his neck; then breathed  
 Those passionate complaints that wring  
 A woman's heart, yet never bring  
 Redress. She called upon each tree  
 To witness her lone constancy!  
 She called upon the silent boughs,  
 The temple of her *JULIAN*'s vows  
 Of happiness too dearly bought!  
 Then wept again. At length she thought  
 Upon the forest sorcerer's gift—  
 The last, lone hope that love had left!  
 She took the cup, and kissed the brim  
 Mixed the dark spell, and gave it him  
 To pledge his once dear *IDA*'s name!  
 He drank it. Instantly the flame  
 Ran through his veins: one fiery throb  
 Of bitter pain—one gasping sob  
 Of agony—the cold death-sweat  
 Is on his face—his teeth are set—  
 His bursting eyes are glazed and still:  
 The drug has done its work of ill.  
 Alas! for her who watched each breath,  
 The cup her love had mixed bore—death.

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*LORENZO*!—when next morning came,  
 For the first time I heard thy name!

LORENZO !—how each ear-pulse drank  
 The more than music of that tone ;  
 LORENZO !—how I sighed that name,  
 As breathing it, made it mine own !  
 I sought the gallery : I was wont  
 To pass the noontide there, and trace  
 Some statue's shape of loveliness —  
 Some saint, some nymph, or muse's face.  
 There in my rapture I could throw  
 My pencil and its hues aside,  
 And, as the vision past me, pour  
 My song of passion, joy, and pride.  
 And he was there,—LORENZO there !  
 How soon the morning past away,  
 With finding beauties in each thing  
 Neither had seen before that day !  
 Spirit of Love ! soon thy rose-plumes wear  
 The weight and the sully of canker and care :  
 Falsehood is round thee ; Hope leads thee on,  
 Till every hue from thy pinions is gone.  
 But one bright moment is all thine own,  
 The one ere thy visible presence is known ;  
 When, like the wind of the south, thy power,  
 Sunning the heavens, sweetening the flower,  
 Is felt, but not seen. Thou art sweet and calm  
 As the sleep of a child, as the dew-fall of balm.  
 Fear has not darkened thee ; Hope has not made  
 The blossoms expand, it but opens to fade.  
 Nothing is known of those wearing fears  
 Which will shadow the light of thy after years.  
 Then art thou bliss :—but once throw by  
 The veil which shrouds thy divinity ;  
 Stand confessed,—and thy quiet is fled !  
 Wild flashes of rapture may come instead,  
 But pain will be with them. What may restore  
 The gentle happiness known before ?  
 I owned not to myself I loved,—  
 No word of love LORENZO breathed ;  
 But I lived in a magic ring,  
 Of every pleasant flower wreathed.  
 A brighter blue was on the sky,  
 A sweeter breath in music's sigh ;  
 The orange shrubs all seemed to bear  
 Fruit more rich, and buds more fair.  
 There was a glory on the noon,  
 A beauty in the crescent moon,  
 A lulling stillness in the night,  
 A feeling in the pale starlight.  
 There was a charmed note on the wind,  
 A spell in Poetry's deep store—  
 Heart-uttered words, passionate thoughts,  
 Which I had never marked before.  
 'Twas as my heart's full happiness  
 Poured over all its own excess.  
 One night there was a gorgeous feast  
 For maskers in COUNT LEON's hall ;



And all of gallant, fair, and young,  
 Were bidden to the festival.  
 I went, garbed as a Hindoo girl ;  
 Upon each arm an amulet,  
 And by my side a little lute  
 Of sandal-wood with gold beset.  
 And shall I own that I was proud  
 To hear, amid the gazing crowd,  
 A murmur of delight, when first  
 My mask and veil aside I threw ?  
 For well my conscious cheek betrayed  
 Whose eye was gazing on me too !  
 And never yet had praise been dear,  
 As on that evening, to mine ear.  
 LORENZO ! I was proud to be  
 Worshipped and flattered but for thee !

THE HINDOO GIRL'S SONG.

PLAYFUL and wild as the fire-flies' light,  
 This moment hidden, the next moment bright,  
 Like the foam on the dark-green sea,  
 Is the spell that is laid on my lover by me.  
 Were your sigh as sweet as the sumbal's sigh,  
 When the wind of the evening is nigh ;  
 Were your smile like that glorious light,  
 Seen when the stars gem the deep midnight ;  
 Were that sigh and that smile for ever the same—  
 They were shadows, not fuel, to love's dulled flame.

Love once formed an amulet,  
 With pearls, and a rainbow, and rose-leaves set.  
 The pearls were pure as pearls could be,  
 And white as maiden purity ;  
 The rose had the beauty and breath of soul,  
 And the rain-bow changes crowned the whole.  
 Frown on your lover one little while,  
 Dearer will be the light of your smile ;  
 Let your blush, laugh, and sigh ever mingle together,  
 Like the bloom, sun, and clouds of the sweet spring weather.  
 Love never must sleep in security,  
 Or most calm and cold will his waking be.

And as that light strain died away,  
 Again I swept the breathing strings :  
 But now the notes I waked were sad  
 As those the pining wood-dove sings.

THE INDIAN BRIDE.

SHE has lighted her lamp and crowned it with flowers,  
 The sweetest that breathed of the summer hours.  
 Red and white roses linked in a band,  
 Like a maiden's blush or a maiden's hand ;  
 Jasmines,—some like silver spray,  
 Some like gold in the morning ray ;  
 Fragrant stars,—and favourites they,  
 When Indian girls, on a festival-day,  
 Braid their dark tresses : and over all weaves  
 The rosy bower of lotus leaves—

Canopy suiting the lamp-lighted bark,  
Love's own flowers, and Love's own ark.

She watched the sky, the sunset grew dim ;  
She raised to CAMDEO her evening hymn.  
The scent of the night-flowers came on the air ;  
And then, like a bird escaped from the snare,  
She flew to the river—(no moon was bright,  
But the stars and the fire-flies gave her their light) ;  
She stood beneath the mangoes shade,  
Half delighted and half afraid ;  
She trimmed the lamp, and breathed on each bloom,  
(Oh, that breath was sweeter than all their perfume !)  
Threw spices and oil on the spire of flame,  
Called thrice on her absent lover's name ;  
And every pulse throbbed as she gave  
Her little boat to the Ganges' wave.

There are a thousand fanciful things  
Linked round the young heart's imaginings.  
In its first love-dream, a leaf or a flower  
Is gifted then with a spell and a power :  
A shade is an omen, a dream is a sign,  
From which the maiden can well divine  
Passion's whole history. Those only can tell  
Who have loved as young hearts can love so well,  
How the pulses will beat, and the cheek will be dyed,  
When they have some love-augury tried,  
Oh, it is not for those whose feelings are cold,  
Withered by care, or blunted by gold ;  
Whose brows have darkened with many years,  
To feel again youth's hopes and fears—  
What they now might blush to confess,  
Yet what made their spring-day's happiness !

ZADIE watched her flower-built vessel glide,  
Mirrored beneath on the deep-blue tide ;  
Lovely and lonely, scented and bright,  
Like Hope's own bark, all bloom and light.  
There's not one breath of wind on the air,  
The heavens are cloudless, the waters are fair,  
No dew is falling ; yet woe to that shade !  
The maiden is weeping—her lamp has decayed.

Hark to the ring of the cymetar !  
It tells that the soldier returns from afar.  
Down from the mountains the warriors come :  
Hark to the thunder-roll of the drum !  
To the startling voice of the trumpet's call !—  
To the cymbal's clash !—to the atabal !  
The banners of crimson float in the sun,  
The warfare is ended, the battle is won.  
The mother hath taken the child from her breast,  
And raised it to look on its father's crest.  
The pathway is lined, as the bands pass along,  
With maidens, who meet them with flowers and song.  
And ZADIE hath forgotten in AZIM's arms  
All her so false lamp's falser alarms.

This looks not a bridal,—the singers are mute,  
 Still is the mandore, and breathless the lute;  
 Yet there the bride sits. Her dark hair is bound,  
 And the robe of her marriage floats white on the ground.  
 Oh! where is the lover, the bridegroom?—oh! where?  
 Look under yon black pall—the bridegroom is there!  
 Yet the guests are all bidden, the feast is the same,  
 And the bride plights her troth amid smoke and 'mid flame!  
 They have raised the death-pyre of sweet-scented wood,  
 And sprinkled it o'er with the sacred flood  
 Of the Ganges. The priests are assembled;—their song  
 Sinks deep on the ear as they bear her along,  
 That bride of the dead. Ay, is not this love?  
 That one pure, wild feeling all others above:  
 Vowed to the living, and kept to the tomb!—  
 The same in its blight as it was in its bloom.  
 With no tear in her eye, and no change in her smile,  
 Young ZADIE had come nigh to the funeral pile.  
 The bells of the dancing-girls ceased from their sound;  
 Silent they stood by that holiest mound.  
 From a crowd like the sea-waves there came not a breath,  
 When the maiden stood by the place of death!  
 One moment was given—the last she might spare!  
 To the mother, who stood in her weeping there.  
 She took the jewels that shone on her hand;  
 She took from her dark hair its flowery band,  
 And scattered them round. At once they raise  
 The hymn of rejoicing and love in her praise.  
 A prayer is muttered, a blessing said,—  
 Her torch is raised;—she is by the dead.  
 She has fired the pile! At once there came  
 A mingled rush of smoke and of flame:  
 The wind swept it off. They saw the bride,—  
 Laid by her AZIM side by side.  
 The breeze had spread the long curls of her hair:  
 Like a banner of fire they played on the air.  
 The smoke and the flame gathered round as before,  
 Then cleared;—but the bride was seen no more!

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I heard the words of praise, but not  
 The one voice that I paused to hear;  
 And other sounds to me were like  
 A tale poured in a sleeper's ear.  
 Where was LORENZO?—He had stood  
 Spell-bound; but when I closed the lay,  
 As if the charm ceased with the song,  
 He darted hurriedly away,  
 I masqued again, and wandered on  
 Through many a gay and gorgeous room;  
 What with sweet waters, sweeter flowers,  
 The air was heavy with perfume.  
 The harp was echoing the lute,  
 Soft voices answered to the flute,  
 And, like rills in the noon-tide clear,  
 Beneath the flame-hung gondolier,  
 Shone mirrors peopled with the shades  
 Of stately youths and radiant maids;



And on the ear in whispers came  
 Those winged words of soul and flame,  
 Breathed in the dark-eyed beauty's ear  
 By some young love-touched cavalier ;  
 Or mixed at times some sound more gay,  
 Of dance, or laugh, or roundelay.  
 Oh, it is sickness to the heart  
 To bear in revelry its part,  
 And yet feel bursting :—not one thing  
 Which has part in its suffering,—  
 The laugh as glad, the step as light,  
 The song as sweet, the glance as bright ;  
 As the laugh, step, and glance and song,  
 Did to young happiness belong.

I turned me from the crowd, and reached  
 A spot which seemed unsought by all—  
 An alcove filled with shrubs and flowers,  
 But lighted by the distant hall,  
 With one or two fair statues placed,  
 Like deities of the sweet shrine.  
 That human art should ever frame  
 Such shapes so utterly divine !  
 A deep sigh breathed,—I knew the tone ;  
 My cheek blushed warm, my heart beat high :—  
 One moment more I too was known,—  
 I shrank before LORENZO's eye.  
 He leant beside a pedestal.  
 The glorious brow, of Parian stone,  
 Of the Antinous, by his side,  
 Was not more noble than his own !  
 They were alike : he had the same  
 Thick-clustering curls the Roman wore—  
 The fixed and melancholy eye—  
 The smile which past like lightning o'er  
 The curved lip. We did not speak,  
 But the heart breathed upon each cheek ;  
 We looked round with those wandering looks,  
 Which seek some object for their gaze,  
 As if each other's glance was like  
 The too much light of morning's rays.  
 I saw a youth beside me kneel ;  
 I heard my name in music steal ;  
 I felt my hand trembling in his ;—  
 Another moment, and his kiss  
 Had burnt upon it ; when, like thought,  
 So swift it past, my hand was thrown  
 Away, as if in sudden pain.  
 LORENZO like a dream had flown !  
 We did not meet again :—he seemed  
 To shun each spot where I might be ;  
 And, it was said, another claimed  
 The heart—more than the world to me !  
 I loved him as young Genius loves,  
 When its own wild and radiant heaven

Of starry thought burns with the light,  
The love, the life, by passion given.  
I loved him, too, as woman loves—  
Reckless of sorrow, sin, or scorn :  
Life had no evil destiny  
That, with him, I could not have borne !  
I had been nurst in palaces ;  
Yet earth had not a spot so drear,  
That I should not have thought a home  
In Paradise, had he been near !  
How sweet it would have been to dwell,  
Apart from all, in some green dell  
Of sunny beauty, leaves and flowers ;  
And nestling birds to sing the hours !  
Our home, beneath some chesnut's shade,  
But of the woven branches made :  
Our vesper hymn, the low, lone wail  
The rose hears from the nightingale ;  
And waked at morning by the call  
Of music from a waterfall.  
But not alone in dreams like this,  
Breathed in the very hope of bliss,  
I loved : my love had been the same  
In hushed despair, in open shame.  
I would have rather been a slave,  
In tears, in bondage, by his side,  
Than shared in all, if wanting him,  
This world had power to give beside !  
My heart was withered,—and my heart  
Had ever been the world to me ;  
And love had been the first fond dream,  
Whose life was in reality.  
I had sprung from my solitude,  
Like a young bird upon the wing  
To meet the arrow ; so I met  
My poisoned shaft of suffering.  
And as that bird, with drooping crest  
And broken wing, will seek his nest,  
But seek in vain ; so vain I sought  
My pleasant home of song and thought.  
There was one spell upon my brain,  
Upon my pencil, on my strain ;  
But one face to my colours came ;  
My chords replied but to one name—  
LORENZO !—all seemed vowed to thee,  
To passion, and to misery !  
I had no interest in the things  
That once had been like life, or light ;  
No tale was pleasant to mine ear,  
No song was sweet, no picture bright.  
I was wild with my great distress,  
My lone, my utter hopelessness !  
I would sit hours by the side  
Of some clear rill, and mark it glide,  
Bearing my tears along, till night  
Came with dark hours ; and soft starlight  
Watch o'er it shadowy beauty keeping,

Till I grew calm :—then I would take  
 The lute, which had all day been sleeping  
 Upon a cypress tree, and wake  
 The echoes of the midnight air  
 With words that love wrung from despair.

## SONG.

FAREWELL !—we shall not meet again  
 As we are parting now !  
 I must my beating heart restrain—  
 Must veil my burning brow !  
 Oh, I must coldly learn to hide  
 One thought, all else above—  
 Must call upon my woman's pride  
 To hide my woman's love !  
 Check dreams I never may avow ;  
 Be free, be careless, cold as thou !  
 Oh ! those are tears of bitterness,  
 Wrung from the breaking heart,  
 When two, blest in their tenderness,  
 Must learn to live—apart !  
 But what are they to that lone sigh,  
 That cold and fixed despair,  
 That weight of wasting agony  
 It must be mine to bear ?  
 Methinks I should not thus repine,  
 If I had but one vow of thine.  
 I could forgive inconstancy,  
 To be one moment loved by thee !  
 With me the hope of life is gone,  
 The sun of joy is set ;  
 One wish my soul still dwells upon—  
 The wish it could forget.  
 I would forget that look, that tone,  
 My heart hath all too dearly known.  
 But who could ever yet efface  
 From memory love's enduring trace ?  
 All may revolt, all may complain—  
 But who is there may break the chain !  
 Farewell !—I shall not be to thee  
 More than a passing thought ;  
 But every time and place will be  
 With thy remembrance fraught !  
 Farewell ! we have not often met,—  
 We may not meet again ;  
 But on my heart the seal is set  
 Love never sets in vain !  
 Fruitless as constancy may be,  
 No chance, no change, may turn from thee,  
 One who has loved thee wildly, well,—  
 But whose first love-vow breathed—farewell.

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And lays which only told of love  
 In all its varied sorrowing,  
 The echoes of the broken heart,  
 Were all the songs I now could sing.



Legends of olden times in Greece,  
 When not a flower but had its tale ;  
 When spirits haunted each green oak ;  
 When voices spoke in every gale ;  
 When not a star shone in the sky  
 Without its own love history.  
 Amid its many songs was one  
 That suited well with my sick mind.  
 I sang it when the breath of flowers  
 Came sweet upon the midnight wind.

## LEADES AND CYDIPPE.

She sat her in her twilight bower,  
 A temple formed of leaf and flower ;  
 Rose and myrtle framed the roof,  
 To a shower of April proof ;  
 And primroses, pale gems of spring,  
 Lay on the green turf glistening  
 Close by the violet, whose breath  
 Is so sweet in a dewy wreath.  
 And oh, that myrtle ! how green it grew !  
 With flowers as white as the pearls of dew  
 That shone beside ; and the glorious rose  
 Lay, like a beauty in warm repose,  
 Blushing in slumber. The air was bright  
 With the spirit and glow of its crimson light.

CYDIPPE had turned from her columned hall,  
 Where, the queen of the feast she was worshipped by all ;  
 Where the vases were burning with spices and flowers,  
 And the odorous waters were playing in showers ;  
 And lamps were blazing—those lamps of perfume  
 Which shed such a charm of light over the bloom  
 Of woman, when Pleasure a spell has thrown  
 Over one night-hour and made it her own.  
 And the ruby wine-cup shone with a ray,  
 As the gems of the East had there melted away ;  
 And the bards were singing those songs of fire,  
 That bright eyes and the goblet so well inspire ;—  
 While she, the glory and pride of the hour,  
 Sat silent and sad in her secret bower !  
 There is a grief that wastes the heart,  
 Like mildew on a tulip's dyes,—  
 When hope, deferred but to depart,  
 Loses its smiles, but keeps its sighs :  
 When love's bark, with its anchor gone,  
 Clings to a straw, and still trusts on.  
 Oh, more than all !—methinks that Love  
 Should pray that it might ever be  
 Beside the burning shrine which had  
 Its young heart's fond idolatry.  
 Oh, absence is the night of love !  
 Lovers are very children then ;  
 Fancying ten thousand feverish shapes,  
 Until their light returns again.

A look, a word, is then recalled,  
 And thought upon until it wears,  
 What is, perhaps, a very shade,  
 The tone and aspect of our fears.  
 And this was what was withering now  
 The radiance of CYDIPPE's brow.  
 She watched until her cheek grew pale ;  
 The green wave bore no bounding sail :  
 Her sight grew dim ; 'mid the blue air  
 No snowy dove came floating there,  
 The dear scroll hid beneath his wing,  
 With plume and soft eye glistening,  
 To seek again, in leafy dome,  
 The nest of its accustomed home !  
 Still far away, o'er land and seas,  
 Lingered the faithless LEADES.

She thought on the spring-days when she had been,  
 Lonely and lovely, a maiden queen ;  
 When passion to her was a storm at sea,  
 Heard 'mid the green land's tranquillity.  
 But a stately warrior came from afar ;  
 He bore on his bosom the glorious scar  
 So worshipped by woman—the death-seal of war.  
 And the maiden's heart was an easy prize,  
 When valour and faith were her sacrifice.

Methinks, might that sweet season last,  
 In which our first love-dream is past ;  
 Ere doubts, and cares, and jealous pain,  
 Are flaws in the heart's diamond-chain ;—  
 Men might forget to think on Heaven,  
 And yet have the sweet sin forgiven.

But ere the marriage-feast was spread,  
 LEADES said that he must brook  
 To part awhile from that best light,  
 Those eyes which fixed his every look :  
 Just press again his native shore,  
 And then he would that shore resign  
 For her dear sake, who was to him  
 His household god !—his spirit's shrine !

He came not ! Then the heart's decay  
 Wasted her silently away :—  
 A sweet fount, which the mid-day sun  
 Has all too hotly looked upon !

It is most sad to watch the fall  
 Of autumn leaves !—but worst of all  
 It is to watch the flower of spring  
 Faded in its fresh blossoming !  
 To see the once so clear blue orb  
 Its summer light and warmth forget ;  
 Darkening, beneath its tearful lid,  
 Like a rain-beaten violet !  
 To watch the banner-rose of health  
 Pass from the cheek !—to mark how plain,  
 Upon the wan and sunken brow,

Become the wanderings of each vein !  
The shadowy hand, so thin, so pale !  
The languid step !—the drooping head !  
The long wreaths of neglected hair !  
The lip whence red and smile are fled !  
And having watched thus, day by day,  
Light, life, and colour, pass away !  
To see, at length, the glassy eye  
Fix dull in dread mortality ;  
Mark the last ray, catch the last breath,  
Till the grave sets its sign of death !

This was CYDIPPE's fate !—They laid  
The maiden underneath the shade  
Of a green cypress,—and that hour  
The tree was withered, and stood bare !  
The spring brought leaves to other trees,  
But never other leaf grew there !  
It stood, 'mid others flourishing,  
A blighted, solitary thing.

The summer sun shone on that tree,  
When shot a vessel o'er the sea—  
When sprang a warrior from the prow—  
LEADES ! by the stately brow.  
Forgotten toil, forgotten care,  
All his worn heart has had to bear.  
That heart is full ! He hears the sigh  
That breathed ' Farewell ! ' so tenderly.  
If even then it was most sweet,  
What will it be that now they meet ?  
Alas ! alas ! Hope's fair deceit !  
He spurred o'er land, has cut the wave,  
To look but on CYDIPPE's grave.

It has blossomed in beauty, that lone tree,  
LEADES' kiss restored its bloom ;  
For wild he kissed the withered stem—  
It grew upon CYDIPPE's tomb !  
And there he dwelt. The hottest ray,  
Still dew upon the branches lay  
Like constant tears. The winter came ;  
But still the green tree stood the same.  
And it was said, at evening's close,  
A sound of whispered music rose ;  
That 'twas the trace of viewless feet  
Made the flowers more than flowers sweet.  
At length LEADES died. That day,  
Bark and green foliage past away  
From the lone tree,—again a thing  
Of wonder and of perishing !

(Conclusion in our next.)



## SIBERIA.

THE Russian Government had long had it in contemplation to make a survey of the north shores of Siberia, and M. Sarytchoff was despatched for this object; but his researches were very confined in their range. He only described a part of the coasts of Siberia, to a distance of nearly 100 versts\* beyond the eastern part of the river Kolyma, and declared that a description of any thing beyond that was not possible.

About the year 1820, it was determined that another expedition to explore those regions should be sent. Messrs. Wranguel, Anjou, and Matuchkin, all three young officers, were appointed to take charge of it. They remained four years upon the station, and fully justified the confidence of the government, fulfilling their mission with all the zeal, courage, and prudence which it was possible to employ. They succeeded in giving a description of all the north coast of Siberia, notwithstanding the numerous obstacles, the extreme severity of the climate, and the dangers to which they were exposed; for the Tchouktchis had already exterminated two detachments that had been previously sent with the same view.

M. Anjou has described the shore from the chain of mountains of Ourals, or from the river Oby as far as Kolyma; and M. Wranguel and M. Matuchkin from the Kolyma to the Cape of Tchouketch. Not satisfied with merely exploring the shore, these travellers made excursions towards the north, upon an immense extent of thick ice, as far as the place where the sea is open, which is nearly 500 versts from the coast of Beehring's Straits. It was in this place, which faces the eastern part of the north coast, inhabited by the Rein-deer Tchouktchis (Olenky-Tchouktchi,) that they perceived mountains at a distance of nearly one hundred versts. M. Wranguel conceived the idea of reaching them; and he had nearly succeeded, when the piece of ice on which he was placed separated from the mass, he was tossed about for five successive days, with

seven other persons, his dogs, and his equipage, till at length, after having had several narrow escapes of being swallowed up, the sheet became once again united to the mass. There exists amongst the Tchouktchis a tradition, which says, that the strait that separates them from the opposite shore, towards the north, was at one period not covered with ice; and that the inhabitants crossed the strait in baydars (a kind of barks.) They relate, that at a period not far distant (for all the inhabitants recollect it,) some Tchouktchis, to the number of seven or eight, accompanied by a woman, crossed the ice to go into the neighbourhood of these mountains, to fish for the *morse*, or sea-horse; and that, after a considerable time, the woman returned into the country by the islands called the Kouriles. She reported, that her companions had all been massacred by a rein-deer people, who inhabit a country with the existence of which they are acquainted. This woman was sold into a strange nation; and after having passed from hand to hand, she was conducted into the country of Prince Wallis, from which she found means of returning home. Judging by this tradition, it may be supposed that the lands which M. Wranguel wished to reach, are merely islands, a supposition which is the more probable, as it has some relation with the discoveries of Captain Parry, who is of opinion that all the countries north of America are formed of islands. The nations who inhabit the islands nearest to Siberia make use of rein-deer, which gives the idea that they are composed of emigrated Tchouktchis,) particularly as their idioms have a great resemblance to each other. The Tchouktchis are in general tall and well-formed, with regular features; their nose is not flat, but their cheek-bones are very prominent. The travellers also saw other islands, called *New Siberia*: the road which they took to reach them is laid down in the map of the famous foot-traveller, Cochrane, where it is traced with tolerable accuracy; but the land which is there marked out, and which Ser-

\* A verst is about 1100 yards in English.

jeant Andréef pretends he saw, is according to the testimony of these gentlemen, a fancied and chimerical region. They made wide excursions in all directions, but did not perceive any such shore. In their land journies, they rode horses or rein-deer; but they preferred the former as the latter are very inconvenient, owing to the practice of placing the saddle on the fore part of the *os humeri*, without fixing it by a girth. Travelling on sledges, drawn by the rein-deer, is a very convenient mode. To cross the sea, in other words the ice, they made use of a sort of carriage, called *narta*, drawn by 12 or 13 dogs. These animals were always extremely serviceable to them, as well in defending them from the black and white bears and the wolves, as by their astonishing intelligence; their instinct always guided them in the best track; and when the travellers thought they had gone astray, the dogs led them again into the right course. The sagacity of the dogs was so great, that when they happened to trace a road in the form of an angle, they made a diagonal line in returning. The travellers passed several weeks on the ice, between the sea and the land, sometimes upon enormous masses of ice, covered with thick beds of grey snow, sometimes upon small sheets, which often sank down and detached themselves from the material of congelation, so that they were carried away by the current and beaten about by the waves.

On all these occasions, the dogs rendered them innumerable services. In the places where the ice was thick and without danger, they ran rapidly upon the snow, barked, bit each other, and appeared indocile; but the moment the track became dangerous, they were gentle, cautious, and docile, walking frequently with the greatest precaution upon pieces of ice not more than half an inch thick, and seeming to advance by the order of the individual seated in the sledge. M. Wranguel and M. Matuchkin remained, at one period, 70 days upon the ice, at a distance of some hundred versts from the shore; they were accompanied by several *nartas*, laden with provisions. They buried these provisions under the

snow and the ice, and continued their way, only taking as much as was necessary for immediate consumption, returning to procure fresh supplies from those which were buried, as soon as their stock was exhausted. Whenever they had the power of doing so, they made astronomical observations; but the fogs often hindered them from doing this. These fogs are so thick that the travellers were sometimes unable to see the dogs in their sledges. Occasionally heavy avalanches of snow overthrew the tents which served as their abodes; and they had great difficulty, when the weather calmed, in clearing away the snow and getting their tents free again.

The months of November, December, and January, when the rigour of the cold became intolerable, our travellers passed in cabins or in furred tents, in which the water froze upon the floor, and the ice arose to the height of an *archine*; a mass of ice, of about three *verchoks* in thickness, served instead of glass to their windows, and sufficed for the whole winter. The maximum of heat in the middle of the summer is 10 to 15 degrees by the thermometer of Reaumur; it freezes during the night, or when the sun is on the decline. The continual whiteness of the snow produces diseases in the eyes. The inhabitants wear a vizor, formed of the bark of trees, in which are pierced, opposite the eyes, very narrow openings. The Russian officers wore a crape folded four times; at first they neglected to double it at all, which rendered them almost blind, but they cured the disease by dropping oil of tobacco into their eyes. This remedy, although efficacious, possesses the disadvantage of causing the most acute pain. Their usual food consisted of fish, and the flesh of deer and bears. The latter tended to strengthen them, but at the same time it produced violent agitations in the blood, and prevented them from sleeping. The inhabitants are extremely poor, and are not acquainted with any trade; all their industry is employed in hunting and fishing, yet Russian merchants are met with who visit these countries for the purposes of trade.—*Communicated by M. de Tolstoy.*

## EDUCATION.

## A TALE FROM REAL LIFE.

"**D**EPEND upon it, my dear brother!" said Lady Leith, "depend upon it, your education has been the cause that you have advanced so little in life. Had our parents been as careful to instil into your mind the other principles of good policy and contrivance, as they were to form your heart to virtue, and your mind to knowledge, you might at the present time have been Archbishop of Canterbury, instead of being Vicar of Holton, with a miserable income of two hundred and fifty pounds a-year." "I endeavour, sister!" replied the respectable old vicar, whose name was Rusby, "to be content: for although my condition is by no means enviable, and I enjoy little beyond the mere necessities of life, I have escaped from those degrading humiliations and unworthy flatteries which people for the most part are obliged to practise who wish to rise from inferior to high situations. I differ, however, materially from you in opinion. I believe that no instruction from my parents could have made me a man of the world. My natural disposition is of a retired and studious character, which is probably the result of some inherent quality of the corporeal functions, that instruction could not alter."

"Be that as it may," replied Lady Leith, "I hope, however, that you do not intend to educate your two children in the same manner, as you were educated."

"Why not," replied Mr. Rusby; "I shall teach them to be virtuous and intelligent, and leave the rest to Providence."

"You had better, my good brother!" said Lady Leith, "purchase a ladder; and placing it before your children's eyes, bid them regard it as an emblem of the world. Exhort them to fix their eyes upon the top, hold fast by their hands, direct their feet well, and strive with all their force to ascend, and in all probability they will make quick progress towards the summit."

"If they do not fall and break their necks," said Mr. Rusby.

"It were better to do that," said Lady Leith, "than remain at the bottom of the ladder all their days. Take it from me, as an axiom, brother; that ambition is a natural passion of the human heart, the absence of which in any bosom renders life insipid. After the playfulness of childhood, and the dalliance of youth are past, we must have some powerful impulse to keep us from sinking into absolute languor."

"I do not see the necessity of that impulse," replied My Rusby. "We may be more happy by limiting than by extending our views. There are many innocent and agreeable ways of rendering life pleasurable, without resorting to such powerful stimulants as ambition."

"I suppose," said Lady Leith, "you mean such means of happiness as are to be derived from reading, planting, gardening, drawing, and other languid and inert occupations, which disappointed or feeble characters are apt to resort to, when the moments hang heavily upon their hands. Dioclesian and Charles the Fifth, I remember, planted cabbages, and studied mechanics, as poor substitutes for the nobler pursuits of ambition: Lord Bolingbroke in a moment of petulance and disappointed ambition professed to turn farmer. Swift amused himself in low society, and low poetry. These pursuits, however, were merely adopted as amusements which constant occupation had rendered necessary, not as occupations which natural choice or taste bade them cultivate."

"Those men," said Mr. Rusby, "would have been much happier, if their views had been more moderate, and their ambition less. Dioclesian and Charles the Fifth, resorted to innocent amusements after they had been surfeited with glory, as if their hearts had been sick of the vanity of glory, and sighed for things of a softer and less pernicious character. Bolingbroke



and Swift were justly punished for the restless ambition of their early lives, by the neglect and misfortunes which fell upon the latter part. Such men have done no good to human society. They neither made themselves nor others happy. More moderate views would have secured them from vexation and disappointment. They might have lived happy and unknown; the admired and beloved friends of a small domestic circle, who might have felt the benevolence of their hearts, and lived unconscious of the extent of their abilities."

"I perceive, brother," rejoined Lady Leith, "that your prejudices are inveterate. Your moderation and philosophy may be well suited to your age, and if they merely concerned yourself, might pass without reprehension. But you have two daughters, whom it behoves you to place in the world to the best possible advantage. This cannot be done without exertion on your part to inspire their minds with ambitious views. They have already the germ of future beauty, and the promise of minds capable of great accomplishment and refinement. This beauty, however, must be polished and fashioned according to certain principles adopted in elegant society, and their minds must be taught to derive the greatest advantages from their natural endowments. Nature must be controlled, subdued, if possible, extinguished; and art superinduced. Of all persons in the world, brother, you appear to me to be the least fitted to instruct a young girl in what manner she should lay out her capital of beauty and accomplishment to the best advantage."

"I am convinced of the truth of your observation," said Mr. Rusby, "and shall be happy to receive instruction from one who has given such practical illustration of the principles she professes. No person has been more successful in marriage than yourself—a husband obedient to your wishes, his splendid fortune at your command, and the possession of every comfort and luxury, prove you to have been extremely fortunate, or extremely skilful in forming your marriage."

"Attribute my success," said Lady Leith, with an impatient tone, and a movement of the head which indicated hauteur, "to its proper cause, my abilities. You remember the many offers I rejected before I could be moved to marry. Sir James Leith was not the youngest, nor the handsomest, nor the most beloved of my admirers, but he was the richest, and the most inclined to obedience and indulgence. I married him because a thought that such a marriage would be productive of the greatest share of happiness that matrimony is capable of. My plans have been crowned with success; and nothing has been wanting to my felicity but children. I am anxious that your daughters should have the benefit of my instruction and experience. I see clearly that your moderation and confined circumstances will prevent them from enjoying those opportunities of forming acquaintance with people of rank, or of being brought forward under such circumstances, and at such times as may enable them to marry advantageously. I therefore wish you to confide the care of their education to me. The ample fortune of Sir James can well provide them with those external accomplishments and attractions, which are all in all in the present state of society; and a few thousands spared from his immense fortune will not be felt as a loss by his nephew, whom he has constituted his heir."

"I cannot," said Mr. Rusby, "part with both my children. That were too great a sacrifice to make. You shall have one—the other shall remain with me."

"Well! well!" said Lady Leith, "I will not endeavour to prevail on you to yield up both your children notwithstanding I am conscious that it would be greatly to the advantage of both. I have felt too severely the want of children myself, to be insensible to that affection which dreads the entire loss of them."

This conversation between Lady Leith and her brother, Mr. Rusby, took place during a short visit which she made at Harlton Parsonage, the residence of the worthy vicar. The

result of this conversation was an understanding that Lady Leith should adopt the eldest daughter of Mr. Rusby, consider her as her own, and have the entire management of her education. It happened fortunately that the favourite daughter of Mr. Rusby was the least acceptable to Lady Leith. She beheld something in the character of Monimia, the eldest, which flattered her hopes of seeing her one day aspire to distinction, by means of an illustrious marriage; and Mr. Rusby thought he discovered in Clara, the youngest, a sweetness of disposition and a nobleness of heart which promised happiness to his declining years. These expectations probably originated in the predilection they preferred. We often imagine in those we love, the qualities which we wish to see.

Lady Leith was a being who thought that the happiness and misery of individuals, their success and misfortunes, resulted entirely from their education. By this term we do not mean that school-instruction, which generally goes under the denomination of education, but that more enlarged and useful information by which persons are instructed to make the best use of their natural and acquired advantages, so as to advance in life towards wealth or rank. She was herself an illustration of the principles and doctrines she professed; while her brother, Mr. Rusby, was an example, in her opinion, of an ill-directed and erroneous education. This gentleman and herself were the only children of a respectable tradesman, who thought the best method of promoting their interest in life, was to bestow on them a good education. To this end he sent them both to eminent schools, where they went through the usual routine of scholastic instruction, with credit and approbation. About the age of eighteen, Miss Rusby was committed to the care and superintendence of an aunt, from whom she received much of that useful knowledge which had conducted her so favourably to prosperity. The aunt observing in Miss Rusby, a certain portion of beauty and address, bestowed great pains in cultivating and

directing those ambitious and selfish propensities which are inherent in human nature. She taught her to set a high value on her personal appearance and mental acquirements; to consider an advantageous marriage as the great end of her exertions, and to endeavour to surmount all those feelings of natural and fond affection, which lead astray so many young ladies to the great detriment of their interest. She would occasionally say to her, "Be prudent in forming attachments. Every happiness in life depends upon a successful marriage. Resist the approach of sentiment, and direct your mind solely to the attainment of an advantageous settlement." These precepts she enforced by examples drawn from life and held up to the observation of her niece, such matches among her acquaintances as presented to her eyes instances of happiness attained through a prudent and careful attention to interest; or of misfortune, resulting from thoughtless and precipitate affection. The young lady being of a character wary and prudent, received the admonitions of her aunt with attention. Her personal charms and accomplishments soon attracted the assiduities of some young suitors, but as their rank and fortune in life were inferior to her expectations, she had the prudence to resist their offers, and reserve herself for a more exalted destiny. In proportion as she advanced in age, she grew more obstinate in her adherence to her aspiring intentions, and her beauty was already on the decline, and the admiration of her suitors waxing cold and negligent, when she happened to meet at Bath, the wealthy Sir James Leith. He was an old bachelor whose youth had been passed in industrious exertion; an exact and regular attention to business, combined with good fortune, had made him rich: riches procured him rank and honours, and he had attained the dignity of Baronet, and was a member of the House of Commons. Miss Rusby was represented to him, as a lady whose manners and accomplishments would do honour to a splendid establishment. Sir James Leith had felt a twinge of the gout: Miss Rusby had seen the

roses of her cheeks give way to an incipient sallowness of complexion, which she felt to be hostile to love. Sir James foresaw that he should soon want a nurse: Miss Rusby foresaw that she should soon want lovers. He proposed, and she instantly accepted.

The conduct of Mr. Rusby had been of a different description. He had no sooner left college and was possessed of a small living purchased for him by his father, than he followed the propensities of his heart, and fell in love with a beautiful girl, whose whole fortune consisted in the elegance and simplicity of her character, great sweetness of disposition, and a heart which was rich beyond estimation in every mild and affectionate feeling. Their attachment was soon followed by marriage; and as their means were limited, they were constrained not less by necessity than by choice, to cultivate all their sweet and simple pleasures in a domestic country life; which persons of wealth are apt to disregard. Content with the society of each other, and those recreations which are derived from books and rational amusements, they lived unmindful of the world, its bustle and its passions. Their life was love, and the history of their days a series of sweet and reciprocal instances of a profound and uninterrupted attachment. The union which made them happy, was not permanent, for after a few years of perfect felicity, Mrs. Rusby was separated from her husband by an untimely death, leaving him the two daughters whom we have mentioned above. The loss of a wife in whom all his felicity was centred, annihilated for a time the happiness and exertion of Mr. Rusby, and a year elapsed before he recovered that composure of heart and peace of mind which enabled him to devote his attention to domestic concerns, the duties of his profession, and the welfare of his children. In proportion as his grief settled into a milder recollection of his lost wife, he began to fix his mind on the characters of his children, and to exert himself by administering to their instruction and happiness. Their education became a matter to him of

the most important consideration, and he brought the full powers of a clear understanding to bear on that subject. The young creatures were already considerably advanced in knowledge, and had attained, the one to twelve, the other to eleven years of age, when Lady Leith in her visit to Harlton Parsonage, proposed to relieve her brother from all farther solicitude about the welfare of his daughters, by taking upon herself the expense and care of their education. If Mr. Rusby had been rich he would have refused all interference on the part of Lady Leith in the education of his daughters, for he thought the principles of that lady might be injurious to the simplicity of character which he so much admired, and which he was anxious to preserve. He did not suppose her capable of instilling into their minds opinions or feelings which might be detrimental to their virtue, but he feared that her instruction might inspire them with too exalted ideas of their own importance, an inordinate love of wealth, and ambitious intentions, which through disappointment might end in misery.

In a short time after the arrangement had been made for Monimia to reside with Lady Leith, they both took leave of Mr. Rusby, and returned forthwith to London. Her father felt severely the loss of his child. Her adoption by his sister appeared to him little short of an entire separation. On the other hand, the young girl who had never before quitted home, was pleased with the prospect of the new scenes she was about to see. In quitting her father and sister she felt a momentary anguish, which was soon dissipated by the variety of novel objects which she beheld on their journey towards London. On their arrival in town, the carriage proceeded immediately to Sir James Leith's mansion in Portman Square. Monimia accustomed from her infancy to the humble dwelling of her father, and never having seen any house more splendidly furnished, nor rooms of larger dimension than those which she had been accustomed to see at Halton Parsonage, beheld with great astonishment the superb mansion



of her uncle. A feeling of contempt, (the first emotion of the kind which had ever entered her young heart,) arose from the comparison which she made between the different situations of her poor and humble father, and the proud and wealthy Sir James Leith.

Lady Leith in a short time began her course of experimental instruction on the heart and mind of the young Monimia. She sought out a governess whose conduct would be a pattern from whence her niece might learn to dress herself. After considerable search, she discovered in a young French woman those artificial manners, and that happy tact of character, which accommodate themselves with facility to the opinions and habits of those persons whom it is their interest to serve. She had sufficient knowledge to instruct in the rudiments of languages, geography, and music, but a perfect mistress in the art of dissimulation. She had a language, a courtesy, a smile, for every distinct variety of the human species. Her distance and courtly pride towards the servants were not less remarkable than her extreme obsequiousness and humble deference to Lady Leith, and she gained almost immediately after her introduction into the house, the respect of the prudent and circumspect Sir James, the deference and assiduous notice of that gentleman's nephew, the presumptive heir of his property, and the fond attachment of Monimia.

Under the auspices and tuition of two such able performers as were Lady Leith and Mademoiselle Artifice, the young Monimia made regular advances towards refinement. By degrees they pruned away those exuberant shoots of infantile feeling which are thought by the cultivators of the human mind to weaken the parent stem. Step by step she was taught to speak, smile, walk, sit, rise, dress, eat, only with the design of captivating attention by those acts, and she became mannered even to the putting on of a glove, or the position and arrangement of her fingers. The poverty of her father, (which in her infancy, and while she lived at home, showed like

prosperity, when compared to the more humble circumstances of the greater part of the parishioners of Halton,) became as she advanced in years a source of shame and repugnance. She heard at the wealthy table of Sir James so much in praise of the riches of fortunate individuals, and so few comments upon virtue and abilities, that she gradually imbibed that opinion so prevalent in the mercantile world, that wealth is the criterion of excellence. Whenever a desire to see his daughter called Mr. Rusby up, to London, Monimia suffered a great deal of uneasiness and shame at the thought of being obliged to appear in public with him: and upon one occasion her feelings were wrought up to a high state of torture, when she was asked by an intimate friend, "who those queer people were, that sat in Sir James's box at the Opera." She dexterously escaped the shame which this question might have brought upon her, by saying "that she understood they were people of immense estates in Lancashire, but who had never been in London before." She was at one time exceedingly disconcerted by the following question from a young girl. "Pray, Miss Rusby, have you any relations except Sir James and Lady Leith, for I never hear you mention them?" This question she parried, by turning her head away and covering her face with her hand, as if some agonizing recollections had been called up, and her young friend supposing that she was agitated by the remembrance of the loss of her relatives dropt the subject and never again resumed it. It has generally been found by those who have elevated their pupils to ambitious views, that their plans have ran a greater risk of being counteracted by the passion of love than by any other feeling, and Lady Leith, conscious how difficult it is to dispossess that sentiment when it has once gained an entrance, made it her chief endeavour to guard against its approach. Her caution was so particular, that having once observed her niece blush when the name of a young man, who was very handsome but very

poor, was mentioned, she immediately took measures to prevent him from visiting again at the house.

Among the numerous suitors which the beauty of Monimia Rusby summoned about her person was a young man, the only heir of a wealthy stock-jobber, whose riches were estimated at a million. This was the very union which Lady Leith was courting for her niece, and she gave every encouragement to his visits. Monimia had been enjoined, under pain of the endless displeasure of Lady Leith, never to conceal from her, even for a moment, any offers she might receive, and to refer every suitor to her. As soon, therefore, as the youth declared his passion, she replied, with a coolness which somewhat astonished him, that she must refer him to Lady Leith, by whose wishes she always regulated her affections. The young man immediately requested an audience of her ladyship, by whom he was received with great politeness, and listened to with attention. She told him she saw no great objection to the match, but matters of that nature must be cautiously managed; that young people were but bad judges of the arrangements necessary to make them happy, and that every proceeding must be regulated by the discretion of his own father and Sir James. She then exacted a promise from him never to mention his affection again to Monimia until he received permission from herself to consider and address her as his future bride. The old people soon met, and consulted about the intended marriage. An union with the family of Sir James flattered the ambition of the stock-jobber, and his interest was not forgotten when he agreed to settle upon his son one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. Sir James was a potent and a popular man, whose great connexions and extensive commercial intercourse might enable him to point out some lucrative hits. Monimia was to have a portion of ten thousand pounds, with a verbal promise of the same sum at the death of Sir James.

One would suppose that all was joy and pleasure within the bosoms of the

young people. It would have been so if the manœuvring character of Lady Leith would have allowed the natural thirst of young affection to imbibe a full draught of pleasure. She was, however, continually watching and checking every inclination to impassioned love. "Now is the time," she would say to her niece, "to assume that empire over the mind of your intended husband, which may render you happy by attaining the superiority. If you once give way to you affection, you are lost; you become his slave, and cease to rule. We soon despise those who love us with thoughtless attachment. Let him suppose that you love him, but never be thoroughly convinced of it. Be polite, various, playful, engaging, reluctant, but avoid that unworthy stain on a woman's character, a fond and doating attachment." By such opinions and repeated enforcement of them, she wrought the mind of her niece to a wary and politic method of loving. Her attachment was conditional, which like her stays she could put on at pleasure, and tighten and loosen about her heart. Every arrangement was now made for the marriage, the day was fixed, the wedding-suits and a carriage purchased, a house furnished, when one of those unexpected events, which strike our senses like a clap of thunder, put a sudden stop to the business. The great stock-jobber failed. Immense speculations in foreign bonds, which fell fifty per cent. in value in the course of a month, were the cause of his ruin. Various were the reports upon the Exchange about the extent of his speculations and losses; some authorities declared him to be ruined entirely, while others made a more moderate estimate of his misfortunes, and supposed that something would be left after the payment of all demands. Sir James Leith received no injury from the failure of the great stock-jobber. He was on the eve of entering, in conjunction with him, upon some large speculations in hops, which the sudden misfortune stopped.

As soon as Lady Leith was made acquainted with the failure she communicated the circumstance to Mo-

nimia, with strict injunctions to withdraw her affections. That young lady had been now so well-tutored in the art of putting off and on affection that she soon disrobed her heart. This was the triumph of Lady Leith's system of education, and when she communicated the particulars to her brother, she commented largely on her own skill. "You see," said she in one of her letters, "that Monimia, under my instruction, has captivated, by her manners and good conduct, a young man of great expectations, and when those expectations failed, she has had the prudence to withdraw her affection. Be assured that she will never disgrace herself by marrying a poor man. Her ambition and prudence are exactly what I could wish them to be." Many friends and acquaintances of Monimia, especially among the younger people, reprobated her conduct as a disgraceful specimen of insensibility, but she was highly praised among the insensible and the aged, and recommended by them to the young as a pattern of prudence and refinement.

While Lady Leith was elevating Monimia in such a manner as ensured her the attainment of prosperous circumstances, Mr. Rusby was proceeding in the education of his daughter, Clara, in his own simple and unostentatious manner. He never inculcated ambitious designs, but, on the contrary, taught her to be moderate in her expectations. He was unable to give her instructions how to enter a room gracefully, to captivate attention by striking attitudes, to catch the adoration of numerous suitors, and hold them for a long time in her train by smiles and insinuations full of coquetry and fallacy, but he well understood how to improve his daughter's mind by solid and useful instruction. By the time she attained the age of eighteen she was highly accomplished, and was generally admired for the beauty of her person, and the artless simplicity of her character. Not being warped by any artful or ambitious designs on the part of her parent, she followed the natural bent of her disposition, and attached herself to a young man of her

own age, the son of a respectable gentleman, who lived in the parish of Halton. This was her first love, and, like most of those affections which the heart spontaneously adopts at an early age, was ardent and sincere.

The young gentleman her suitor had no fortune, and but very moderate expectations, yet Mr. Rusby did not think himself warranted in refusing his approbation of her attachment, he only stipulated with the youth that he should patiently wait until the appearance of better prospects, and not involve, by a precipitate and thoughtless marriage, his daughter in difficulty and distress. The presentation of an ensigncy to the lover called him to more active scenes in the Peninsula, when he first flashed his sword at the Battle of Talavera. In the succeeding battles he displayed resolution and ability, and attained a company by his undaunted defence of a fort in one of the engagements fought in the Pyrenees. His career was however checked, and his farther advancement annihilated by the battle of Toulouse, where he lost a leg, and was dangerously wounded in the head by a musket ball, which carried away part of his jaw, and deprived him, for a considerable time of the power of speech. This event happened about the same time that the failure of the great stock-jobber put an end to the intended marriage between his son and Monimia. He recovered slowly from his wounds, and was compelled to travel by slow journeys towards England, where Mr. Rusby and his daughter were anxiously awaiting the arrival of the gallant soldier, to whose infirmities and misfortunes they were anxious to administer comfort. Lady Leith used all her influence with her niece to induce her to seize the occasion of breaking off a match with a man whom she designated as a beggar and a cripple. Her endeavours were ineffectual. She could neither shake the steady affection of Clara, nor the firm and generous principles of Mr. Rusby. As soon as the young soldier arrived in England he wrote a letter to his Clara, intimating that he dreaded an interview with her. "When I left you," said he in his letter, "I was in



the possession of perfect health, full of alacrity, ambitious in my designs, handsome in my person, if I may believe the opinions of others, and a match, a suitable match, except in fortune, to yourself; I now return a battered and worn out soldier, disfigured, maimed, and, like a young tree struck by lightning, blasted in the early putting forth of my expectations. It were better that I should never see you again, my Clara, than see you to lose, through my want of personal advantages, that affection which I had once the happiness to inspire." As soon as Clara received this letter she set out with her father to meet her lover. Their meeting was like the junction of two streams that unite for ever. A short but violent agitation of contending passions was followed by composure and happiness. About three months after their return to Halton the young soldier was united to Clara. In addition to his half-pay he received a pension of two hundred a-year, as a remuneration for his wounds and services. This, together with a small allowance from his father, and a residence in the parsonage, enabled them to enjoy that which no wealth can purchase—contented affection.

It was not long before the charms and manners of Monimia Rusby gained another suitor. This second admirer was even richer than the first: he was a gentleman of extensive business, one of the representatives of the City of London, and a baronet. He was past the meridian of his days, a widower with two children, and not altogether a husband of such temper and manners as would have pleased a young woman whose mind had been inclined to refinement and romance. She had, however, by this time so completely imbibed the principles of her aunt, and become so nice a calculator, that she knew what sum of money was a set-off against a defect. Being told that her intended husband was a person of a bad temper, she replied, "True, but he settles upon me twenty thousand pounds." "He is too old," said a friend, "to marry a woman of your youth and beauty." "Not at all," was her reply, "for he'll

keep me a carriage." "Depend upon it, my dear," said a third person, "you'll be miserable with him." "There can be no misery," she answered, "where there is immense wealth." In this manner she exemplified the great pains which Lady Leith had taken in her education, and her preceptress was not a little flattered when she contrasted the consummate prudence and discretion shown by her own pupil, with what she termed, the childish romance of her niece Clara. A few months brought the marriage of Monimia to a conclusion. Sir Crofton Fullpurse vainly supposed that the preference which had been shown to him over the younger suitors of his bride, was to be attributed to his manners and character, and not to the temptation of his wealth. So little are those, who estimate money above all things, inclined to admit, that the wealth they possess is the only thing which can recommend them to others.

While affairs were proceeding thus prosperously, in the Leith family, the failure of the great stock jobber was silently working out the ruin of some of the first houses in the City. These sudden explosions of great commercial houses may be assimilated to the reverberations of an echo in a mountainous country. A cannon is fired off, and close to your side the shock is instantly repeated. It then ceases and you suppose that you will hear no more of it, when you perceive an obscure and feeble repetition, at an immense distance; "It is dying away, you observe," and then again it thunders in your ears, apparently more loud than at first. After repeated shocks, which often come from quarters where you least expect them, the explosion dies away and the matter is forgotten. The failure of the stock jobber was of this nature. The Leith family appeared to stand secure, and were talking, and wondering at the numerous failures, obscure and important, which it had created, when suddenly they were alarmed by the explosion of a house, with which Sir James had immense transactions, and this was instantly followed by the failure of his own banker. After the

first consternation was past, and they were able to summon sufficient calmness of mind to calculate their resources, Lady Leith directed the mind of Sir James to the assistance which might be derived from Sir Crofton Fullpurse; she knew the influence which Monimia possessed over her husband, and proposed to visit her for the purpose of requesting her interest with him to prop the credit of Sir James. The carriage was ordered, and she repaired instantly to Monimia. The rumour of the great events had preceded her. Her reception was cold and formal. "I come, my dear Monimia," said Lady Leith in an agony of grief, "to request you will prevail on Sir Crofton to assist us on this trying occasion." "Your Ladyship," replied Monimia, "shall not want an advocate in me, but—" "Heavens, Monimia," cried Lady Leith, "is this the language, this the return you make for all my kind and generous exertions in your favour?" "Your Ladyship," replied Monimia, "seems to forget that I am no longer my own mistress, but the obedient wife of a gentleman, whose interest and happiness it is my duty above all things to consider. That done, your Ladyship shall not want, as I have said before, an advocate in me." The impetuous temper of Lady Leith, could no longer bear this cold offer of assistance; she seized the bell, rose hastily from the sofa, dropt a slight curtsy to her niece as

she passed her by, and hurried down stairs to her carriage. The agitation of her mind, arising from this discovery of the selfishness and ingratitude of Monimia, combined with the shock which her nerves had received from the apprehension of the danger which seemed to threaten her family, threw her into hysterics. A violent fever followed, and during some days her physician apprehended a fatal termination. As soon as she recovered, it was thought right that she should undergo a temporary removal from these scenes where she had suffered, and she herself chose Halton Parsonage, the residence of her brother, as the place where she could best recover from the wounds which her feelings had received. The reception which Mr. Rusby and his children gave her, was most kind and hearty. During two months she lived at Halton, and in that time often confessed to her own mind, and by words to the ear of Mr. Rusby, that she had been deceived in her speculations on education: that principles of ambition and selfishness inculcated to young people, recoil in the hour of distress and difficulty on their instructors. As soon as the affairs of Sir James were adjusted, she returned to London. Clara from that time became a favourite of Lady Leith, and at the death of Sir James, she received the fortune which had been destined for Monimia.

#### TALES OF IRISH LIFE,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE MANNERS, CUSTOMS, AND CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE. WITH  
DESIGNS BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

**T**HERE is no accounting for Tastes: *de gustibus non est disputandum*, say the old Classics. It will hardly be believed, that in truth we have reaped as much gratification in reading these Tales, as in perusing the longest reports of any one of the disputations between the Romish Priests and the Bible distributors in Ireland; the discussions on the snug appropriation of the Catholic rent, or the debates on dissolving the Union—that pearl which

drunken agitators, like the mad revelers of ancient times, would throw into their intoxicating cup to destroy, though it cost the price of a kingdom.

There are sixteen Tales in these two small and neat volumes, all of them illustrative of the feelings and manners of a people, it must be confessed far too little known. We do not observe any undue leaning, either to one side or another, of those who abuse the ignorance of Ireland, and wickedly

labour to keep alive the distractions which tear and rend it. The incidents look as if they were drawn from life, and if we find a furious Protestant in one page doing evil, we in the next observe the pernicious influence of the Catholic Priest. There is, therefore, much matter worthy of earnest national attention in these fictions, while at the same time they are characteristic and amusing. Without agreeing with the writers in all his ideas, we cannot but highly approve of his work, of which an abridgment of the story of Poor Mary will afford our readers a tolerable sample.

"On the road from Thurles to Cashel the traveller will frequently see written, by a variety of hands, on walls and posts, '*Poor Mary!*' the epithet *poor* being considered by the Irish peasantry the most expressive word for sympathetic pity. This testimony of regard for the sufferings of Mary becomes more conspicuous and more frequent as the traveller approaches the latter town; and should he feel any desire to know the cause, he cannot fail of receiving information from those he meets, either in the English or Irish language; for all know the history of '*Poor Mary.*' - -

"England or Ireland, intended by Nature, like man and woman, for mutual support and happiness, unfortunately entertain such unaccountable prejudices, that they know nearly as little of each other's manners and habits as the South Sea Indian does of the Calmuc Tartar.

"In estimating the enjoyments and virtues of the sister island, the logic of an Englishman is, in his own opinion, very conclusive and satisfactory. An Irishman is a Papist; *ergo*, a superstitious fool; an Irishman eats potatoes; *ergo*, he is starved; *ergo*, he must be unhappy. But, notwithstanding the ridicule of some, and the false reasoning of others, happiness is still to be found in Ireland; it is only to be lamented that the natives do not know the value of that tranquil felicity which they might enjoy did they not exhibit too much readiness to co-operate with design and folly, which generally terminates in the ruin of their peace and

humble competence. A host of examples could here be adduced, but the history of '*Poor Mary*' will be sufficient.

"The glebe Rouleen consisted of twenty Irish acres, on which stood the warm thatched house, or rather cabin, of Jack Wilson. The annual white-washing which was given to it every Christmas rendered it conspicuous from the road; and the four large trees which shaded the *bawn*, or yard, gave it an air of comfort which Irish dwellings, particularly of the poor, seldom afford. A closer view showed an approach to English neatness: a green paddock for a favourite horse or cow was on one side; and on the west, enjoying the shelter of the outhouses and trees, was a little garden for vegetables and flowers: whilst at the bottom of the slope, before the door, was an umbrageous thorn, protecting from the beams of the summer's sun a *holy* well; for all wells in Ireland are dedicated to some particular saint. It must be confessed, though the general appearance of Wilson's habitation conveyed ideas of industry, there yet remained too many proofs of culpable indolence. A cart, as it is called, truckle, was placed in the gap to perform the duties of a gate; and the exhalations of the dunghills rose to Heaven the tacit reprover of Jack's attachment to smoking and talking: still the little farm was yearly improving; the limestones were collected round the kiln, the ditches showed traces of recent repairs, and fields were ploughed that had lain fallow for ages. On the whole, the country people acknowledged that Jack was the most thriving man in the parish, for which he was indebted, they observed, to his good children, young Jack and Mary.

"Old Wilson had been married twenty years to a woman who brought him two children, a son and a daughter. The greater part of his life he was merely struggling with Fortune, wearing tattered clothes and living on potatoes; but, as his children approached to maturity, Mary, the daughter, was taken notice of by a family in the neighbourhood, who just stopped in the country long enough to



make the people feel the loss of their departure."

[She and her brother are thus raised a little above the mere herd; and a deserving young countryman, named Lambert, is betrothed to the excellent Mary.]

"They talked over what they should do in future, reckoned how easily they should pay their rent, and how good their children would be. The day being fixed for the ceremony, they went to town to purchase the wedding clothes, came home, and were the happiest people in the world over Wilson's fire;—but never were happy more!

"Lambert had risen, with the intention of returning home: he had taken his hat, snatched a kiss from his intended bride, and was retreating hastily from her smiling displeasure, when he was forced back abruptly by the confused entrance of a number of men, whose faces were concealed by slouched hats, or so artfully blackened that they could not be recognized. Some of them had sticks, some rusty old guns, and others had swords of all shapes and countries. Their ultimate intention was evidently hostile, whilst their dress plainly evinced they were of the poorer class of people. One of them, who showed his importance by dropping his gun perpendicularly on the floor, and throwing his tall figure into an erect position, explained the reason of their visit. They were in search of arms; but, being strangers in that part of the country, they merely called to request Wilson to go with them to those houses in which he knew they were to be found. The whole family remonstrated against such a proceeding. Young Wilson had a gun, to which they were welcome; but to accompany men who were unknown, for the purpose of robbing those who were their neighbours, was a position in which Wilson desired not to be placed. Mary was terrified to silence; but her mother seconded her husband in refusing to go on so lawless an errand."

"Finally, however, the banditti obliged Lambert and the two Wilsons to accompany them, leaving Ma-

ry and her mother to all the horrors of fear and apprehension. Every hour of the night was to them as tedious as the progress of the messenger who bears a reprieve to a convicted criminal: every blast of wind that shook the trees enticed Mary to the door to see if they were returning; but hour passed after hour, and no appearance of father, brother, or lover. The mother and daughter alternately wept and prayed: every saint in the calendar was invoked, and every future moment was expected to bring them home, whilst every disappointment either excited new hopes, or conjured up all the horrors which suspense creates in an alarmed imagination.

"The nocturnal marauders succeeded in gaining possession of some old and useless fire-arms, and were proceeding to a house at some distance, where they expected to find a large supply, when, having travelled about a mile and a half, their approach was noticed by a military party, who were out that night scouring, as the soldiers call it, the country. The commander of the detachment filed his men on each side of the road, with orders to close on the Whiteboys as they passed. Discipline is better than force or courage: the party came up; the soldiers obeyed the instructions of their superior; and the Whiteboys, not having either discipline or prudence, resisted for a while with desperate energy, but were ultimately obliged to surrender to the methodical courage of the soldiers, who proceeded to count their prisoners aloud, and to take down, by a light which they struck, the name of each. Wilson then found that his son and five others were killed in the affray.

"Mary's dreadful suspense was dissipated, the next morning, by a conviction of the melancholy truth. The whole country was in a state of alarming agitation; and, as Mary's sufferings were also those of others, she bore them with greater fortitude, in consequence of a participation of sorrow. She had lost her brother, but others had lost their fathers and husbands. Besides, the feelings of Mary for herself were comparatively trifling:

her mother's frenzied distraction engaged the consoling influence of all her powers; and, in adducing reason and religion for calming her preturbed affliction, she imperceptibly mitigated the poignancy of her own. Grievous as the case was, it might have been worse: her brother was dead, but then her father lived. Her intended husband, too, was spared by Heaven; and, though she could not tell whether she loved him better than her brother because she loved both affectionately—yet surely she ought to be thankful that even one of them escaped with his life. Still her father and Lambert were in prison, but they were innocent; the justice of the country would, in proper time, liberate them, when their characters were established. - - -

"As the assizes approached, a greater bustle was apparent throughout the country. The only milch cow of the poor man was driven to the fair to get money to see a lawyer to defend his son; and the wife, in her afflicted poverty, was preparing to sell the seed corn and family potatoes to pay the attorney for attending in behalf of the father of her children. Mary's mother exerted all her industry to prepare for her husband's trial. Gentlemen within the circuit of twenty miles were all supplicated by her for their interest; but all whose name inspired her with some hope of future support she found were either in Dublin, London, or Paris. - - -

"The long-wished for, but still dreaded, assizes came. The road to Clonmel was thronged by the country people, who hastened to know the result of the fearful day. Among the most worn and dejected was Mary: she left her mother helpless, and was proceeding to witness the trial of a father, to whom she could now, for the first time, be of little service. Her husband, in every thing but form, was to be judged that day also. Alas! poor Mary apprehended the worst that could happen.

"The prisoners were arraigned; and when Mary heard the *counts* recited against them, and the number of times which the law imputes various crimes

to a man, whom the same law says is to be considered innocent until convicted—when she saw her father standing, as well as Lambert, within the iron spikes of the dock, and heard the solemn and heavy charges read—her eyes began to swim, her heart sank within her, and some of her neighbours carried her into the open air. When she recovered, she read, in the unwillingness of all to speak, the dreadful truth. The prisoners received from many, among whom was the parish priest, an excellent character; but, as all these were obliged to acknowledge that many men of good characters were frequently implicated in such lawless proceedings, their testimony availed little, particularly as they had been apprehended with weapons which they had used against his Majesty's troops. Appeals to mercy could not be attended to, as the state of the country demanded examples of terrifying severity; for laws must be enforced where they are not respected.

"Two days were only given the prisoners to prepare for the expiation required by justice! Mary concealed from her mother the result of the trial: she alleged protraction to satisfy her anxiety, and that on the morrow she was to go again. The morrow came, and Mary proceeded to Clonmel to take her 'last look and last farewell' of all that now could make existence desirable: their death she knew would terminate her mother's life, and then she would be alone and friendless. Her grief was too severe for tears; her movements were merely mechanical; and when she reached the dungeon of the gaol, she scarcely knew where she was. She threw herself on her knees to receive a father's blessing: she hung round Lambert's neck, and, unasked and unblushingly, gave his lips a thousand kisses. The fond embraces and agonizing tears of her lover soon brought Mary to herself: she wept aloud; but at length submitted to the advice of the attending clergyman. Religion may be despised by the great and unthinking, but it is the only and last friend of poverty and suffering: it now supported those with firmness who

were so soon to be rewarded for faith and hope.

"The fatal knell tolled in solemn warning, and the victims of offended laws made their appearance on the platform. Some acknowledged their guilty folly, and warned their countrymen of the danger of illegal association: but Wilson and Lambert declared their innocence, inasmuch as they were forced to accompany those with whom they suffered to the commission of an unexpected offence; then joining in prayer which was accompanied by Mary beneath the drop. Lambert overheard her devotional breathings; and, just before the fatal signal, he ejaculated '*Poor Mary!*' His last words fixed themselves on the memory of the poor girl, who, after the dead bodies were cut down, paid the last duties to the deceased in a kind of bewildered affection. She was observed by the neighbours, who attended to carry home the dead, to talk in a most extravagant and incoherent manner; but her miserable situation apologized for her conduct, however extraordinary it might be.

"When Mary arrived at the glebe another cause of dissatisfaction met her: her mother had heard from a gossip the fatal information, and immediately expired. Mary fell into a stupefying trance, from which she never awakened to recollection; all she remembers of the past is her lover's last words, '*Poor Mary!*' which she repeats a hundred times a day.

"The dwelling of Wilson is yet standing: from the road it appears the habitation of comfort and tranquillity;

but, alas! the appearance is false: decay begins to signify the absence of all inhabitants, and soon it must fall into ruins; for the superstitious credulity of the people induces them to think that the deceased members of the family return from their graves every night to converse with Mary, who still continues its solitary inmate.

"Mary, in her days of happiness, was a general favourite, and the visitation which destroyed at once her terrestrial felicity and mind was so singular and appalling that her fate excites universal sympathy. For many miles round she is visited by those who are enabled, by little presents, to contribute to her comfort or mitigate the miseries of her condition: to all who come she makes presents of flowers, so innocent and artless, sighing every moment '*Poor Mary!*' that the words are caught up by those whose bosoms are alive to pity; and, as they learn the wreck of misfortune, they generally add one more to the thousand testimonies of sympathy by writing, on the first substance that will retain it '*Poor Mary!*'

"Deluded Irishmen! study the history of this once lovely girl, and forego your folly by contemplating in her the misery you have caused to thousands; for many of your fair daughters are reminded of their own sufferings as they feelingly repeat '*Poor Mary!*'

Half a dozen of admirable illustrations, drawn by George Cruikshank in his best manner, add much to the pleasure with which we have perused these volumes.

#### DANISH BEAR SONG.

The squirrel that's sporting  
Amid the dead leaves,  
Full oft with its rustle  
The hunter deceives;  
Who, starting, imagines  
That booty is nigh,  
And, swelling with pleasure,  
His bosom beats high.

"Now, courage!" he mutters;  
And, crouching below  
A thunder-split linden,  
He waits for his foe:  
"Ha! joy to the hunter!  
A monstrous bear  
Even now is approaching;  
And bids me prepare.

"Hark! hark! for the monarch  
Of forests ere long  
Will breathe out his bellow  
Deep-throated and strong."  
Thus saying, he gazes  
Intently around;  
But (death to his wishes!)  
Can hear not a sound;

Except when at moments  
The wind rising shrill,  
Wafts boughs from the bushes  
Across the lone hill;  
Or save when the squirrel,  
'Mid thicket and leaves,  
Again with its rustle  
The hunter deceives.



## VARIETIES.

Original Anecdotes, Literary News, Chit Chat, Incidents, &c.

### DAVID BARCLAY THE QUAKER.

David Barclay, of Mathers, in Scotland, and father of the famous Robert Barclay, served as a colonel under Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, and when the troubles broke out in Charles the First's time, he did not remain neuter. In that fluctuating period he became Quaker; and when he retired to live upon his estate, wished to improve his personal farm. But as he knew nothing of agriculture, he was obliged to trust all to his servants. Having discovered that he had an unskilful ploughman, he was at much pains to recommend better methods of ploughing, from what he had observed among his neighbours; but the fellow was obstinate, and would go on his own way, 'Thou knowest, friend,' said Mr. Barclay, that I feed and pay thee to do my work in a proper manner; but thou art wise in thine own eyes, and regardest not the admonition of thy employer. I have hitherto spoken to thee in a style thou understandest not, for, verily, thou art of a perverse spirit: I wish to correct thy errors for my own sake, and for thine, and therefore thus tell thee (coming over his head at the same time with a blow that brought him to the ground) that I am thy master, and will be obeyed.' Though the weapon was carnal, this was the demonstration of power, and had the desired effect: the ploughman became tractable and quiet as a lamb.

### SPORTING.

Charles III. of Spain, a little before his death, boasted to a foreign ambassador that he had killed with his own hand 539 wolves, and 5323 foxes! and this he was enabled to tell accurately, as he kept a diary of this important matter.

When the King of Naples (the greatest sportsman in Europe) was in Germany, about the year 1792, it was said in the German papers, that in the different times he had been shooting in Austria, Bohemia, and Moravia, he had killed 5 bears, 1820 wild boars, 1968 stags, 13 wolves, 354 foxes,

15350 pheasants, 1121 rabbits, 16354 hares, 1625 she-goats, 1625 roe bucks, and 12435 partridges.

Francis made one, in 1755. There were twenty-three persons in the party, three of whom were ladies; the Princess Charlotte of Lorraine was one of them. The chase lasted eighteen days, and during that time they killed 47,950 head of game, and wild deer; of which 19 were stags, 77 roe-bucks, 10 foxes, 18,242 hares, 19,545 partridges, 9499 pheasants, 114 larks, 353 quails, 454 other birds. The Emperor fired 9798 shots, and the Princess Charlotte 9010; in all, there were 116,209 shots fired.

But all that we have stated comes short of the game establishment at Chantilli, the most extraordinary one in Europe, once belonging to the house of Condé. It included 21 miles of park, and 48 miles of forest. The horses, when the family were at that place, were above 500. The dogs 60 to 80: the servants above 500. The stables the finest and best in Europe. We shall now present to the sporting and unsporting reader, for both will lift up their eyes, a list of game killed, year by year, through a series of thirty-two years—beginning with the year 1748, ending with the year 1779:

#### *List of the Game.*

|       |       |       |
|-------|-------|-------|
| 54872 | 35055 | 26371 |
| 37160 | 50812 | 19774 |
| 58712 | 40234 | 19932 |
| 39892 | 26267 | 27164 |
| 32470 | 25953 | 30429 |
| 39893 | 37209 | 30859 |
| 32470 | 42902 | 25813 |
| 16186 | 31620 | 50666 |
| 24029 | 25994 | 13304 |
| 27013 | 18479 | 17466 |
| 26405 | 18550 |       |

Now let us give (of birds and beasts) their bill of mortality; that is, the numbers, in detail, of each specific description, registered as below, and detailed to have been killed at Chantilli, in the above-mentioned series of years. Hares 77750, rabbits 578470, partridges 117574, red ditto 12426, pheasants 86193, quails 19696, rat-

tles (the mail quail) 449, woodcocks 2164, snipes 2856, ducks 1553, wood-piquers 317, lapwings 720, becfigue (small birds like our wheatear) 67, curlews 32, oyes d'Egypte 3, oyes sauvage 14, bustards 2, larks 106, tudells 2, fox 1, crapeaux 8, thrushes 1313, guynard 4, stags 1712, hinds 1682, facons 519, does 1921, young does 135, roe-bucks 4669, young ditto 810, wild boars 1942, marcssins (young boars) 818. A magnificent list of animal slaughter carefully and systematically recorded as achievements. In these archives it is stated, with more than senatorial gravity, that 'the pieces of game killed by S. A. R. Monseigneur Le Prince de Condé, were in number 65,524.' That 'the nine pieces killed by the late Prince's grandson, the Duc D'Enghein, were rabbits.' That 'the pieces killed by the Duc de Bourbon were these; pheasants 1451, hares 1207, partridges 1254, red ditto 143;' and by C. D'Artois, these; 'pheasants 978, hares 870, partridges 1105, red ditto 115.'

The ruling passion is the same every where. The following curious observation occurs in a treatise on hunting. "I once had the pleasure of a long conversation with a very ingenious gentleman then seventy years old. Having himself hunted with all sorts of dogs, and in most counties of England, he entertained me with a most delightful discourse on that subject; and on my making him a compliment on his perfect knowledge of the art; 'Oh! Sir, (says he) the life of man is too short.' And yet how many of our first-rate sportsmen may be compared to Actæon, who was devoured by his dogs; so they, ruined by their hounds and hunters. Sir Isaac Newton wished to know why sportsmen should not be excluded from Juries, like butchers?"

Let us now present the reader with the portrait of a sporting female, described by Mr. Pennant, Margaret Uch Evan, of Penllyn, in the neighbourhood of Snowdon, in Wales. "She is at this time (says Mr. Pennant, 1786) about 90 years of age. This extraordinary female was the

greatest hunter, sporter, and fisher, of her time. She kept a dozen at least of dogs, terriers, greyhounds, and spaniels; she killed more foxes in one year than all the confederate hunts do in ten: rowed stoutly, and was queen of the lake: fiddled excellently, and knew all our old music: did not neglect the mechanic arts, for she was a very good joiner; and at the age of 73 was the best wrestler in the country, and few young men dared to try a fall with her. Margaret was also a blacksmith, shoemaker, boat-builder, and maker of harps. She shod her own horses, made her own shoes, and built her own boats, while she was under contract to convey the copper-ore down the lakes. All the neighbouring bards paid their addresses to Margaret, and celebrated her exploits in pure British verse. At length she gave her hand to the most effeminate of her admirers, as if pre-determined to maintain the superiority which nature had bestowed on her!

#### THE NEW STOMACH PUMP.

It is gratifying to witness the success of any new invention for the preservation of human life. A surgeon of Shrewsbury has employed the new stomach pump in extracting some oxalic acid from the stomach of a young woman, who, in a fit of insanity, had taken a dose of this violent poison. Why is oxalic acid allowed to be commonly sold by druggists? It is of no utility in medicine, and is so very easily mistaken for Epsom salts. An order from the Apothecaries' Company would probably be sufficient to prevent these fatal results.

#### FEMALE PROTECTION SOCIETY.

The benevolent Mrs. Fry, and a few other ladies, have formed a society to afford temporary relief to females of good character, who may be destitute of employment. It more especially offers protection to young women in the following situations of life, who are capable of maintaining themselves, if employed:—Shop-women, teachers in schools, house-keepers, ladies' maids, and servants generally of unimpeachable character, if out of place. When

it is considered that the first step towards depravity, in the majority of the unfortunate females who frequent our streets, is usually the want of employment, and its concomitant, pecuniary distress, the value of such an institution as this must be obvious. It is indeed greatly to be regretted, that, in the metropolis especially, so many thousands of females should be displaced from their proper stations by a class of effeminate young men, serving in shops of various descriptions.

#### RED CABBAGE.

The *red* cabbage stewed in veal broth is accounted upon the continent a specific cure against pulmonary complaints, and what is here called consumption. For this purpose red cabbage is especially cultivated in French kitchen gardens; to which, in the cooking, pistachios and calf's lights are added. This reminds us of an anecdote which passed current at the time we heard it. A young Roman Catholic clergyman, rector of a country parish, was called upon to preach a sermon upon a grand solemnity, at which the bishop of the diocese, a cardinal, appeared in the Roman purple, surrounded by the clergy in their white surplices. The preacher performed his task to the approbation of every one. After the ceremony, his eminence, meeting him, seemed to wonder at his not having been abashed when in the presence of a cardinal in the full blaze of his red paraphernalia. The simple and honest clergyman replied: 'Your eminence will cease to wonder, when you know that I learnt my discourse by heart in my garden, and used to practise declamation before a plot of *white* cabbages, in the center of which was a *red* one.'—A preferment was the reward of this witty answer.

#### JOHN FEWSTER.

April 1824. John Fewster died, a very respectable surgeon and apothecary at Thornbury. This gentleman is universally considered, in that neighbourhood, as the first person who noticed the effects of the vaccine virus. Many years past, a medical club was

established at Thornbury, where gentlemen of that profession met each other, and communicated any fact or observation that had occurred in the course of their practice;—at one of these meetings, Mr. Fewster mentioned to the members present, that the hands of those persons who were employed in milking the cows in that great dairy neighbourhood contracted a complaint from the animal, appearing in the form of pustules; and that persons so affected were not liable to the contagion of the small pox. Mr. Jenner, of Berkley, a brother *Æsculapius*, being struck with the relation, requested Mr. F. to investigate this curious fact more narrowly by a course of experiments; this Mr. F. declined on account of professional occupations, but pressed Mr. Jenner to do so. Fortunately for mankind, the advice was not neglected; and, from the skill and perseverance of this gentleman (afterwards Dr. Jenner) the blessings of the vaccine virus were distributed through the earth.

#### A LIVING CLOCK.

Dr. Willis mentions an idiot, who was accustomed to repeat the strokes of a clock near which he lived, with a loud voice. Afterwards having been removed into a parish where there was no church clock, he continued as before to call the hours successively; and this with so great accuracy, both as to the number of tolls, which he pretended to count, and as to the length of the intervening hours, that the family where he boarded conducted all their business by his proclamation of time.

#### INVENTIONS.—THE TELESCOPE.

In or about the year 1590, was the invention of the telescope, or spying-glass, discovered, being justly esteemed one of the most useful and excellent discoveries of modern times; though it was, it seems, produced by mere chance. The common account is, that two children of one Janseen, a spectacle-maker of Middleburg, in Zealand, being at play in their father's shop, and looking through two pieces of glass between their fingers, which were at some small distance from each other, the weather-cock of the



church steeple appeared to them unusually large, and much nearer. Of this they instantly told their father, who, surprised also at first, made the brazen circles or cylinders, so as they might be placed nearer or farther, at pleasure. Janssen very soon improved this discovery so much, that he presented a telescope, twelve inches long, to Prince Maurice, and another to the Archduke Albert. Prince Maurice, it is also said, conjecturing the discovery might be of great use in war, desired the secret might be concealed; and had nearly deprived Janssen of the honour of inventing it; the great Des Cartes attributing the invention to one Metius, of Al-maer.

None of the first telescopes, however, appear to have been properly framed for astronomical observations, until Galileo, astronomer to the Grand-duke of Tuscany, hearing of this discovery for bringing objects nearer, made such great improvements therein as gained him, in the opinion of many, the honour of the invention itself, by giving the invention the appellation of Galileo's tube.

Sir Isaac Newton was the inventor of the *reflecting* telescope: which is considered as much more exact and useful than the common or refracting ones. He completed two small ones in the year 1672.

The *achromatic* telescope, which destroys the colours and gives a more perfect image, was the invention of Mr. Peter Dolland.

#### ANECDOTE.

Louis XVI. like Louis XV. was fond of the mechanical arts, and particularly the higher branches of practical mechanics. Janvier, mechanician and astronomical watch-maker, was a great favourite with his Majesty, and was admitted to his private cabinet certain days in the week. The King used to remain several hours, shut up with the artist, occupied with these amusements, and in the latter years of his life they served to momentarily banish the melancholy ideas which the tide of events poured into his mind. It

was at this period that Janvier, one day entering the cabinet, and perceiving the second-hand of one of his astronomical timepieces on the ground, replaced it without any observation: the next day he again found the hand on the ground, replaced it with care and in silence, the King not appearing to pay any attention to what he was doing: a third time he found the hand displaced, when, unable to contain himself, he said, "Sire, I have some secret enemy who wishes to ruin me in the opinion of your Majesty: thrice have I found the second-hand of this time-piece on the floor, which was impossible to happen without the hand of an enemy." "My poor Janvier," (said the King, laying his hand on the artist's arm,) be not alarmed, you have no enemy here; it was I who did it; the moments fly so quick, and so few of them must be mine, that I could not bear to see them marked so rapidly—I took off the hand, do not replace it."

#### FOSSIL MONSTER.

Mr. Mantell, of Castle-place, Lewes, has discovered in the sand-stone of Sussex the teeth of an herbivorous reptile, of enormous magnitude. These teeth agree, more closely, with those of the Iguana of Barbadoes, and the West Indies, than with those of any of the other recent lacertæ; a circumstance which has induced Mr. M. to propose distinguishing this fossil monster by the name of *Iguano-saurus*. Vertebrae, ribs, thigh-bones, and other detached parts of the skeletons of gigantic lacertæ, have also been discovered in the same strata; some of which belong to the *Megalo-saurus* of Stonesfield, described by Professor Buckland; and others, in all probability, to the *Iguano-saurus*. A portion of a thigh-bone, in Mr. M.'s collection, must, upon a moderate computation, have belonged to an individual nearly *sixty feet long, and as high as an elephant!* In Mr. Mantell's expected work on the fossils of Tilgate Forest (which will include the history of the fossils of the sandstone from Hastings to Horsham), these interesting relics of a former world will be figured and described.

## SHIP-BUILDING WITHOUT RIBS.

The *City of Rochester* East Indiaman, of about 600 tons burthen, lately launched from the yard of Messrs. Brindley and Co. at Rochester, but built by Messrs. Macqueen and Palmer, has her bottom and sides consisting *wholly of planks*, in separate thicknesses, worked fore and aft; the planks of one thickness covering the joints or seams of the other, alternately. Under the last coating or outside planking, hoop-ribs of iron are let in, at proper distances, crossing at right angles the planking of the bottom, sides, and deck; and these hoops, being firmly secured inside the ship by screw-nuts, the whole is combined in the strongest manner possible.

## A REMEDY FOR THE BARRENNESS OF PEAR-TREES

has been discovered by the Rev. G. Swaine: as has long been known with early beans hautbois, strawberries, cucumbers, and melons, the bunches of flowers, or *corymbus* of the pear, usually contains a greater number of florets than the plant has strength properly to mature; and the remedy in each case is to extirpate several of the uppermost florets as soon as they appear. A *beurre* pear-tree, which previously had been barren, upon which Mr. S. who left only the three lower florets of each bunch, ripened fruit from almost every one of these reserved florets. The process failed, however, with a gansell's bergamot, whose barrenness appeared, on investigation, to arise from the pollen being shed before the anthers were ready for impregnation. The patronage of our Horticultural Societies, has already done wonders towards improving useful vegetables and fruits, and more may be expected from their laudable endeavours.

## NATURAL HISTORY.

Mons. P. Huber (son of M. Huber, already well known for his profound researches on the habits and economy of ants) has recently made some interesting observations on the wild or solitary bee, *apis aurulenta* which is much smaller than the ordinary hive bees, and found principally in low or moist meadows. M. Huber having noticed one of these little animals carrying a slip of straw which appeared too heavy for it, had the curiosity to watch its progress, till it deposited its load on a small heap of similar materials. Some others followed, laden with grains of black sand, and others succeeded, bringing portions of the flowers and leaves of the *potential rampant*. M. Huber discovered the nest of one of these little animals to be a snail-shell, the aperture of which was carefully concealed by layers of straw, leaves, and cement. In the interior of this was found a series of partitions, built with mud and small particles of stone, one behind the other. In some of these chambers a green substance was observed, which, probably, formed the recent food of the

little inhabitant; in a farther compartment was found a portion of honey, and at the remote end of the shell two eggs. M. Huber intends publishing an account of his researches on these interesting and industrious little animals.

## KING OF THE GIPSIES.

An interesting funeral lately took place at Wittering, a village three miles south of Stamford. The individual whose remains were consigned to the earth was in life no less a personage than Henry Boswell, well known as the father or *king* of the gipsies resorting to that part of the country. The old man was encamped on Southorpe Heath, with several of his family and subjects, on the Sunday preceding, when death put an end to his reign and earthly wanderings. He had been ill for a few days; but his complaint was really a decay of nature, for the patriarch was nearly a hundred years of age. The corpse continued in the camp on the heath for five days,—those who had been with him in his last moments expecting that many others of his family and dependents would, on information of his death, come to offer their homage at his funeral; but something prevented this, and it was deemed necessary to inter the corpse on the sixth day. A decent coffin had been provided, and the obsequies were conducted with great decorum. The body was deposited in Wittering church-yard, where the service was read by the Rev. William Wing. On Wednesday the gipsy camp broke up from Southorpe; on which occasion those who composed it went to the church-yard to pay the last tribute of affection at the grave of Boswell, and a very impressive scene of silent unaffected grief was witnessed. The old man is said to have died in very affluent circumstances, and to have possessed estates in several parts of England.

## MAGNETIC CURIOSITY.

A singular fact in Geology has been lately disclosed, while boring for soft water, at the foundry of Messrs. Cawood, Leeds. For the first thirty yards, the boring irons were not affected in any manner out of the usual way; beyond that point they became possessed of a highly magnetic power, which continued till the irons had penetrated to the depth of sixty yards; afterwards the attraction ceased and the boring is now proceeding without any effect being produced upon the iron out of the ordinary way.

## CAVERN.

A cavern, which promises to be of much geological interest, has been lately discovered on the Mendip Hills, near Banwell, 120 feet below the surface of the earth. The soil which covers its floor is replete with the bones of quadrupeds! the remains which have yet been found consist principally of the ox and deer, but some imperfect canine teeth, apparently of the hyæna,



have also been discovered. From the close analogy of the spot with the other caverns which have been found most productive of quadrupedal remains, and from the circumstance that all the teeth of an elephant were formerly discovered in a similar fissure, about three miles distant, upon Hutton Hill, there is every reason to believe that further examination would be well repaid.

#### THE LOGAN ROCKING-STONE.

Lieut. H. C. Goldsmith, of the Nimble cutter, has succeeded in placing the Logan Rock in its former position. The first attempt was in the presence of 3,000 spectators; on the second, further efforts were made, and on the third, the laborious task was completed, and so successfully, that the immense stone logs to and fro exactly as before. Not the slightest accident occurred during the experiment.

#### THE CALEDONIAN CANAL

has so far succeeded, that in August last 121 vessels navigated some parts of it: several with wool, passing from Hull to Liverpool; others to and from Dumfries, Belfast, Londonderry or Liverpool, Newcastle, &c. with lime, slates, freestone, salt, herrings, staves, deals, &c. Three steam packets pass through from Inverness to Glasgow: the works are however not yet completed, and some part of the line is intended to lay dry next summer, and deepened by 18 feet water, when the largest merchant vessels will pass from sea to sea through this magnificent canal.

#### PETRIFYING SPRING.

At Locker Mill, near Kilbarchan, a petrifying spring has been discovered, which has excited considerable attention in that neighbourhood. Several large and beautiful specimens of petrified mosses, mixed with hyndstongue and other vegetable substances, have been found upon the bank on which the water drops.

#### ANCIENT TAPESTRIES.

The Royal Tapestries, made by order of Pope Leo X. for our Henry VIII. from the immortal Cartoons of Raphael, and sold by order of the Commonwealth, in 1650, with the private property of Charles I., have, within these few weeks, been restored to us. They were obtained by Mr. Tupper, our Consul in Spain, from a palace of the Duke of Alva's, and are now to be seen in Mr. Bullock's Egyptian Hall. What adds to the value of this acquisition is, that there are two subjects more than are at Hampton Court, viz. the Conversion of St. Paul, and Christ giving the keys to St. Peter. The whole are strikingly curious.

#### NEW WORKS.

In the list of works announced as at this time in the press, we are glad to recognize *Progressive Lessons*; or, *Harry and Lucy* concluded, by Maria Edgeworth. Among the writers of the present generation, we

hold this lady as one of the greatest (we think we might say *the* greatest) benefactresses of society. Her various works are applicable to the educational development and cultivation of the human mind, from the first dawnings of infant intellect to the period of its full maturity; and while those of her works which, from the kind of interest they are calculated to excite, seem only to be addressed to the imagination, and designed for the amusement of the novel-reading youth of both sexes, have a powerful tendency to enlarge the understanding and improve the heart; those apparently more humble productions, so admirably adapted to the circle of the nursery, may be read with interest and profit by the scholar and the parent of the most cultivated mind and maturest judgment.

[The publishers of the Athenæum will print this work in two editions, as soon as a copy is received; making, with the *Sequel to Rosamond*, one volume of their uniform 8vo. edition of Edgeworth's Works, and the other edition in a smaller size for children.]

A Miniature Edition of the Novels and Romances of the Author of *Waverley* is about to be published, in 17 vols. 18mo. with engraved titles and frontispieces by eminent Artists.

The following are also expected to issue from the press in a few days:

The *Mechanic's Encyclopedia*; or, *General Dictionary of Art, Manufacture, and Practical Science*. In 8 vols. post 8vo. with numerous engravings.

*Encyclopedia for Youth*; or, a Summary of General Literature, Arts, and Sciences. In 4 vols. post 8vo. With Engravings, executed on Steel.

*The Good Nurse*; or, *Hints for the Management of the Sick and Lying-in Chamber, and the Nursery*. By a Lady. Dedicated, by permission, to Mrs. Priscilla Wakefield. 1. vol. 12mo.

*The Writer's Clerk*; or, *the Humours of the Scottish Metropolis*, 3 vols.

*A Tale of Paraguay*. By Robert Southey, L.L.D. &c. &c. 1 vol. 12mo.

*A Treatise on the Steam Engine*; Historical, Practical, and Descriptive. By John Farey, Junior, Engineer. With illustrative Plates and Cuts. 1 vol. 4to.

*A Voyage performed in the Years 1822, 23, 24; containing an Examination of the Antarctic Sea to the 74th Degree of Latitude: and a Visit to Terra del Fuego, with a particular Account of the Inhabitants*. By James Weddell, Esq. 1 vol. 8vo.

Mr. Field (late Chief Justice of New South Wales) is about to publish a small Collection of Geographical Papers, by various hands respecting that Colony.

*The Natural and Artificial Wonders of the United Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland*. By the Rev. J. Goldsmith. Author of the "*Grammar of British Geography*." 3 vols.

*Fire-side Scenes*. By the Author of *Bachelor and Married Man*. &c. &c. 3 vols.



Having purchased of Messrs. Munroe & Francis this long-established periodical, the subscriber will earnestly endeavour to continue its usefulness, and to render it as acceptable to its numerous patrons as it has heretofore been ; and, having for this purpose made arrangements for the early reception of the most approved English periodical publications, such selections will be made as it is hoped will please the reader, whether seeking information or amusement.

The work will be printed on new type, in the same manner, and on the same terms as at present. Those gentlemen who have assisted in the distribution, are requested to continue their agency on the same terms.

**JOHN COTTON.**

The first No. of Vol. 3, New Series, will be published April 1, at the corner of Washington and Franklin Streets, (formerly 47 Marlboro'-Street.)

*Boston, March 15, 1825.*



## ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

v. 12.]

BOSTON, MARCH 15, 1825.

[VOL. 2. N.S.]

## THE HOUSEKEEPER'S LEDGER.\*

THE worthy Doctor is unwearied in his endeavours to do good, and produce what may be useful to society. Sometimes we have doubted his means, while we have praised his motives; but much more frequently have had the satisfaction of commending both. In the present instance, we certainly cannot subscribe to all the positions which he has laid down; but our differences are mere matters of taste and opinion, and probably in some of the cases on which we are at issue with the erudite Gastronomer, the wiser heads of the world will be as apt to agree with him as with his critics. But we shall see as we journey along:—so here goes, text and commentary!

The first division consists of practical hints to inexperienced housekeepers, in the art of providing comfortably for a family; which the facetious author (is not he, ye Benedicts, too sanctimonious?) declares will enable young ladies "to make the cage of matrimony as comfortable as the net of courtship." To effect this consummation, so "devoutly to be wished," they must, he lays down, keep a ledger of their expenses; upon giving which advice, he digresses into the history of a certain class, and finds, from Athenæus, that Cooks were the first kings of the earth; from Filmer, that the old patriarchs were their own cooks; from Homer, that Achilles and his fellows broiled their own meat; from their historians, that the greatest Roman generals boiled their own turnips and other esculents for dinner; and from Records, happily preserved for our information, that our forefathers, six and three cen-

turies ago, were excellent cooks and rigid economists.† Imitating the prudent example of antiquity, therefore, it is recommended to observe *order* in every thing, to calculate our *net* income (not the courtship *net* formerly spoken of) and to save at least two-fifths of it annually. How to manage this is shown in detail. The following ought to suffice, for provisions, *per month, per week*:—

"Meat, ‡ six pounds weight (undressed); bread, four pounds (quarter loaf); butter, half a pound; tea, two ounces; sugar, half a pound; beer (porter), one pint per day." Beer, the Doctor asserts to be much more nutritive than any wine—a most hateful, erroneous, and scandalous doctrine! but what can be expected when we are also

\* By Dr. Kitchiner.

† It was not to his purpose, and, therefore, our ingeni—(not *u*) our friend says nothing of the *coqui* of times which do not suit his panegyric—when Plautus, for example, in his *Pseudolus*, makes Ballio's cook very truly and characteristically exclaim—

"An invenire postulas quemquam *coquum*,

Nisi malvinis aut aquilinis unguibus?"

[Can you look for a *cook* without the rapacious claws of a kite or an eagle?]

‡ The following is another of the Doctor's calculations:

"Estimate of the Annual Expenses of a Family of two, and occasionally three in the parlour, and two maids, and a man servant, who have a dinner-party of a dozen about once in a month, and where there is always plenty of good provisions—but no affectation of profusion.

"Meat, 65*l*.; Fish and Poultry, 25*l*.; Bread, 18*l*.; Butter and Cheese, 25*l*.; Milk, 7*l*.; Vegetables and Fruit, 20*l*.; Tea and Sugar, 15*l*.; Table Ale, 25*l*.; Washing, 20*l*.; Cords, 80*l*.; Candles and Soap, 20*l*.; Sundries and *Forgets*, 50*l*.—Total 320*l*."



assured that "if more beer is drawn than is drunk at dinner, put a piece of bread into it—and it will be almost as pleasant drinking at supper as if it was fresh drawn." We aver, on the contrary, that it is weary, stale, flat, and (to the drinkers at least, if not to the economical housekeeper,) unprofitable; a very odious beverage, and no more to be compared with wine, than a slice of dead carrion with a superb rump steak.\*

From beer we proceed to bread, which is not to be cut until it has been baked at least twenty-four hours: for ourselves, we love hot rolls and muffins for breakfast, and have a severe antipathy to dry bread at any meal. We therefore have never looked into a bread-pan, and take the Doctor's aphorism, on trust, as an undeniable truth, viz that—

"One of the surest tokens of a *good house-wife* is the state of her bread-pan."

Comus, (of whom we should hugely like a well-written biography) Comus forgive those who have thought more of their bread-baskets.

We entirely agree with the Doctor in thinking it much better to cut cold ham, tongue, &c. at table for luncheons and suppers, than to serve them up in slices and sandwiches; but we differ from him in supposing this method also more frugal. We have seen hungry persons, at very genteel parties

too, who must have been contented, had it been handed about, with three or four applications at most to the sandwich tray; but who played the very *dickens* with a fine Westphalia, and carved away at a whole tongue, as if it were alive, and calculated (like that of the mistress of the house) to run and last for ever.

As our author is rather a desultory writer, and we are following him cheek by jowl, we pass by what is said of sheeps' and bullocks' heads, and come to a more generally important question which applies to the heads of human creatures. "It is better to live within your means than to make an appearance beyond your fortune, either in dress, equipage, or entertainments." Plato himself never said a truer thing; and the Doctor, as usual, proceeds to illustrate and counsel. "A dinner table should not be more than three feet and a half wide, because a dinner will look handsome on *that* which would appear scanty on a board of five feet in width." With this opinion we are not disposed to quarrel seriously, for both sizes have their advantages—the narrow table is good because the sitters can reach all that is on it before them, and the broad table is good because one can have sauces, glasses, &c. with less of confusion. But the next axiom seems too niggardly and parsimonious.

"It is (says the Dr.) a good plan always to provide for at least one more guest than you expect—especially if you are not well acquainted with the capacity of your Visitor.—Some folks want two or three times as much as others—for instance, *our incomparable and inspired composer* HANDEL required uncommonly large and frequent supplies of food—among other stories told of this great musician, it is said that whenever he dined alone at a tavern, he always ordered 'DINNER FOR THREE'—and on receiving for answer to his question—'*Is de Tinner retty?*'—'As soon as the company come'—He said '*con strepito,*' 'Den pring up te Tinner, '*pretissimo,*' I AM DE GOMBANY.'"

Now even this jest cannot reconcile us to the dicta about providing for

\* Again we must school our worthy friend in a note. Why does he depreciate wine? Wine has been admired since it was first made (after the creation of the world.) Noah loved it; and Lot took (perhaps) too much, so fond was he of it: and these were great names of old—worthy patrons of old wine. David, a lyrist before Anacreon, or Morris (the Captain,) or Moore, sang that it gladdened the heart of man—he *was* a prophet! There never was a people of the least pretensions to common sense, or celebrity in any way (to the best of our recollection,) but who stuck to their wine. The barshest of philosophers were addicted to tippling; and (not to degenerate into the well-known song of "Diogenes surly and proud," with which his musical pursuits must have made him acquainted,) we will remind the Doctor that Cato, the churl, who advised his friends to kiss their wives *only* to smell if they had been tasting, was himself, according to Horace, a jolly toper:

"Narratur ut prisci Catonis  
Sæpe mero caluisse virtus."

"one more:" such a practice is enough to starve a whole party! Who could enjoy a hearty meal which must be cut within a pound of the flesh, two ounces of the bread, and the other proportions of a fair allowance, (according to the Doctor's *tables*,) which such a table would present? The very thought would take away our appetite more effectually than a full feed. Nor do we like his tirade against "the company of *bonsvivants*,"\* with whom dinner is the chief business of the day—who merely '*Live to eat*'—who see the Sun rise with no other hope than that they shall fill their bellies before it sets, who are not satisfied till they are surfeited—or of those *Sons of Anacreon* who are not entertained till they are intoxicated, and who ridiculously maintain that the restorative process cannot be perfectly complete in *old* people till they feel as frisky as a four-years old."

That the author of the *Cook's Oracle*, a book of inestimable instructions how to tickle the taste and provoke the palate, should join in the senseless outcry against good living and refined cookery, is utterly out of place and inexcusable; and as for getting tipsy now and then, there are high *authorities* in its favour—not to mention *examples*.

The Doctor says farther, that—

"Nothing can be more ruinous to real comfort than the *vulgar custom* of setting out a table with a parade and a profusion, unsuited not only to the circumstances of the host, but to the number of the guests.

"Nothing can be more fatal to TRUE HOSPITALITY, by which I mean the frequency with which we give our friends a hearty welcome—than the multiplicity of dishes which luxury has made fashionable at the tables of the great, the wealthy—and the ostentatious,—who are not seldom either great or wealthy.

"Such prodigious preparation (as *Dominie Sampson* would say) instead of being a compliment to our guests, is really nothing better than an indirect

offence;—is it not a tacit insinuation, that you think it is absolutely necessary to bribe the depravity of their palates, when you desire the pleasure of their company?—that you think so lightly of them, that you suppose that savoury sauces on your table, are more inviting attraction than sensible society around it!—and that an honest man is to be caught by a slice of mutton, as easily as a hungry mouse is with a bit of cheese."

This appears to us to be hard treatment of those who may fall into the kind hearted mistake of trying to entertain their friends as well as they can, instead of asking them to discomfort, and to just one person's portion more than it is calculated *ought to be* eaten! Why might they not fancy that the pleasures of company would not be diminished by the gratifications of the palate; that sensible society was not likely to be made either less sensible or agreeable by the concomitant presence of savoury sauces; and that an honest man might really love a slice of rich, tender, and juicy South Down. To cut at the last is the unkindest cut of all, and we wonder that such a cruel idea could ever have entered into the benevolent mind of the much-esteemed author. In truth, his sentiments on this point are precisely fit for the excuses of such worldlings as treat without warmth, feast without plenty, and make show without hospitality or cordiality.

And there is also another financial error in his estimates: he argues, as if all that remained after guests were entertained, was lost, and speaks of "a whole family's suffering famine for several days after a dinner-party," as a consequence of its extravagance. But this is the reverse of fact; such a family might have been more cheaply and plainly fed; but we all know that there are very pretty pickings on the days after the feast, when soups are warmed up, vension hashed, turkeys limbs grilled, stews re-heated, cold joints broiled, delicacies sought out for which there was not sufficient time in the first grand enterprise, puddings meliorated in the Dutch oven, jellies and custards equal to their virgin sweetness, sups of the best vintages, and the d—l a drop of

\* We doubt this French; *Bons* is not good. *Bonvivants* are good livers; *goods livers* are not wanted.

beer preserved by crusts of bread! Nay, so well convinced are we of this, that we would not hesitate to take our affidavit, as far as mere gastronomy was concerned, in favour of the plenary and calm indulgence of post-festial enjoyments,—especially as Time being the eater of all things (*Edax Rerum*), we can then have our revenge and take Time to eat. But this sort of pleasure, the author of the *Cook's Oracle* (of all men!) dares to call making a god of our bellies. *Ventre bleu*, as we say at Dunkirk, it is enough to make a critic swear. Will not he allow the distinction between a glutton and an epicure—between the beast and the man of taste—between the foul and ravenous brute and the commensalist (this may be a new word) who refines upon the almost most exquisite organ with which nature has endowed him? Why, what is it but the cultivation of a valuable sense? A person is praised for being one of the *cognoscenti* in literature, in painting, in sculpture, in music: and shall he be twitted contumeliously who has raised himself above all such, by perfecting a sense at once common, delicate, and complicated: and thus rendering himself an amateur and proficient in the grand art *savoir vivre*! Away with these insults—let any one look into his mouth and see how admirably disposed it is for the importance of its functions. Without it, life must become extinct, and it is therefore a daily slave. But are we, on that account, on account of its vital utility, to debar it from every gratification? On the contrary, every good, honest, benevolent being will do more for its satisfaction, the more he is sensible of its services. The ruby, velvet, and wonderful tongue; the inflexible, white, and ivory teeth; the jaws, hung by the purest and most perfect mechanism; and above all, the glorious palate (furrowed by the plough of providence in order to prolong its enjoyments) claim the consideration of the wise and virtuous, and he is (we beg pardon for declaring plainly) an ass who refuses to do them homage. But if we digress thus, we shall become as desultory as our author; and when we

are confoundedly angry with him (as we are upon this point,) we should abhor to be like him.

His observations on the silly desire of outshining one's neighbours are very judicious; as are also those on the fashionable folly of coming to dinner long after the hours specified in invitations. If ever this grievous calamity is redressed, which is not probable, it must be done by His most gracious Majesty, and, after him, some of his greatest subjects, setting the example of sitting down within five minutes of the appointed time with such guests as have arrived. We are sure that the monarch who introduced such a reform would receive, as indeed he would merit, infinitely more gratitude from his people than if he originated a reform in Parliament. How many painful minutes are spent in waiting, every one has felt; the "horrid half hour" of a Briton's daily existence protracted into *hours*, is a visitation in which we have often had our unhappy share: the sufferings of the cook in the kitchen, and of the company (for so the wretched creatures are still called!) in the waiting room, are known to us;—the uneasiness of the entertainers, the shifts of a conversation inadequate to dispel any gloom, the violation of fobs, the yawns, the impatient looks, the all which luncheonless sinners betray, render this a fearful epoch. And at last some blundering booby, or ill-dressed flirt, or empty coxcomb, walks in; and a dozen of punctual, rational, edacious and bibacious mortals discover, that it has been owing to this animal or thing that they shall not eat their victuals properly cooked, or experience the comforts which have been prepared for them. Sincerely do we hope that His Majesty, who is a perfect gentleman, and his ministers, who have the good luck to rule at a period of peace and *plenty*, will turn their serious attention to this crying abuse; the extent of which, and its everlasting prevalence, need no comment to impress the expediency of an improved system on legislators of feeling and bowels. One instance may be enough. We dined last week where the treat consisted of one half tureen of bad



cold soup, cod ditto, roast beef ditto, and some pastry which we never could puff: yet were we kept from six till near eight before the cold soup was ready, and the cold cod served, and the cold beef cut, and the nasty pastry made visible. By Amphitryon, we would not have stopped so long to dine with Vitellius (or his brother, we believe), who had only nine thousand dishes of fish and fowl in the first two courses. By-the-by, Vitellius was a clever fellow, in spite of all that has been recorded of his gluttony: "a dead enemy always smells sweet," though an unfeeling speech, was not spoken by a fool. But we really do sometimes catch the tone of the authors we are reviewing, and—so no more episodes.

Our worthy Doctor gives us many pithy proverbs, and quotations from excellent authors—all to teach prudence, economy, and order. All these, however, we will sum up in his own characteristic peroration:

"'BEWARE OF 'TIS BITS.'"

"There are very few of my readers, who if they please to reflect on their past lives, will not find that *had they saved all those LITTLE SUMS, which they have spent unnecessarily, their circumstances would be very different from what they are.*"

There are some rules for marketing, which we dare say are very useful, but which we confess we do not understand: for we never went to market for any thing but for Mr. Dickinson's beautiful paper, and that was not to rap Maintenon cutlets in. Into the rest of the minutiae we need not enter; but we will tell our readers that, with all its quaintness and oddity, this little work contains (as far as we can judge) a great deal of information which is calculated to promote the kind design of its author, and render a service to society at large.

#### THE IMPROVISATRICE. BY L. E. L.

Concluded from p. 427.

One evening I had roamed beside  
The winding of the Arno's tide;  
The sky was flooded with moonlight;  
Below were waters azure bright,  
Pallazzos with their marble halls,  
Green gardens, silver waterfalls,  
And orange groves and citron shades,  
And cavaliers and dark-eyed maids;  
Sweet voices singing, echoes sent  
From many a rich-toned instrument.  
I could not bear this loveliness!  
It was on such a night as this  
That love had lighted up my dream  
Of long despair and short-lived bliss.  
I sought the city; wandering on,  
Unconscious where my steps might be;  
My heart was deep in other thoughts;  
All places were alike to me:—  
At length I stopped beneath the walls  
Of San Mark's old cathedral halls.  
I entered:—and, beneath the roof,  
Ten thousand wax-lights burnt on high;  
And incense on the censers fumed  
As for some great solemnity.

The wise-robed choristers were singing ;  
 Their cheerful peel the bells were ringing :  
 Then deep-voiced music floated round  
 As the far arches sent forth sound—  
 The stately organ :—and fair bands  
 Of young girls strewed, with lavish hands,  
 Violets o'er the mosaic floor ;  
 And sang while scattering the sweet store.

I turned me to a distant aisle,  
 Where but a feeble glimmering came  
 (Itself in darkness) of the smile  
 Sent from the tapers' perfumed flame ;  
 And coloured as each pictured pane  
 Shed o'er the blaze its crimson stain :—  
 While, from the window o'er my head,  
 A dim and sickly gleam was shed  
 From the young moon,—enough to show  
 That tomb and tablet lay below.  
 I leant upon one monument,—  
 'Twas sacred to unhappy love :  
 On it were carved a blighted pine—  
 A broken ring—a wounded dove ;  
 And two or three brief words told all  
 Her history who lay beneath :  
 'The flowers—at morn her bridal flowers.—  
 'Formed, ere the eve, her funeral wreath.'

I could but envy her. I thought  
 How sweet it must be thus to die !  
 Your last looks watched—your last sigh caught,  
 As life or heaven were in that sigh !  
 Passing in loveliness and light ;  
 Your heart as pure,—your cheek as bright  
 As the spring-rose, whose petals shut,  
 By sun unscorched, by shower unwet ;  
 Leaving behind a memory  
 Shrined in love's fond eternity.

But I was wakened from this dream  
 By a burst of light—a gush of song—  
 A welcome, as the stately doors  
 Poured in a gay and gorgeous throng.  
 I could see all from where I stood.  
 And first I looked upon the bride ;  
 She was a pale and lovely girl :—  
 But, oh God ! who was by her side ?—  
 LORENZO ! No, I did not speak ;  
 My heart beat high, but could not break.  
 I shrieked not, wept not ; but stood there  
 Motionless in my still despair ;  
 As I were forced by some strange thrall,  
 To bear with and to look on all,—  
 I heard the hymn, I heard the vow :  
 (Mine ear throbs with them even now !)  
 I saw the young bride's timid cheek  
 Blushing beneath her silver veil.

I saw LORENZO kneel ! Methought  
 ('Twas but a thought ! ) he too was pale.  
 But when it ended, and his lip  
 Was prest to her's—I saw no more !  
 My heart grew cold,—my brain swam round,—  
 I sank upon the cloister floor :  
 I lived,—if that may be called life,  
 From which each charm of life has fled—  
 Happiness gone, with hope and love,—  
 In all but breath already dead.

Rust gathered on the silent chords  
 Of my neglected lyre,—the breeze  
 Was now its mistress : music brought  
 For me too bitter memories !  
 The ivy darkened o'er my bower ;  
 Around, the weeds choked every flower.  
 I pleased me in this desolateness,  
 As each thing bore my fate's impress.

At length I made myself a task—  
 To paint that Cretan maiden's fate,  
 Whom Love taught such deep happiness,  
 And whom Love left so desolate.  
 I drew her on a rocky shore :—  
 Her black hair loose, and sprinkled o'er  
 With white sea-foam ;—her arms were bare.  
 Flung upwards in their last despair.  
 Her naked feet the pebbles prest ;  
 The tempest wind sang in her vest :  
 A wild stare in her glassy eyes ;  
 White lips, as parched by their hot sighs ;  
 And cheek more pallid than the spray,  
 Which, cold and colourless, on it lay :—  
 Just such a statue as should be  
 Placed ever, Love ! beside thy shrine ;  
 Warning thy victims of what ills—  
 What burning tears, false god ! are thine.  
 Before her was the darkling sea ;  
 Behind the barren mountains rose—  
 A fit home for the broken heart  
 To weep away life, wrongs, and woes !

I had now but one hope :—that when  
 The hand that traced these tints was cold—  
 Its pulse but in their passion seen,—  
 LORENZO might these tints behold,  
 And find my grief ;—think—see—feel all  
 I felt, in this memorial !

It was one evening,—the rose-light  
 Was o'er each green veranda shining ;  
 Spring was just breaking, and white bud  
 Were 'mid the darker ivy twining  
 My hall was filled with the perfir :  
 Sent from the early orange, was fraught  
 The fountain, in the mid<sup>le</sup> sunset caught ;—  
 With rich hues from



And the first song came from the dove,  
 Nestling in the shrub alcove.  
 But why pause on my happiness?—  
 Another step was with mine there!  
 Another sigh than mine made sweet  
 With its dear breath the scented air!  
 LORENZO! could it be my hand  
 That now was trembling in thine own?  
 LORENZO! could it be mine ear  
 That drank the music of thy tone?

We sat us by a lattice, where  
 Came in the soothing evening breeze,  
 Rich with the gifts of early flowers,  
 And the soft wind-lute's symphonies.  
 And in the twilight's vesper-hour,  
 Beneath the hanging jasmine-shower,  
 I heard a tale,—as fond, as dear  
 As e'er was poured in woman's ear!

#### LORENZO'S HISTORY.

I was betrothed from earliest youth  
 To a fair orphan, who was left  
 Beneath my father's roof and care,—  
 Of every other friend bereft:  
 An heiress, with her fertile vales,  
 Caskets of Indian gold and pearl;  
 Yet meek as poverty itself,  
 And timid as a peasant girl:  
 A delicate, frail thing,—but made  
 For spring sunshine, or summer shade;  
 A slender flower, unmeet to bear  
 One April shower,—so slight, so fair.  
 I loved her as a brother loves  
 His favourite sister:—and when war  
 First called me from our long-shared home  
 To bear my father's sword afar,  
 I parted from her,—not as one  
 Whose life and soul are wrung by parting:  
 With death-cold brow and throbbing pulse,  
 And burning tears like life-blood starting.  
 Lost in war dreams, I scarcely heard  
 The prayer that bore my name above:  
 The 'Farewell!' that kissed off her tears,  
 Had more of pity than of love!  
 I thought of her not with that deep,  
 Intensest memory love will keep  
 More tenderly than life. To me  
 She was but as a dream of home,—  
 One of those calm and pleasant thoughts  
 That o'er the soldier's spirit come;  
 Remembering him, when battle lours,  
 Of twilight walks and fireside hours.

I came to thy bright FLORENCE when  
 The task of blood was done:  
 I saw thee! Had I lived before?  
 Oh, no! my life but then begun.

Ay, by that blush ! the summer rose  
 Has not more luxury of light !  
 Ay, by those eyes ! whose language is  
 Like what the clear stars speak at night,  
 Thy first look was a fever spell !—  
 Thy first word was an oracle  
 Which sealed my fate ! I worshipped thee,  
 My beautiful, bright deity !  
 Worshipped thee as a sacred thing  
 Of Genius' high imagining ;—  
 But loved thee for thy sweet revealing  
 Of woman's own most gentle feeling.  
 I might have broken from the chain  
 Thy power, thy glory, round me flung !  
 But never might forget thy blush—  
 The smile which on thy sweet lips hung !  
 I lived but in thy sight ! One night  
 From thy hair fell a myrtle blossom ;  
 It was a relic that breathed of thee :—  
 Look ! it has withered in my bosom !  
 Yet was I wretched, though I dwelt  
 In the sweet sight of Paradise ;  
 A curse lay on me. But not now,  
 Thus smiled upon by those dear eyes,  
 Will I think over thoughts of pain.  
 I'll only tell thee that the line  
 That ever told Love's misery,  
 Ne'er told of misery like mine !  
 I wedded.—I could not have borne  
 To see the young IANTHE blighted  
 By that worst blight the spring can know—  
 Trusting affection ill requited !  
 Oh, was it that she was too fair,  
 Too innocent for this damp earth ;  
 And that her native star above  
 Reclaimed again its gentle birth ?  
 She faded. Oh, my peerless queen,  
 I need not pray thee pardon me  
 For owning that my heart then felt  
 For any other than for thee !  
 I bore her to those azure isles  
 Where health dwells by the side of spring ;  
 And deemed their green and sunny vales,  
 And calm and fragrant airs, might bring  
 Warmth to the cheek, light to the eye,  
 Of her who was too young to die.  
 It was in vain !—and, day by day,  
 The gentle creature died away.  
 As parts the odour from the rose,—  
 As fades the sky at twilight's close,—  
 She past so tender and so fair ;  
 So patient, though she knew each breath  
 Might be her last ; her own mild smile  
 Parted her placid lips in death.  
 Her grave is under southern skies ;  
 Green turf and flowers o'er it rise.

Oh ! nothing but a pale spring wreath  
 Would fade o'er her who lies beneath !  
 I gave her prayers—I gave her tears—  
     I staid awhile beside her grave ;  
 Then led by Hope, and led by Love,  
     Again I cut the azure wave.  
 What have I more to say, my life !  
     But just to pray one smile of thine,  
 Telling I have not loved in vain—  
     That thou dost join these hopes of mine ?  
 Yes, smile, sweet love ! our life will be  
     As radiant as a fairy tale !  
 Glad as the sky-lark's earliest song—  
     Sweet as the sigh of the spring gale !  
 All, all that life will ever be,  
 Shone o'er, divinest love ! by thee.

Oh, mockery of happiness !  
     Love now was all too late to save.  
 False Love ! oh, what had you to do  
     With one you had led to the grave ?  
 A little time I had been glad  
     To mark the paleness on my cheek ;  
 To feel how, day by day, my step  
     Grew fainter, and my hand more weak :  
 To know the fever of my soul  
     Was also preying on my frame :  
 But now I would have given worlds  
     To change the crimson hectic's flame  
 For the pure rose of health ; to live  
 For the dear life that Love could give.  
 —Oh, youth may sicken at its bloom,  
 And wealth and fame pray for the tomb ;—  
 But can love bear from love to part,  
 And not cling to that one dear heart ?  
 I shrank away from death,—my tears  
 Had been unwept in other years :—  
 But thus, in Love's first ecstasy,  
 Was it not worse than death to die ?  
 LORENZO ! I would live for thee !  
 But thou wilt have to weep for me !  
 That sun has kissed the morning dews,—  
     I shall not see its twilight close !  
 That rose is fading in the noon,  
     And I shall not outlive that rose !  
 Come, let me lean upon thy breast,  
 My last, best place of happiest rest !  
 Once more let me breathe thy sighs—  
 Look once more in those watching eyes !  
 Oh ! but for thee, and grief of thine,  
 And parting, I should not repine !  
 It is deep happiness to die,  
 Yet live in Love's dear memory.  
 Thou wilt remember me,—my name  
 Is linked with beauty and with fame.  
 The summer airs, the summer sky,  
 The soothing spell of Music's sigh,—



Stars in their poetry of night,  
 The silver silence of moonlight,—  
 The dim blush of the twilight hours,  
 The fragrance of the bee-kissed flowers ;—  
 But, more than all, sweet songs will be  
 Thrice sacred unto Love and me.  
 LORENZO !—be this kiss a spell !  
 My first !—my last ! FAREWELL !—FAREWELL !

—  
 THERE is a lone and stately hall,—  
 Its master dwells apart from all.  
 A wanderer through Italia's land,  
 One night a refuge there I found.  
 The lightning flash rolled o'er the sky,  
 The torrent rain was sweeping round ;—  
 These won me entrance. He was young,  
 The castle's lord, but pale like age ;  
 His brow, as sculpture beautiful,  
 Was wan as Grief's corroded page.  
 He had no words, he had no smiles,  
 No hopes :—his sole employ to brood  
 Silently over his sick heart  
 In sorrow and in solitude.  
 I saw the hall where, day by day,  
 He mused his weary life away ;—  
 It scarcely seemed a place for woe,  
 But rather like a genii's home.  
 Around were graceful statues ranged,  
 And pictures shone around the dome.  
 But there was one—a loveliest one !—  
 One picture brightest of all there !  
 Oh ! never did the painter's dream  
 Shape thing so gloriously fair !  
 It was a face !—the summer day  
 Is not more radiant in its light !  
 Dark flashing eyes, like the deep stars  
 Lighting the azure brow of night ;  
 A blush like sunrise o'er the rose ;  
 A cloud of raven hair, whose shade  
 Was sweet as evening's, and whose curls  
 Clustered beneath a laurel braid.  
 She leant upon a harp :—one hand  
 Wandered, like snow, amid the chords ;  
 The lips were opening with such life,  
 You almost heard the silvery words.  
 She looked a form of light and life,—  
 All soul, all passion, and all fire ;  
 A priestess of Apollo's, when  
 The morning beam falls on her lyre ;  
 A Sappho, or ere love had turned  
 The heart to stone where once it burned.  
 But by the picture's side was placed  
 A funeral urn, on which was traced  
 The heart's recorded wretchedness ;—  
 And on a tablet, hung above,  
 Was 'graved one tribute of sad words—  
 ' LORENZO TO HIS MINSTREL LOVE.'

## HOMMAGE AUX DAMES. OR, A NEW YEAR'S PRESENT.

**A**NOTHER extremely pretty present for the near approaching holiday time of the year, dedicated "to the Ladies," and not unworthy of their patronage. The literary contributions which fill it are anonymous, for the writers whisper they are aware that to talk of themselves is not the way to please the ladies. Both the prose and verse, nevertheless, do them much credit; and there is above a hundred and fifty pages of very agreeable reading, before we come to a little musical piece, blank pages for a diary, and places of amusement in the metropolis. To exemplify our opinion, we shall endeavour to compress "The Haunted Head, or la Testa di Marte," an exceedingly well told story, into such compass as our limits admit:

**THE HAUNTED HEAD.**

"It was yet early on a May morning, in the year 1540, when two travellers alighted at the little cabaret, known by the sign of *Les quatre fils d'Aymon* at the entrance of the forest of Fontainebleau. They rode two very sorry horses, and each of them carried a package behind his saddle."

These were the famous Benvenuto Cellini, "as mad a man of genius as the sun of Italy, which has long been used to mad geniuses, ever looked upon," and his handsome pupil Ascanio, who were carrying some works of art to the King of France at Fontainebleau. For reasons assigned, Cellini sets out by himself leaving Ascanio; and he, getting tired towards evening, proposes to walk in the forest; but, before setting out, is specially warned to take care, "in the first place, that the Gardes de Chasse did not shoot him instead of a buck; and in the next, that he did not stray too near a large house, which he would see at about a quarter of an hour's walk distant to the right of the path." This house, the host tells him "belongs to the Chancellor Poyet, who says he does not choose to be disturbed in the meditations to which he devotes himself for the good of the state, by idle

stragglers. To enforce his orders, too, he has an ugly raw-boned Swiss for a porter, who threatened to cudgel me one day for walking too near his garden wall, and the Gascon Captain Sangfen, who cut off poor Blaise's ear for doing as little." There is also a hint of a poor young lady being shut up in this guarded mansion; and it may be anticipated that Ascanio wanders that way. "A long garden, inclosed by a high wall, and thickly planted on both sides with trees, which entirely concealed its interior from view, was at the back, and it was this which Ascanio first approached.

"He heard a low voice which he thought was that of a woman in distress, and listening more intently and approaching nearer, he was satisfied that his first impression was correct. He distinctly heard sobs and such expressions of sorrow as convinced him that the person from whom they proceeded was indulging her grief alone. A large birch tree grew against the garden wall near the place where he stood; he paused for a moment to deliberate whether he could justify the curiosity he felt, when the hint of the hostess that a lady was imprisoned there, came across his mind, and without further hesitation he ascended the tree. - - - Ascanio looked from the height he had gained, and saw a young female sitting on a low garden seat immediately below the bough on which he stood. She was weeping. At length, raising her head, she dried her eyes, and taking up a guitar which lay beside her, she struck some of the chords, and played the symphony to a plaintive air which was then well known. Ascanio gazed in breathless anxiety, and wondered that one so fair should have cause for so deep a sorrow as she was evidently suffering under.

In a colloquy which ensues, she exhorts him to fly, tells him she is an orphan whom Poyet wants to force into marriage; and finally agrees to elope with her young lover.

"Ascanio clasped the maiden in his

arms, and once kissed her fair forehead, by way of binding the compact. He looked up to the wall to consider the best means of enabling the lady to scale it, when he saw above it a man's head looking at them. Ascanio at first thought they were betrayed, but the expression of the face, which he continued to look at, removed his alarm on this head. It was a very fine countenance, highly intelligent, and uncommonly good-humoured. It seemed, as well as Ascanio could guess, by the thick beard and mustaches, to belong to a man of middle age. He had a long pointed nose, bright eyes, and very white teeth; a small cap just stuck on the left side of his head gave a knowing sort of look to his appearance, and added to the arch expression of his visage, as he put his finger on his lips to enjoin silence when Ascanio looked up at him.

“‘Hush,’ he said, ‘it is a very reasonable bargain on both sides, very disinterested, and strongly sworn to. And now, my children, as I have been a witness to it, although unintentionally, I feel bound to help your escape.’ Ascanio hardly knew what answer to make; but as he saw it was perfectly indifferent to the stranger, who knew the whole of his secret, whether he should trust him or not, he resolved to accept his offer. He told him of the difficulty he had to get the lady over the wall.”

While employed on this, “three fellows were seen stealing round the walls with their swords drawn.

“‘By St. Dennis we have been reckoning without our host,’ cried the stranger, ‘they don’t mean to let us part thus. Come, my spark,’ he said to Ascanio, ‘you will have some service for that sword you wear, and which, pray heaven, you know how to use. Do you stand on the other side of the tree, Madam,’ he said, putting the lady on his horse, ‘and if the worst should betide, gallop down the path, keeping the high road till you come to Paris; inquire for the Nunnery of St. Genevieve, and give this ring to the Abbess, who is a relation of mine; she will ensure you protection.’

“The lady received the ring, and,

half dead with horror, awaited the issue of the contest. The assailants came on with great fury; and as they were three to two, the odds were rather in their favour. They consisted of the Gascon Captain, the porter, and a servant, who seemed to be in no great hurry to begin the fight; they appeared astonished at finding two opponents, having seen only Ascanio from the house. They fell on, however, in pretty good order. It happened to be the lot of the stranger, perhaps because he was the bigger man, to encounter the servant and the Captain. Just as they came up, he loosened his cloak from his throat, and twisting it very lightly round his left arm, he made as serviceable a buckler as a man should wish to use. Upon this he caught the Captain’s first blow, and dealt in return so shrewd a cut upon the serving man’s head, as laid him on the forest turf without the least inclination to take any further share in the combat. The fight was now nearly equal; and to do him justice, the Gascon Captain was a fair match for most men. The stranger, however, was one to whom fighting was evidently any thing but new: and in less than five minutes the Captain lay beside the servant so dead, that if all the monks in Christendom had sung a mass in his ears he would not have heard it.

“‘I have owed you this good turn a very long time, my gallant Captain Sangfeu. I have not forgotten an ill turn you did me at Pavia, when you did not wear the rebel Bourbon’s livery; but there’s an end of all, and you die as a soldier should.’ And as the stranger muttered this, he wiped the blood-drops off his own sword, and looked at the fight which was continuing between the Swiss and Ascanio, but did not seem inclined to interfere. “‘Save him, for mercy’s sake,’ cried the lady. ‘By our Holy Lady,’ he replied, ‘I think he wants no aid. He is making gallant play with his slender rapier there against the large weapon of the Swiss. You shall see him win you, Madam, or I have mistaken my man. Well evaded!—there he has it!’ he shouted, as Ascanio’s sword entered his antagonist’s



body until the shell struck against his breast-bone, and the giant fell at the youth's feet.

"The varlet may get over it," said the stranger, kicking the servant's body; "but for the other two, I'll be their gage they'll never come out to assassinate honest men on moonlight nights again. But away with you," turning to Ascanio, "we shall have the whole country up in five minutes; begone;" and he held the horse while Ascanio mounted.

"But what will you do?" returned the youth.

"I am not far from home, and if the hunt should become hot, I'll get up one of these trees; but take care of the horse, he'll carry you six leagues in an hour. Good bye, Rabican," he added, patting the steed's neck, who by his pawing seemed to know his master.

The lovers do indeed put the steed of this noble animal to the test, and "his gallop was as wild as if it would never end." But, on reaching Paris, Ascanio is at a loss how to dispose of his fair charge.

"He was at this time living with Cellini, in an old castellated house on the left bank of the Seine, which had formed part of the Nesle Palace, and which Cellini had called *Il Piccol Nello*. Almost all the chambers, excepting the few in which they dwelt, were occupied by the numerous works in which the artist was engaged. At length Ascanio's fertile invention suggested to him an expedient, by which he might ensure an asylum for the lady, for a short time at least, until he should be able to explain the whole affair to Cellini.

"Among the odd whims which, from time to time, reigned in the crazy brain of Cellini, that of making a colossal statue of Mars, had for a long time been paramount, and he had proceeded so far as to make the head of the figure, when some other freak drew off his attention. This head was about as large as the cottage of a London ruralist, and occupied a large space in the court-yard of *Il Piccol Nello*. The frame was made of solid timber, and the outside covered with a very thick plaster, which was moulded into

the form of a gigantic face, representing the aspect of the God of Battles, and a very terrible affair to look upon it was.

"Ascanio, who had often been much annoyed by the discordant noises with which his master conducted his labours, and no less by the incessant talking of the old house-keeper, had found a refuge from both in the cavity of this head, where he had formed a very convenient, and not a very small apartment. Here he used to study painting and music, both of which he loved far better than either sculpture or working in gold; and he had been wise enough never to tell Cellini or any other person of this retreat. He entered it easily by a chasm from the ground, and a small ladder, which he had placed within side, conducted him up to his chamber.

"Cellini's oddities and the unceremonious method he had adopted of getting possession of the *Il Piccol Nello*, had made him many enemies. Among others, there was a wretched little tailor, who had the honour of being employed for some of the *Conseillers du Parlement*." This tailor becomes for certain reasons the implacable foe of Cellini. "He took a garret directly opposite his house, where he used to watch the motions of the inhabitants of *Il Piccol Nello*, and to soften the exasperation of his mind, he bestowed on them from morning till night all the maledictions his ingenuity could invent. He had heard noises proceeding from the monstrous plaster head in the court-yard, and even sometimes in the dead of the night he had seen two streams of light issuing from the great eyes, but as he had no notion that Ascanio was then within the head, drawing by the light of a lamp, or playing upon a guitar, which he accompanied with his voice, the little tailor's fears and malice induced him to spread a report that Cellini was an enchanter, and that the *Testa di Marte* he had made, was some demoniacal contrivance which he had animated for the destruction of the good city of Paris. Not content with reporting this throughout the quarter in which he dwelt, he told it among all

the lacquais of all the Conseillers he knew, until at length the story of the Devil's Head in *Il Piccol Nello* was as well known as any other current lie in the city."

In this chamber Beatrice is placed: meanwhile the Chancellor had found his bullies where Ascanio left them, but could persuade "none of the three to tell him what had brought them into so sad a plight, and for this reason; two of them were stone-dead, and the other was so faint, from the loss of blood, that he could not speak, and seemed very likely to follow his companions." He however pursues the fugitives, "resolved, in his rage, to devote the youth to utter ruin, as soon as he should catch him; and, in the meantime, he proposed to glut his rage by sacrificing Benvenuto Cellini, who, as we said before, had made himself many enemies, by an unlucky habit he had of threatening to kill people with whom he had any disputes. A practice which, although it has its advantages, would, if generally adopted, be highly injurious to all legal professions; and which, therefore, deserved the most severe reprobation of a Chancellor."

Aware of Cellini's favour with the King, he is obliged to tread warily; but the superstition of that age rendered a charge of sorcery too grave to be parried. The haunted head is therefore made the hinge on which the artist's ruin is to turn; and the Duchess d'Estampes, the King's mistress, and his Majesty's confessor, both enemies of Cellini, enter into the confederacy against him.

The confessor "devoutly believed in all the legends of the Romish church, and thought it highly probable, that a man who could execute such beautiful sculptures, as Cellini had exhibited on the preceding day, must be in league with the devil. When, therefore, the Chancellor began to tell his story, these two worthy personages chimed in, and backed his villainous project so well, that the good-natured King was diverted from his first intention, which had been to kick the Chancellor, and to leave the confessor and the saltana (the only two persons

in the world of whom he had ever been afraid) to themselves. He said he would see Cellini, who had staid all night in the palace by his orders; and the artist was accordingly sent for.

"How now, Cellini," said the monarch, as he approached, 'did I send for you to Paris that you should bring with you troops of fiends and demons, who, it is said, help you in your works.'

"I have no devils to help me in my work," said Cellini, 'but your majesty's subjects; and if my great countryman, Alighieri, were to lead me through all the darkest places in the *Inferno*, I could not find worse fiends.'

"But here," said the king, holding out the papers, 'two men swear that you have a head of the devil in *Il Piccol Nello*, and that the whole of the neighbourhood is infested by his legions, to the disturbance of the public tranquillity, and the great scandal of our holy church.'

"The confessor crossed himself.

"I abjure the devil and his powers," said Cellini, crossing himself with no less fervour; 'and next to them, I hate and abhor the villains who have thus slandered me to your gracious Majesty. Give me to know their names, and I swear they shall be better acquainted with the real devil ere long.'

The King decides, on examining into the matter personally; but Ascanio had married the fair Beatrice before the royal commission got to Paris, and was gone to restore the stranger's horse, according to the directions he had received, at the time it arrived at the Testa di Marte, wherein the Bride was lodged.

"The consternation of Beatrice may be better imagined than described, when she heard the arrival of so many strangers; but it was increased to an almost intolerable degree as she listened to the conversation which ensued, and heard the odious voice of her oppressor, the Chancellor. She could not see any of the persons unless she had looked out at the eyes of the figure, and this she dared not to do lest she should discover herself.

“‘And this,’ said the King, ‘is what they call the Devil’s Head.’”

“‘Who calls it so?’ asked Cellini, fiercely, ‘it is the head of Mars, and whoever has called it the head of the Devil is an ass and a liar!’”

“‘Patience, good Benvenuto,’ said the King; ‘let us hear what they have to say against the head, which seems to be a very fine work of art, whether it has been wrought by man or demon.’”

“‘The Chancellor, who had taken care upon the journey to mature his plans, now produced the little tailor, who saw here a glorious opportunity of being revenged on his formidable antagonist. He, therefore, began a long story, every third word of which was a lie, about the sights he had seen and the sounds he had heard, in and about this dreadful head. He had often seen the foul fiend himself go in and out, he said; he had heard the devils performing the sacred office of mass backwards; he had seen flames issue from the mouth, and no longer ago than last night, as he was a Christian and a tailor, he swore that he had seen two fiends enter the head, immediately after which it was seen to roll its fiery eyes in a manner truly horrible and awful.’”

“‘It would be impossible to convey any adequate notion of the extravagances which Cellini committed while this little idiot was uttering his lies. If he had not been restrained he would have killed him on the spot; he roared all sorts of imprecations, he cursed every tailor that had been on the earth since the creation, and then, adding all those curses together, he heaped them in a lump on the head of the particular tailor then before him; in short, he acted so whimsical a madness, that the King laughed until his sides ached.’”

“‘The Chancellor, however, took up the matter in a much more serious light. He said it was evident from the relation of the witness, that some foul deeds were practised, and that the head ought to be exorcised; never doubting that if he could once gain the assistance of the Clergy, they would

invent some pretext upon which Cellini might be sent to prison, and knowing that their influence with the King was much greater than his own, the Confessor fell into his scheme readily, and he said he did not doubt that there was a spirit in the head, and repeated that it ought to be exorcised. The King had no objection to this, and as he had already enjoyed the farce so far, he wished to see it played. Some of the brethren of the neighbouring Carmelite Church were sent for, in all haste, and preparations made for the exorcising. The Confessor directed a large stack of faggots, which stood in a corner of the yard, to be laid around the head; because, he said, the application of fire was always necessary to dislodge a spirit so malignant as that appeared to be which had taken up its abode in this structure. The preparations were soon made, and a torch applied, when a faint shriek was heard to issue from the head. All the bystanders looked aghast; the Priests crossed themselves; even the King looked grave; Cellini’s hair stood on end; and the tailor ran away. At this moment Ascanio had returned from the park, and learning from a bystander that they were about to exorcise the Magic Head, at the Italian sculptor’s, because there was a spirit in it, he rushed in just time enough to dash the torch from the hand of a lay brother of the Carmelites, who was applying it, and whom he knocked down, at the same time trampling out the fire which had begun to catch one of the faggots.

“‘Fiends, monsters!’ he cried, ‘advance one step, and your lives shall be the forfeit.’”

“‘Beatrice heard his voice, and almost fainting with terror, she rushed out, and threw herself into his arms. Supporting her with his left arm and holding out his sword with his right, he continued to menace all who should approach.’”

“‘What means all this?’ cried the King. But Ascanio was too much busied in encouraging the terrified girl to listen to the question.

“‘The old Chancellor, however, who



recognized Beatrice instantly, now thought that his plan had succeeded even beyond his expectation.

“‘My gracious liege,’ he cried, ‘this maiden is a ward of mine, whose person I require to be instantly restored to me; the youth I charge with having, in company with others, slain three of my household and having carried off the maiden by force.’”

“‘It is false,’ cried Beatrice, as she threw herself frantically at the King’s feet, ‘they were killed in fair combat, and I went willingly with him to seek protection from the cruelty of that vicious tyrant. Here, at your Majesty’s knees, I implore your pity and protection.’”

“‘But what says the youth?’ asked the King, of Ascanio, who had been gazing on him in almost stupifying astonishment. He saw before him, in the person of the gallant Francis, the stranger who had so generously aided him in the Forest of Fontainebleau. ‘Has he any witness besides that maiden who is too deeply interested in this matter, to prove that he killed his antagonist in fair fight?’”

“‘He is one of a band of murderers and ravishers,’ cried the Chancellor in a rage, ‘he has no witness.’”

“‘Thou art a liar though thou wert a thousand Chancellors,’ replied the youth; ‘and since peaceful men like thee do not make war but upon weak maidens, I defy thee by thy champion.’”

“‘No, my liege,’ he added, turning to the King, and kneeling—‘I have no witness save God and your Majesty.’”

“‘And may every honest man have witnesses as good in time of need to oppose to perjurors and lawyers. He is no murderer, Chancellor; by my

holy patron, St. Dennis, I believe he could himself have killed those three murderous villains whom thou didst retain, but know that I helped him—that I cut the throat of that traitor Sangfeu, whom, in spite of me, thou didst cherish, to do deeds which thy black heart planned, but dare not achieve. I helped him to carry off the maiden, thy dead friend’s daughter, whom thou didst basely oppress; and if he had not been there I had done it myself.’ - - -

“The King and his train then departed, leaving the young people with Cellini, whom the disgrace of the Chancellor had put into mighty good humour. He made Ascanio tell him the story of the fight in the forest over and over again. He kissed Beatrice, and called her his child; he forbade all work in *Il Piccol Nello* for a week; had the wedding celebrated with great magnificence, and said, that of all works he had ever produced, none had made him so happy as

“LA TESTA DI MARTE.”

We now give a specimen of the poetry—a canzonet:

My soul they say is hard and cold,  
And nought can move me;  
Perchance 'tis so 'midst life's wild whirl,  
But oh! on beauty's lips, my girl!  
'Twill melt like Cleopatra's pearl:  
Then love me—love me.

I would not climb th' ambitious heights  
That soar above me;  
I do not ask thee to bestow  
Or wealth or honours on me now,  
Or wreath with laurel leaves my brow,  
But love me—love me.

Oh! I'll gaze on thee till my fond  
Fixed glances move thee:  
Love's glance sometimes the coldest warms;  
Pygmalion on a statue's charms  
Gazed, till it leaped into his arms;  
Then love me—love me.

#### THE HARP OF TEARS.

LOVE, once on a time, with Sorrow \*his bride,  
Was amid the Nine bright Sisters' choir,  
And, as Sorrow was brushing a tear aside,  
It fell on the strings of a Muse's lyre.  
Oh the golden chords had a soul before,  
But the warm drop gave them a heart beside;  
And Love has hallow'd the sweet harp more,  
Ever since it was wet by its tearful bride.

\* See Mrs. Barbauld's beautiful allegory of "Pity."

## MR. FAUNTLEROY.

THE stoppage and ultimate bankruptcy of Messrs. Marsh and Co. in Berner's-street was a circumstance, in itself, sufficient to produce a more than *nine-days'* sensation. Though not bankers of the first order, with respect to the gross amount of capital entrusted to their care, the customers of the firm, in point of number, were perhaps more numerous than those of several of the banking-houses, which stand foremost in the ranks of wholesale estimation. A large proportion, also, of those whose interests were affected were probably of those descriptions to whom the loss, or the temporary privation even, of their hundreds, or their thousands, was of more consequence, both to their present credit, and their future prospects, than the tens of thousands, and hundreds of thousands, of those great capitalists and proprietors, whose securities and rent-rolls are vested in the hands, and trusted to the management of the supposed Cæsus of the banking trade. They were bankers, in fact, in whose hands what monied men would call "small sums" were kept: that is to say, with whom tradespeople, and others of the middle orders of society, were in the habit of trusting the whole of that floating capital which their credit or their concerns rendered it necessary should be always at command; but which it was neither safe nor convenient to keep in their own bureaux. The number of families, therefore, whom the sudden stagnation of these resources must have thrown into perplexing difficulties, or overwhelmed with dismay, could not but be very considerable; as the dejected and anxious countenances of the multitude gathered around the doors, the day after the suspension of payment was declared, sufficiently evinced: and when the secondary and remote action upon those who, in the complicated chain of trading connexion, were implicated with the immediate sufferers, is considered, it cannot be at all surprising, that a very extensive emotion should have been awakened. Nor, when it is recollected how many bank-

ing houses there are in this metropolis similarly situated, with respect to the description of their transactions, and standing in no respect upon any higher grounds of credit and reputation, than the firm of Marsh and Co. had, for several years maintained, will it seem other than in the course of things, that an eager run of alarm and apprehension should be made upon the minor banking-houses, in general; and that one in particular (though deficient, perhaps, in nothing but immediately-availing resources to answer such unexpected demands), should have been obliged, a few days after, to follow the ominous example of avowing a temporary inability to answer such importunate claims. The wonder is rather, that more were not reduced to the same dilemma.

But these were, in reality, the slightest of the causes, which excited the general interest and discussion. "The extraordinary conduct of the partner, Mr. Fauntleroy" (to adopt the language of the firm itself, in the public announcement of their *temporary* suspension of payments), which was the immediate, and, for a while, supposed to be the *only* cause of failure, gave a direction to the general sympathy, more honourable perhaps to the social character of the public, than consoling to the conscious feelings of those to whom it was directed. "It was the crime of an individual," it was said, not the default of the general firm, that had produced the calamity, whatever might be its extent; and the partners were joint victims, not principals or voluntary agents, in the ruin." Nor were there wanting among the suffering creditors themselves, those, who expressed more compassion for three respectable families, hurled from esteem and affluence to distress and degradation, than for their own pecuniary embarrassments and losses.

The part that was taken, through the medium of the public press, to extend this feeling, is so fresh in remembrance, that it need not here be noticed, if it were not for the importance of warning the public against the uses that

may be made, as they are attempted to be made, of every discrepancy of that important organ, of its conduct in this particular. The rival eagerness of the numerous agents of that press to seize upon every flying rumour, that can gratify the avidity, "both of the great vulgar and the small," for mysterious anecdote, personality, and chit-chat (rather, perhaps, than malignant) slander, did most assuredly, for a while, blacken, much beyond the measure of equity and truth, the character of the unfortunate culprit. Accumulated charges of profligacy and prodigality were heaped upon the character of Mr. Fauntleroy, sufficient to have broken the backs of all the banking firms in the metropolis. To support his luxurious prodigalities, it was supposed, the enormous and undoubted forgeries had been committed; and Messrs. Marsh, Stracey, and Graham, together with all who had confided in them, were involved in ruin, by the unprincipled dissipation of the managing and confidential partner; who had appealed to forgery, when other resources failed, to supply his criminal indulgences.

To suspect those partners of having been accessory to the dissemination of these statements, would be as unauthorized, as it would be uncharitable; but surely it would not be improper to inquire whether, if they knew them to be untrue, they were not called upon, to discourage and contradict them? If the press was misled by gaping newsgatherers, who, like the spies of a distempered government, must have credulity or invention to make out a tale, if they mean to get bread by telling,—it was as open to them to confute the exaggerations, as it was, to the gleaners and glossers of the random gossip of clubs and coffee-houses to give them ephemeral currency.

But, perhaps, they may answer (for they might answer truly) that it was better to leave misrepresentation to its natural course—to let the lie of the day gossip itself out of breath; for that Mr. Fauntleroy, in the end, would be any thing rather than injured by the exaggerated colourings of his crime.

That such has been the result, is sufficiently obvious: that such must, ultimately, be the case with respect to all the aberrations of a *free press*, recollection and reflection will demonstrate: it is only inasmuch as it is *not free*, that the press can be permanently or ultimately injurious, even to those whom it wrongfully assails; for the day of reaction, *if it be free*, is sure to come; when the very wrongs it has committed will become graces.

Whence, but from this very cause, it may confidently be demanded, has arisen that very general and very liberal sympathy expressed for the impending fate of Mr. Fauntleroy?

Far be it from the thought of every friend to the essential justice of humanity, when the life of a fellow being is at stake, to step between the pleading pity of the public, however excited, and the attribute of mercy which "becomes the throned monarch better than his crown," and to which that sympathy appeals. But, assuredly, it may be said, without detriment to such appeal, which may be urged upon more cogent principles, that there is nothing, in the naked case of Mr. Fauntleroy to distinguish it so broadly from those of many a wretched victim, who has been quietly resigned to the merciless penalty of a sanguinary law, without a sigh or an effort in his behalf, except from private and personal connexions. It would be absurd to suppose, that the extent of the injury resulting from the crime, is the cause of the extensive sympathy exerted in favour of the criminal. Whence, then, has arisen this extraordinary sympathy, but primarily from those very exaggerations which the enemies of the public press, on every such occasion, would use as an argument for its suppression. It cannot be said that they had any influence in procuring the conviction. The Attorney-General found no political motive for availing himself of the prejudices excited; he repelled and discarded them, therefore, in a manner which, it is hoped, will be remembered as a precedent on all future occasions *whatever*; and nothing could be more candid and dispassionate than the whole proceedings.



Mr. Fauntleroy, in fact, was convicted, as far as *forgery* was at issue, upon his own evidence. He had most strangely recorded against himself, that he had committed a mass of forgeries, which should make the Bank smart for having injured the credit of his house. Let the Bank Directors beware, that in pursuing their victim to execution, they mingle, in their turn, no feeling of retaliative revenge. Some of them, perhaps, are members of the Bible Society ; or, at least, occasionally say their prayers. Let them remember, that in that short and beautiful formula, dictated by the author of their religion, and which sums up in a few words every thing, perhaps, which a Christian ought to pray for, there is a *clause of covenant*,—"forgive us our trespasses, as *we* forgive *them* that trespass against *us* ;" and let them remember that every man who pursues revenge (whether as an individual or a corporationist), every time that he pronounces this prayer, pronounces his own condemnation.

But to return to the cause of the general sympathy in behalf of the unhappy convict.

It became evident from the circumstances, which came out upon the trial, that the character of Mr. Fauntleroy had been much traduced—that his crime, at least, was free from many of the aggravations imputed, by previous rumour ; and it is now sufficiently notorious, that a part at least, of his plea of *palliation* is substantiated ; that the monies procured by his forgeries, were not, as had been rumoured, profligately wasted in debauchery and extravagance, but were regularly paid in to the general stock, to support the else tottering credit of the concern. Hence, to the creditors of the firm, the aspect of the *onus* of moral responsibility, for the default, becomes essentially altered ; and a question naturally arises, whether it was possible that the partners could be ignorant that *something* wrong was going on ? —that the large sums of money, by which their credit was, successively, bolstered, were, to say the least, mysteriously obtained : whatever reasons they might have for not inquiring into

the nature of the mystery. The public, in the mean time, in commiseration for the calumnies which had aggravated so unmercifully the offences of the criminal, extend their sympathies from the aggravation to the crime itself ; and by a reaction natural to the innate, though sometimes slumbering, benevolence of the human breast, finding that the offender has not been *so* guilty as they imagined, forego their resentment for the proven guilt.

Nor does the current of considerate inquiry pause even here. General conclusions, "of great pith and moment," are, not unfrequently, the results of the attention excited by individual occurrences. The eyes of the public seemed to have opened, at last, to the conviction, to which reason and humanity ought never to have been blind, that the punishment awarded is too heavy, and disproportioned to the offence : while the press itself, partaking of the reaction, urges on the prayer of mercy and forbearance ; and chimes in with, and diffuses, the general sentiment, that those only who have shed the blood of man, should pay the price of atonement with their blood.

This then, and not any peculiarity, in the particular case itself, is the true ground of petition for the life of Mr. Fauntleroy.

The necessary limits of this essay render it impracticable to enter, at large, into all the important considerations involved in the general subject ; or to amplify upon the axioms, however capable of illustration,—that all unnecessary punishments by death are no other than legalized murders ;—that murders, by the law, are, in fact, much more enormous and atrocious stains upon national character, than murders against the law ;—that the latter are the crimes of individuals only, the former are the crimes of the state ; and, as far as the nation can be regarded as assenting to such laws, are the crimes of the nation at large.

But the best way, perhaps, for the petitioners to fortify their plea is, by appeal, not to Scripture and Christianity (more talked of than revered in matters of government and legislation !) but to the politician's creed, ex-

pediency. This is, in fact, and, perhaps, for ever must be, while states and legislation last, the load-star of judicial enactment. Our constitutional lawyers well know, though the surly lexicographer, who still from the sepulchre dogmatizes over our language did not,\* that the object of punishment is not revenge, or even atonement, but prevention. "You are not hanged," said the judge to a remonstrating convict, "for stealing a sheep; but you are hanged that sheep may not be stolen."

The question then resolves itself into this, "Does experience of the past, or does what we know of the prospective passions and apprehensions of human nature, indicate that the punishment of death is an adequate, or the most *likely* preventive of the crime of forgery?" To the first part of this inquiry, the reply is obvious. Forgery has increased, and is increasing in despite of the sanguinary severity of the law;† and the crime, always, of necessity, confined to the comparatively educated classes, has kept climbing upwards, in the midst of increasing executions, till it has tainted some of almost the best families in the nation. It is a crime of gentlemen. And though, in all sane and moral estimation, the higher the rank of the offender, the more atrocious and unpardonable the offence; yet, *legislating for prevention*, we should consider only the motives of apprehension that are likely to be operative on the classes to whom the legislative prevention is to apply. Now, is the fear of death, the most powerful of preventive motives in the minds of gentlemen? Should

we acknowledge as a gentleman, or as worthy of gentlemanly association, the man whom we believed to be as much in dread of death, as of a life of branded infamy and degradation?

It may be true, indeed that, when it comes to the pinch—when the executioner and vital extinction are immediately before our eyes,—that the instinctive shrinking—the fearful clinging to mere consciousness and sensation, which belong to the frailty of our nature, may bow almost the proudest spirit; and life, upon almost any terms, may appear preferable to immediate dissolution.

"For who would lose

"Though full of pain, this intellectual being,

"Those thoughts that wander through eternity?"

But, for objects that are viewed in prospective distance, we have different and more reasoning eyes; and to the educated mind, familiar to the proud decencies and respectful distinctions of society, to die, to cease to be, to bid an eternal farewell to the embarrassments and anxieties that surround us—to the privations, the expulsion from the accustomed sphere of association that menace us, appears but a trifle, in comparison with the degrading toil, the branding front, the stigmatizing fetters, the felon's sordid garb, the wretched pallet, the noisome dungeon, and, worst of all, the contemptuous exposure and brutified assimilation, to which a less sanguinary code might condemn the educated and sensitive offender. It is, in fact, to avoid the *lesser* degradation, that the offence of forgery is frequently committed—that it was, as it appears, committed in the case in question. How horrible to imagination the *greater* which reason would therefore commend as the expedient of preventive legislation.

\* See the miserable misinterpretation of the word *punishment* in Johnson's Dictionary.

† In Scotland, where it is not punished with death, it is much less frequent.

#### TO A LADY, ON HEARING HER SING

"Angels ever bright and fair,  
Take, Oh take me to your care."

While you implore the angels' care,  
In strains so sweet, so soft, so rare,  
I tremble lest you should be heard,  
And they should take you at your word.

#### ON THE STATUE OF CUPID.

Nay, Chloe, gaze not on his form,  
Nor think the friendly caution vain;  
Those eyes the marble's self may warm,  
And look him into life again.

## PALACE OF CONSTANTIA IN INDIA, AND GENERAL MARTINE.

**C**ONSTANTIA is a curiosity in its kind, perhaps as great as any in Lucnow: it was built by General Martine, a French gentleman in the service of the late Nawaub, and his predecessor Asoph u Dowlah.

Martine was a native of Lyons, and came to India as a private soldier, where he served under Count Lally, and from his own activity and merit, advanced rapidly to a considerable rank; but having been disgusted or alarmed at certain threats which his commander let fall in the course of a negotiation entrusted by him to Martine once during the siege of Pondicherry, he took the earliest opportunity of making his escape and throwing himself on the protection of Sir Eyre Coote, who, doubtless glad to obtain the services and information of a man who had been very confidentially employed by his enemy, received him with distinction, and soon procured him a commission in the English army, in which he rose rapidly to the rank of captain; after which his brevet rank was by special favour permitted to go on till he reached that of major-general.

He accompanied Sir Eyre Coote to Lucnow, where he soon was established in the service of Asoph u Dowlah; and being a very ingenious mechanic, as well as an excellent surveyor and general engineer, he made himself so useful to that prince, that he could do nothing without his assistance, and in a comparatively short time he accumulated a prodigious fortune. Among the last of his undertakings was the building of Constantia, which was a speculation (like most things he did) in the hope of effecting a sale of it at a great profit to Saadut Allee. The place perhaps did not, under Martine's superintendence, cost above four lacs of rupees, but he demanded twelve as its price; which was refused, and the old man was so indignant at what he termed the meanness of the Nawaub, that he swore it never should be an habitation for him, and gave directions that when he himself died, his re-

mains should be deposited within it, thus converting it into a tomb, which alone would prevent any Mahometan from occupying it as a dwelling.

It soon became necessary to obey these directions: the general only lived to see his future tomb completed; he breakfasted in it one day only I believe, and was never after able to enter it. He died, and lies embalmed in a vault which he had constructed: it is said to contain specie. Lights are continually kept burning there, and two statues representing grenadiers, one at the head and one at the foot of the tomb, lean with their cheeks reclining upon the butts of their reversed muskets.

Martine was possessed of a very active and enterprising genius, and a strong and liberal mind; if we are to credit report, he was far from narrow or avaricious, although he accumulated immense wealth. He traded and speculated in every possible way, but with so much judgment and knowledge of his subject, that he seldom failed of success. He was perfect master of the nature and rates of exchanges throughout the country, and united in large transactions of that description the shroffs and moneyed men in various quarters. He was an excellent judge of jewels; and extraordinary stories are related of the sagacity he displayed in his dealings in this line, and the great profits he acquired by them. There was nothing he failed of turning to account; and he was wont himself to declare, that were he turned adrift on the world without a shilling at the age of sixty, he would not despair of dying rich, if it pleased God to prolong his life to the usual age of man.

Neither the amount nor disposition of his wealth, I believe, is accurately known; the former was, however, certainly very great, and the latter partook a great deal of the eccentricity of the owner's character. About fifty thousand pounds were left to his native city; and he directed that the house of Constantia should be kept



continually in repair, and that such strangers as should arrive at Lucnow unprovided with other quarters, should have the option of residing there for one month; or longer if not claimed by fresh arrivals. For this purpose, thirty thousand rupees annually are appropriated, and the expenditure of them was entrusted to a person of Portuguese family in the King's service. Martine left one son, born of a Native woman, to whom, though I never heard any thing amiss suspected, his father, by some strange inconsistency, left but the paltry allowance of one hundred rupees a month.

Constantia is a vast pile, situated on the banks of the Ghoomtee, overlooking a rich well-cultivated country, and in an extensive enclosure, well wooded with mango and other fruit-trees. Upon the portico of entrance may be seen the motto of the General, "*Patientia et Constantia*," to the spirit of which he fully conformed in his life. The building consists of a main body, and two wings rising in many stories of very fanciful architecture to a great height, and diminishing gradually to a fantastic look-out, resembling, at a distance, the crown-like steeples of some old churches, upon which is erected a flag-staff. The walls of the wings, and of each story in the main building, are balustraded, and surmounted with gigantic statues representing human beings and animals, in such multitudes that they appear to cover the whole upper part of the building with a fringe of filagree work, and thus produce a singular effect. These statues, cast in clay, and painted, mimic almost every living thing to be found on earth. Among them may be discovered copies of the most celebrated statues of antiquity, figures of men and women in the costumes of almost every country, with birds and animals of all sorts: and the arrangement of them is at least as *bizarre* as the quantity is confounding. A Venus de Medicis, an Antinous, or a Mercury, may be seen close to a Dutch dairy-maid churning butter, a burgomaster, or a Swiss peasant; or a French *petit-mâtre*, exchanging civilities with a

Chinese mandarin, or a solemn brahmin. Yet the effect, though ludicrous, is not so offensive as might be supposed. Grandeur is indeed lost, but amusement and interest remain. It is after the rainy season that these groups cut an unhappy figure: the materials of which they are composed not being of a description to support moisture, they become miserably injured; legs, arms, and heads drop off, the paint is washed away, and the whole assumes a very curious appearance, until the annual repairs take place, after which the statues recover their lost limbs, and the mansion resumes its gay dress.

The ground-floor of this building is calculated for coolness; the apartments are lofty and spacious; the floor is of marble; the high vaulted roof is fretted and adorned with cameo medallions, of white upon a blue ground: the walls are adorned with gold and silver work, mingled with various colours, in a rich and fanciful though somewhat tawdry style. There seems no end to the succession of chambers, small and great, of every form, and as variously fitted up, some with orchestras as for musicians, others with galleries all round. The second story is less lofty, but contains several apartments fitted up with fireplaces or stoves for the cold season, and more calculated for comfort; the major part is, however, divided into a wonderful number of multiform chambers, communicating with each other in extraordinary ways; and all carved, fretted, and painted like those below. The third story is in the same taste, but contains fewer rooms; and a succession of narrow stair-cases and ladders lead first to the balconies and terraced roofs, and thence to the lofty look-out above all.

The whole building is calculated to facilitate defence, and prevent surprises in case of attack in an insecure country, without carrying the appearance of a formal fortification: it is fire-proof, not having a piece of wood used in its whole construction: the roofs are all vaulted, and the doors and window shutters are of iron. There is no grand staircase; a defect both in appearance and convenience; but a vast additional means of security, for,

the only means of communication between the stories being by narrow spiral staircases, a single man could defend them against an army. Many of the passages from one apartment to another have been made thus poor and narrow upon the same principle; and there are multitudes of secret places for concealment, formed in the thickness of the walls and in the corners of the house. It is indeed a place quite unique in its kind, and the

grounds, considering the country, are almost as singularly laid out. A large garden in the old French taste, divided into numerous alleys, bordered with trees cut into various fantastic forms, stretches behind it; while in front has been excavated a large oval tank, in the centre of which rises a pillar of more than one hundred feet in height, erected by direction and according to the plan left by the late General Martine, which serves as his monument.

#### ON METROPOLITAN AUCTIONS.

**A**N auction is no new subject to desecant upon. Buyers of bargains were well ridiculed in the *Spectator*; and the eagerness of ladies (and gentlemen, too, for that matter), at a sale, when anxious to possess themselves of any article on which they had set their hearts, even bidding upon themselves, has before now furnished writers for the public eye with the means of amusement for their readers.

Unquestionably there is considerable pleasure to be derived from attending an auction, by a close observer, who goes there without the intention of purchasing, and who moreover is resolute enough not to be caught with a great bargain. The quick, ready eye of the auctioneer; his wit, if he has any, and for which there is great scope, though some of the present race are dull enough;—the contrast in the behaviour of his audience:—the cool and and apparently indifferent manner of the old attendants and good judges;—the precipitation of the young and inexperienced;—the plots, counter-plots, and manœuvres of various parties in the room to outwit each other in bidding for and procuring what they are in want of;—the remarks and opinions, right or wrong, of the talkative portion of the company; the absolute sway of the auctioneer during the period of his *exaltation*,—are all fraught with much that is interesting and entertaining.

I have often smiled to see the pretty little tricks of some of the thorough-paced and well-known attendants at sales, to prevent dealers in the same

commodity from knowing when they make a bid. These people seldom bid *viva voce*: for they will contrive to get between their opponent and the auctioneer, keeping an eye upon each, taking care that the one towards the auctioneer is not out of sight of the other bidder; with this eye they wink their bids most dexterously, while the opposing party will be looking about, and wondering who is bidding against him;—others do the thing with a silent nod;—another sort get quite out of sight, behind the pulpit, and tug at the auctioneer's coat-tail at every bid, to the great danger of his skirts, each pull going for sixpence, a shilling, or half-a-crown, as the case may be;—and others again will get on one side of the hammer-armed gentleman, and poke some part of his body with the end of a pencil, for the same purpose. With these and with sundry other sorts of “inexplicable dumb show,” which is *explicable* enough to the auctioneer, I have seen great quantities of goods bought and sold: but there is still another sort, who go even nearer the wind than all these, and who, after looking at the goods, will leave a list of prices with the salesman or his clerk, who will buy for them, and then declare the name, when the party is not even in the room; but, in this case, they must be well able to trust the auctioneer, who would otherwise run them up to the extent of their price.

My last remark reminds me of a sad trick of very many auctioneers—that of *running*, as it is called. If they



see a person eager and apparently determined to possess any article, they will run upon them; that is, declare higher biddings, without, in fact, having any—thus urging them on; and they will do the same, if any thing is likely to go at what they think too low a price. This, they would say, was *fair* to their employers; but it is hardly fair to the public. I have many times seen an auctioneer caught in his own trap, in this running system, being obliged to knock it down to his own surreptitious bid at last: he then either declares some fictitious name, or, pretending the buyer will not declare himself, puts up the lot again.

This, and the system of *rigging*, are the bane of sales, and are known to be detested by the honourable members of the trade. To many this *rigging* will want a little explanation:—It is when one man, or a set of men, make up an entire sale, or part of one; for all sales nearly are, more or less, mixed in this way: but in some it is carried to a shameful length. The goods, where there is a *rig*, whether furniture or otherwise, are generally either damaged, or got up on purpose, in a shabby but showy way; and the owners of them, or their *puffers* (persons sent to keep up the price), are mingled with the company, watching and seeking whom they may devour; and, unfortunately, they are often respectable-looking persons, and have even females amongst them; for, alas! females are their principal prey on these occasions. If the lady seems desirous of any lot, she is marked down as a sportsman marks his game; and one will insinuate that the article is cheap at such or such a price, while another will keep bidding upon the lady. They will sometimes even affect to be generous, and tell the dupe, after having got a good price, that if *she* wants the lot, they will give it up to her, and so forth. It is incalculable how much is done in this way, especially at the west end of the town, and principally in furniture, as could be avowed by numberless sufferers. One caution I can give persons against these sham sales, if they happen to

read the advertisements in the papers; which is, that such advertisements are generally more flowery than others, though most of them are flowery enough; and you are invariably told, that you may have catalogues at the place of sale, and at the *auctioneer's*; but where these auctioneers reside is never stated. Whenever this is the case, that sale is a *rig*, depend on it.

When there is a genuine sale, whether of furniture or other goods, the dealers in the article, whatever it may be, generally join together to purchase, making, in fact, a sort of combination among themselves to keep the prices down; and this is, perhaps, the only good reason that can be given in defence of an auctioneer's *running*, as mentioned before. But it is not always that he is aware of the existence of the combination, for each of the parties will in turn bid for the lots; but then he will never be opposed by the rest of his associates: of course, by this means they frequently get articles much cheaper than if they were in opposition to each other. It is technically called being in *the cab*: and after the sale is over the whole party will retire to a tavern, and proceed to *knock out*—another technical term for putting up the lots again among themselves, for they all mark their catalogues; and in this way many a poor Jew and Gentile will get their pound or two in a day without, in fact, really purchasing any thing. They are admitted into *the cab* by the large buyers, upon the same principle that the Indians are said to worship the devil—that of fear; for these men possess judgment, if not money, and would, therefore, if not admitted, make the others pay larger prices. When the *knock out* or second sale is over, the increase given upon the whole of the lots are collected, cast up, and equally divided amongst the whole of the party.

It is hardly worth mentioning the mock auctions of glass, china, tea-caddies, &c. which are held in shops in our most public streets; for almost every child is aware of the gross and barefaced impositions practised at these



places, where the public is cheated out of its money, and government of its duty.

A very curious sort of sale, common in the metropolis, is that of pawnbrokers' pledges, though even into these other property is often introduced; this sort of sale is principally curious from the very odd mixture of articles in a lot, which having been pawned together to raise money, are obliged by act of parliament to be sold together; take for instance the following lots from a catalogue which is laying by me :

"A patch-work quilt, a coat, and two bibles.

A pair of trousers, a set of fire-irons, and a petticoat.

A pair of boots, a table-cloth, and a necklace.

A shirt, a table-spoon, and an opera-glass.

A silk scarf, and a drawing in a gilt frame.

A Dutch clock, a rug, and two snuff-boxes."

And these are but a few strange mixtures; for much stranger medleys

than these might be easily picked out, *ad infinitum*, from the catalogue of Eddes, Robins, and Machin. Many of the attendants at these sales are the children of Israel, who are dealers in every thing, from the most costly watch or article of jewelry, to the very lowest and most worthless description of cast-off clothing; all of which, the very best and the very worst, may be seen at pledge sales. At these sales the king's duty of five per cent. is paid by the buyer; and I have often thought that the clerk's perquisites, at the end of a large sale, arising from the fractions of duty, must be considerable.

In winding up these desultory remarks on auctions, &c. I can only say that whoever ventures into a sale-room should not only have money in their pockets, but judgment in their heads, or they must infallibly run a great risk of being cheated either by others or themselves.

## THE LITERARY SOUVENIR, OR CABINET OF POETRY AND ROMANCE.

WITH NUMEROUS SPLENDID ENGRAVINGS.

**C**ERTAINLY England is the land for competition. The worst of schemes and the most ridiculous of follies never want their votaries; and when any thing good is started and succeeds, it is no wonder that there should soon be plenty of rivalry and emulation. Thus it has been with Annuals, if we may so designate publications of the kind now before us. The date is not very distant when a few silly almanacks, Moore's, the Bel-fast, the Aberdeen, and such like trumpery, were all the productions which a coming year required or obtained. Neater Diaries, with blank leaves for memoranda, were then sparingly introduced: and these paved the way for a number of Pocket Books, with useful lists, &c. suited to the wants of persons in various ranks of life. And here improvement paused for a long time, till Mr. Ackerman followed the example of the Continent, and set the example to our island, of combining graceful literature with the New Year's Gift, and rendering it wor-

thy of the mind, while the Fine Arts were employed to render it pleasing to the eye. Original genius was called into effort where before nothing but the phases of the moon were noted; a pretty tale usurped the place of a senseless hieroglyphic, and a sweet poem deposed the ancient Twelve Signs of the Zodiac with the bellman lines which told of their divine dominion over the parts of the human body. The public was much gratified with the exchange of pleasure and rationality for mummery and nonsense; and the 'Forget me not' was as popular as it deserved to be.

The natural consequence of this popularity in a country abounding in capital and enterprize, was, that many other works of the same character should spring up and advance their pretensions to a share of public favour. We have already mentioned one, 'Friendship's Offering,' in addition to the 'Forget me not,' for the ensuing year; and we have now to notice in the forthcoming 'Literary Souvenir,'

another richly endowed claimant for attention and patronage. Indeed it boasts such a catalogue of contributors, that were one half of their compositions to be published as a volume at any period of the year, we should be inclined to rank it amongst the most striking productions of the press, and treat it, perhaps, with greater consideration than we pay to the whole together, assuming the more toy-like shape of a Christmas offering. That the 'Souvenir' rises far above this order will be felt when we state, that among its contents are original pieces by Sir W. Scott, Campbell, Bowles, Hemans, the author of the *Improvisatrice*, Montgomery, Maturin, Allan Cunningham, Archdeacon Wrangham, Wiffen, A. A. Watts (the Editor,) Hogg the Ettrick Shepherd, and many other well known names, as well as anonymous contributions by very able

writers who have chosen to remain incognito.

There are, in fact, above sixty Tales, Romances, and Poems, &c. by these distinguished persons; and the volume is adorned by several admirable engravings of subjects well chosen for its illustration. That it therefore assumes a degree of interest which leads us into something like a regular review and criticism is not surprising; but where so many beauties offer themselves to us for selection, we should do wrong to indulge farther in this wordy propensity. Adieu, then, to our prose: make way for some of the poetry of the *Souvenir*, and as we are true lovers of their delicious talents—*Places aux Dames!* How finely does our charming Mrs. Hemans display her noble feelings in 'The Grave of Körner'—a hero worthy to be mourned by a female lyre.

Green wave the Oak for ever o'er thy rest!  
Thou that beneath its crowning foliage sleepest,  
And, in the stillness of thy country's breast,  
Thy place of memory, as an altar, keepest!  
Brightly thy spirit o'er her hills was poured,  
Thou of the Lyre and Sword!

Rest, Bard! rest, Soldier!--By the Father's hand,  
Here shall the Child of after-years be led,  
With his wreath-offering silently to stand  
In the hushed presence of the glorious dead.  
Soldier and Bard!--For thou thy path hast trod  
With Freedom and with God!\*

The Oak waved proudly o'er thy burial-rite!  
On thy crowned bier to slumber warriors bore thee,  
And with true hearts, thy brethren of the fight  
Wept as they veiled their drooping banners o'er thee,  
And the deep guns with rolling peals gave token,  
That Lyre and Sword were broken!

Thou hast a hero's tomb!--A lowlier bed  
Is hers, the gentle girl, beside thee lying,  
The gentle girl, that bowed her fair young head,  
When thou wert gone, in silent sorrow dying  
Brother! true friend! the tender and the brave!  
She pined to share thy grave.

Fame was thy gift from others—but for her  
To whom the wide earth held that only spot—  
—She loved thee!--lovely in your lives ye were,  
And in your early deaths divided not!  
Thou hast thine Oak—thy trophy—what hath she?  
Her own blest place by thee.

It was thy spirit, Brother! which had made  
The bright world glorious to her thoughtful eye,

\* \* The Poems of Körner, which were chiefly devoted to the cause of his country, are strikingly distinguished by religious feeling, and a confidence in the Supreme Justice for the final deliverance of Germany."

Since first in childhood 'midst the vines ye played,  
 And sent glad singing through the free blue sky !  
 Ye were but two !—and when that spirit passed,  
     Woe for the one, the last !

Woe, yet not long !—She lingered but to trace  
 Thine image from the image in her breast ;  
 Once, once again to see that buried face  
 But smile upon her ere she went to rest !  
 Too sad a smile !—its living light was o'er,  
     It answered hers no more !

The Earth grew silent when thy voice departed,  
 The Home too lonely whence thy step had fled ;  
 What then was left for her, the faithful-hearted ?  
 Death, death, to still the yearning for the dead !  
 Softly she perished—he the flower deplored  
     Here, with the Lyre and Sword !

Have ye not met ere now ?—So let those trust,  
 That meet for moments but to part for years,  
 That weep, watch, pray, to hold back dust from dust,  
 That love where love is but a fount of tears !  
 Brother ! sweet Sister !—peace around ye dwell ;  
     Lyre, Sword, and Flower, farewell !

Beautiful as this is, we can place a fit companion by its side in the lines which L. E. L. has written to illustrate the engraving of 'The Decision of the Flower,' from Göethe's *Faustus*. They are at once playful, and replete with tender sentiment.

- - - 'Tis a history  
 Handed from ages down; a nurse's tale.  
     *Southey's Thalaba.*

There is a flower, a purple flower,  
 Sown by the wind, nursed by the shower,  
 O'er which Love has breathed a power and spell  
 The truth of whispering hope to tell.  
 Lightly the maiden's cheek has prest  
 The pillow of her dreaming rest,  
 Yet a crimson blush is over it spread  
 As her lover's lip had lighted its red.  
 Yes, sleep before her eyes has brought  
 The image of her waking thought,—  
 That one thought hidden from all the world,  
 Like the last sweet hue in the rose-bud curled.  
 The dew is yet on the grass and leaves,  
 The silver veil which the morning weaves,  
 To throw o'er the roses, those brides which the sun  
 Must woo and win ere the day be done.  
 She braided back her beautiful hair  
 O'er a brow like Italian marble fair.  
 She is gone to the fields where the corn uprears  
 Like an eastern army its golden spears.  
 The lark flew up as she passed along,  
 And poured from a cloud his sunny song ;  
 And many bright insects were on wing,  
 Or lay on the blossoms glistening ;  
 And with scarlet poppies around like a bower,  
 Found the maiden her mystic flower.  
 Now, gentle flower, I pray thee tell  
 If my lover loves me, and loves me well ;  
 So may the fall of the morning dew  
 Keep the sun from fading thy tender blue,  
 Now I number the leaves for my lot,  
 He loves not, he loves me, he loves me not,  
 He loves me,—yes, thou last leaf, yes,  
 I'll pluck thee not, for that last sweet guess !  
 "He loves me," "Yes," a dear voice sighed :—  
 And her lover stands by Margaret's side.



Great though be the masculine names which adorn these pages, we are sure the proudest of them would be flattered by following in this train. Yet we are at a loss whom to station foremost. Stand forth, however, James Hogg, for thy verse is chivalrous, imaginative, and gallant.

## INVOCATION TO THE QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES.

No Muse was ever invoked by me,  
 But a harp uncouth of olden key ;  
 And with her have I ranged the border green,  
 The Grampians stern, and the starry sheen ;  
 With my gray plaid flapping around the strings,  
 And my ragged coat with its waving wings.  
 But ay my heart beat quick and high,  
 When an air of heaven in passing by  
 Breathed on the mellow chords, and then  
 I knew it was no earthly strain ;  
 But a rapt note borne upon the wind  
 From some blest land of unbodied kind ;  
 But whence it flew, or whether it came  
 From the sounding rock, or the solar beam,  
 Or the seraph choir, as passing away  
 O'er the bridge of the sky in the showery day,  
 When the cloudy curtain pervaded the east,  
 And the sun-beam kissed its watery breast ;  
 In vain I looked to the cloud over head ;  
 To the echoing mountain, dark and dread ;  
 To the sun-fawn fleet, and ærial bow ;  
 I knew not whence were the strains till now.

They were from thee, thou radiant dame,  
 O'er Fauncy's region that reign'st supreme !  
 Thou lovely thing of beauty so bright,  
 Of everlasting new delight ;  
 Of foible, of freak, of gambol and glee ;  
     Of all that teases,  
     And all that pleases,  
 All that we fret at, yet love to see.  
 In petulance, pity, and passions refined,  
 Thou emblem extreme of the female mind !

Thou seest thyself, and smil'st to see  
 A shepherd kneel on his sward to thee ;  
 But sure thou wilt come, with thy tuneful train,  
 To assist in his last and lingering strain.  
 O come from thy halls of the emerald bright,  
 Thy bowers of the green and the mellow light,  
 That shrink from the blaze of the summer noon,  
 And ope to the light of the modest moon ;  
 I long to hail the enchanting mien  
 Of my loved Muse, my Fairy Queen,  
 Her rokelay of green with its starry hue,  
 Its warp of the moonbeam and weft of the dew ;  
 The smile where a thousand witcheries play,  
 And the eye that steals the soul away ;  
 The strains that tell they were never mundane,  
 And the bells of her palfrey's flowing mane ;  
 Ere now have I heard their tinklings light,  
 And seen my Queen at the noon of the night  
 Pass by with her train in the still moonlight.

Then she, who raised old Edmund's lay  
 Above the strains of the olden day ;  
 And waked the bard of Avon's theme  
 To the visions of a midnight's dream ;  
 And even the harp that rang abroad  
 O'er all the paradise of God,  
 And the sons of the morning with it drew,  
 By her was remodelled and strung anew.

Come thou to my bower deep in the dell,  
 Thou Queen of the land 'twixt heaven and hell,—  
 That land of a thousand gilded domes,  
 The richest region that Fancy roams !

I have sought for thee in the blue harebell,  
 And deep in the foxglove's silken cell,  
 For I feared thou hadst drank of its potion deep,  
 And the breeze of this world had rocked thee asleep.  
 Then into the wild rose I cast mine eye,  
 And trembled because the prickles were nigh,  
 And deemed the specks on the foliage green  
 Might be the blood of my Fairy Queen ;  
 Then gazing, wondered if blood could be  
 In an immortal thing like thee !  
 I have opened the woodbine's velvet vest,  
 And sought in the lily's snowy breast ;  
 At gloaming lain on the dewy lea  
 And looking to a twinkling star for thee,  
 That nightly mounted the orient sheen,  
 Streaming with purple and glowing with green,  
 And thought, as I eyed its changing sphere,  
 My Fairy Queen might sojourn there.

Then would I sigh and turn me around,  
 And lay my ear to the hollow ground,  
 To the little air-springs of central birth  
 That bring low murmurs out of the earth ;  
 And there would I listen in breathless way,  
 Till I heard the worm creep through the clay,  
 And the mole deep grubbing in darkness drear,  
 That little blackamoor pioneer ;  
 Nought cheered me, on which the daylight shone,  
 For the children of darkness moved alone ;  
 Yet neither in field nor on flowery heath,  
 In heaven above nor in earth beneath,  
 In star nor moon nor midnight wind,  
 His elvish Queen could her Minstrel find.

But now have I found thee, thou vagrant thing,  
 Though where I neither may say nor sing ;  
 But it was in a home so passing fair  
 That an angel of light might have lingered there ;  
 It was in a palace never wet by the dew,  
 Where the sun never shone, and the wind never blew,  
 Where the ruddy cheek of youth ne'er lay,  
 And never was kissed by the breeze of day ;  
 As sweet as the woodland airs of even,  
 And pure as the star of the western heaven ;  
 As fair as the dawn of the sunny east,  
 And soft as the down of the solan's breast.

Yes, now have I found thee, and thee will I keep,  
 Though spirits yell on the midnight steep,  
 Though the earth should quake when nature is still,  
 And the thunders growl in the breast of the hill.  
 Though the moon should scowl through her pall of gray,  
 And the stars fling blood on the Milky Way ;  
 Since now I have found thee I'll hold thee fast  
 Till thou garnish my song,—it is the last :  
 Then a maiden's gift that song shall be,  
 And I'll call it a Queen for the sake of thee.

As a contrast, we copy the honourable picture of domestic happiness and affection which Allan Cunningham has painted, with his pen dipped in all the colours of truth.

## THE POET'S BRIDAL DAY SONG.

O ! my love's like the steadfast sun,  
 Or streams that deepen as they run ;  
 Nor hoary hairs, nor forty years,  
 Nor moments between sighs and tears,—  
 Nor nights of thought, nor days of pain,  
 Nor dreams of glory dreamed in vain,—  
 Nor mirth, nor sweetest song which flows  
 To sober joys and soften woes,  
 Can make my heart or fancy flee  
 One moment, my sweet wife, from thee !

Even while I muse, I see thee sit  
 In maiden bloom and matron wit—  
 Fair, gentle as when first I sued,  
 Ye seem, but of sedater mood ;  
 Yet my heart leaps as fond for thee  
 As when, beneath Arbigland tree,  
 We stayed and wooed, and thought the moon  
 Set on the sea an hour too soon ;  
 Or lingered 'mid the falling dew,  
 When looks were fond and words were few.

Though I see smiling at thy feet  
 Five sons and æ fair daughters sweet ;  
 And time and care and birth time woes  
 Have dimmed thine eye, and touched thy rose ;  
 To thee and thoughts of thee belong  
 All that charms me of tale or song ;  
 When words come down like dews unsought  
 With gleams of deep enthusiast thought,  
 And fancy in her heaven flies free—  
 They come, my love, they come from thee.

O, when more thought we gave of old  
 To silver than some give to gold ;  
 'Twas sweet to sit and ponder o'er  
 What things should deck our humble bower !  
 'Twas sweet to pull, in hope, with thee  
 The golden fruit from Fortune's tree ;  
 And sweeter still to choose and twine  
 A garland for these locks of thine—  
 A song-wreath which may grace my Jean,  
 While rivers flow and woods are green.  
 At times there come, as come there ought,  
 Grave moments of sedater thought,—  
 When Fortune frowns, nor lends our night  
 One gleam of her inconstant light ;  
 And hope, that decks the peasant's bower,  
 Shines like the rainbow through the shower ;  
 O then I see, while seated nigh,  
 A mother's heart shine in thine eye ;  
 And proud resolve and purpose meek,  
 Speak of thee more than words can speak ;  
 I think the wedded wife of mine  
 The best of all that's not divine !

Poets can imagine what they please. How different from the foregoing is the following, signed Bion, but evidently by a hand of superior order !

FIDELITY.—(*From the Spanish.*)

One eve of beauty, when the sun  
 Was on the stream of Guadalquiver,  
 To gold converting, one by one,  
 The ripples of the mighty river ;  
 Beside me on the bank was seated  
 A Seville girl with auburn hair,  
 And eyes that might the world have cheated,  
 A wild, bright, wicked, diamond pair !



She stooped, and wrote upon the sand,  
 Just as the loving sun was going,  
 With such a soft, small, shining hand,  
 I could have sworn 'twas silver flowing.  
 Her words were three, and not one more,  
 What could Diana's motto be ?  
 The Syren wrote upon the shore—  
 'Death, not inconstancy !'

And then her two large languid eyes  
 So turned on mine, that, devil take me,  
 I set the air on fire with sighs,  
 And was the fool she chose to make me.  
 Saint Francis would have been deceived  
 With such an eye and such a hand :  
 But one week more, and I believed  
 As much the woman as the sand.

It is one of the charms of this little book, that every new subject changes its tone, and that we are amused by the transitions, from grave to gay—from serious to sportive. Thus Mr. Montgomery, in his 'Friends,' again recalls us to sober thoughts.

Friend after friend departs ;  
 Who hath not lost a friend ?  
 There is no union here of hearts  
 That finds not here an end ;  
 Were this frail world our final rest,  
 Living or dying none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,—  
 Beyond the reign of death,—  
 There surely is some blessed clime  
 Where life is not a breath ;  
 Nor life's affections transient fire,  
 Whose sparks fly upwards and expire !

There is a world above  
 Where parting is unknown ;  
 A long eternity of love  
 Formed for the good alone ;  
 And faith beholds the dying here  
 Translated to that glorious sphere !

Thus star by star declines,  
 Till all are past away ;  
 As morning high and higher shines  
 To pure and perfect day :  
 Nor sink those stars in empty night,  
 But hide themselves in Heaven's own light.

Mr. Bowles has a very striking dramatic sketch on a historical passage, of which it is rather extraordinary that Shakspeare did not make any use in his Richard III. ; we allude to the flying of Elizabeth with her second son to the sanctuary, as related by Speed. But this is too long for quotation, and we must be contented with the following neat Apologue from the same pen.

#### THE SWALLOW AND THE RED-BREAST.

The swallows at the close of day,  
 When autumn shone with fainter ray,  
 Around the chimney circling flew,  
 Ere yet they bade a long adieu  
 To climes where soon the winter drear  
 Shall close the unrejoicing year  
 Now with swift wing they skim aloof,  
 Now settle on the crowded roof.

As council and advice to take,  
 Ere they the chilly north forsake ;  
 Then one disdainful turned his eye  
 Upon a red-breast twittering nigh,  
 And thus began, with taunting scorn—  
 "Thou household imp, obscure forlorn,  
 Through the deep winter's dreary day,  
 Here, dull and shivering shalt thou stay,  
 Whilst we who make the world our home,  
 To softer climes impatient roam,  
 Where Summer, still on some green isle,  
 Rests, with her sweet and lovely smile.  
 Thus speeding, far and far away,  
 We leave behind the shortening day."

"'Tis true, (the red-breast answered meek,)  
 No other scenes I ask, or seek ;  
 To every change alike resigned,  
 I fear not the cold winter's wind.  
 When spring returns, the circling year  
 Shall find me still contented here ;  
 But whilst my warm affections rest  
 Within the circle of my nest,  
 I learn to pity those that roam,  
 And love the more my humble home."

We cannot say that any of the productions in this volume, high as is their merit, have pleased us more than the following. The two leading ideas in the first part are most poetically expressed, and the application in the end is very effective. It is written by Mr. Hervey, whose *Australia* we recently reviewed, and is entitled 'The Convict Ship.'

Morn on the waters!—and, purple and bright,  
 Bursts on the billows the flushing of light ;  
 O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,  
 See the tall vessel goes gallantly on ;  
 Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,  
 And her pennon streams onward, like hope, in the gale ;  
 The winds come around her, in murmur and song,  
 And the surges rejoice, as they bear her along ;  
 See ! she looks up to the golden-edged clouds,  
 And the sailor sings gaily aloft in the shrouds :  
 Onward she glides, amid ripple and spray,  
 Over the waters,—away and away !  
 Bright as the visions of youth, ere they part,  
 Passing away, like a dream of the heart !  
 Who—as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,  
 Music around her, and sunshine on high—  
 Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,  
 Oh ! there are hearts that are breaking below !

Night on the waves !—and the moon is on high,  
 Hung, like a gem, on the brow of the sky,  
 Treading its depths in the power of her might,  
 And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to light !  
 Look to the waters !—asleep on their breast,  
 Seems not the ship like an island of rest ?  
 Bright and alone on the shadowy main,  
 Like a heart-cherished home on some desolate plain !  
 Who—as she smiles in the silvery light,  
 Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,  
 Alone on the deep, as the moon in the sky,  
 A phantom of beauty—could deem, with a sigh,  
 That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,  
 And souls that are smitten lie bursting within ?  
 Who—as he watches her silently gliding—  
 Remembers that wave after wave is dividing  
 Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever,  
 Hearts which are parted and broken forever ?

Or deems that he watches, afloat on the wave,  
 The death-bed of hope, or the young spirit's grave ?  
 'Tis thus with our life, while it passes along,  
 Like a vessel at sea, amid sunshine and song !  
 Gaily we glide, in the gaze of the world,  
 With streamers afloat, and with canvass unfurled ;  
 All gladness and glory, to wandering eyes,  
 Yet chartered by sorrow, and freighted with sighs ;—  
 Fading and false is the aspect it wears,  
 As the smiles we put on, just to cover our tears ;  
 And the withering thoughts which the world cannot know,  
 Like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below ;  
 Whilst the vessel drives on to that desolate shore  
 Where the dreams of our childhood are vanished and o'er !

#### TALES OF IRISH LIFE.

**T**HESE tales are sixteen in number, and embellished with many excellent designs by Cruikshank, which form no small addition to their own intrinsic worth. But the principal feature in their character is, their moral tendency and attraction by novelty: it should, we imagine, be no slight constraint upon the will of any man of taste, to read one tale out of the sixteen without reading all; for while the reader is made to enter, as it were, into the prejudices, notions, and spirit of a people, of whose real character, Englishmen, notwithstanding the proximity of England to Ireland, comparatively speaking, know nothing, he is at the same time entertained with the narration of well known circumstances, wrought into story so happy and so agreeable, as even to gain the good opinion of the lover of novel writing and romance. How well the tales are also calculated to please and instruct the Irish, the following will, we are convinced, sufficiently testify. The short space to which we are limited, leaves us under the necessity of abridging it considerably.

#### HENRY AND ELIZA.

“ Henry’s application to a friend in Dublin procured him a situation in the counting-house of an extensive bleacher within twelve miles of Armagh. Flattering as the situation was, he could not but join in the regret which his mother testified that he should go to the North; for the Turks have not a stronger prejudice against the Persians than the catholics of Munster

have against the protestants of Ulster: and, in truth, it must be observed, the criminal hatred is reciprocal. Remote causes and the existing difference in religious sentiments have created in the two districts rival parties, who join opposition of opinion to the most malignant animosity. The Orangemen of the North and the Ribandmen of the South, whatever their partizans may say of either, at least equal one another in hatred, folly, and bigotry.

“ Man is the slave of circumstances; and, however unwilling Henry might be to trust himself to the fury of the Orange North, he thought it well to comply with the appointment, flattering himself that his sedulous forbearance from party disputes and religious animosities would secure him from insult; and that, however the Northerners might despise and ridicule his faith, they still would be obliged to respect his forbearance from wilfully giving any offence. His mother took every parental care to fortify the mind of her son against the attacks which she apprehended the proselyting ministers of a condemned creed would make upon his unprotected youth. She also instilled into his breast the most prominent objection to the established Church, at the same time not forgetting to remind him of the essential articles of her own, telling him ‘that it avail-eth a man nothing to gain the whole world and lose his own soul.’ Mrs. Fitzgerald, though she had Protestant friends whom she acknowledged to be the best and kindest, was still so far immersed in error that she adhered to



the literal meaning of the creed of St. Athanasius, charitably consigning all to the eternity of perdition who did not say their prayers in the same manner as herself. Henry's sister only whispered him not to forget to write frequently, and that she prophesied he would be married to a Protestant wife. Innocent and unsophisticated youth! what a pity that your generous bosom should ever imbibe the malign prejudice of age, or surrender the purity of benevolence to the icy coldness of bigoted animosity.

"Henry was twenty years of age (one year older than his sister) on the day when he entered into the employment of Mr. M'Arthur, of Ballymore bleach-green. Like the man with jaundiced eyes who saw every thing yellow, Henry thought he perceived in every countenance, at first, the striking lineaments of an Orangeman, notwithstanding the placid goodness of every face around him was in direct opposition to his observations. Mr. M'Arthur, though a man of business, was not without the cheerful levity of his countrymen: he certainly hated the Pope and Popery, but still he liked a good fellow, and he knew some very good fellows who were Papists; but he never troubled himself with thinking of any other thing than the cheapest and most expeditious way of whitening linen, and the price of it, or he would have discovered that a whole people, however numerous, are composed of individuals who are generally hated because they are not known. He had not been more fortunate in having many children, than he had been in settling most of them happily in his own neighbourhood; for, out of ten, two only remained at home, the other eight being married as respectably as he could wish, and all living within a circle of eight miles. One of those who remained at home was a son, George, who was now able to take care of his father's concerns, thereby affording the old man more leisure to visit his friends, or to entertain them conjointly with his youngest daughter, Eliza, who, though fast approaching that age in which ladies regulate their features for compliments,

was as untameable as a mountain deer. In the careful attention which had been paid to Eliza's sisters, though she was not quite forgotten, she was partly neglected. She learned every thing according to her own mode, studied or read what books she pleased, and boasted of being 'a pupil of Nature;' and if a heart the most innocent and generous, and a form the most lovely and perfect, were sufficient to establish her claim, she was worthy of the title. In all she said or did there was neither affectation nor malice; for it was remarked that she never gave displeasure, except in doing something innocently mischievous, her conduct being as far removed from inconsiderate levity as it was devoid of formal prudery. To heal, rather than to wound, she sported her wit; to amuse others, rather than to acquire applause, she promoted hilarity by the fascination of her manners and charms that could not be resisted. 'Heavens!' exclaimed Henry, still adhering to his rigid principles, 'what a pity she is a Protestant!'

"Hospitality is the characteristic of the Irish: profusion in the South, that banishes economy; economy in the North, with plenty, devoid of profusion. Social meetings in Munster are frequent and extravagant: in Ulster they are also frequent, but never prodigal. The one borders on ostentation, the other on elegance; and both of them arising from the peculiar habits and feelings of the people: those in the South priding themselves on their ancestors, whose improvidence they emulate; whilst those in the North being dependent on trade, wisely refuse to squander in riot that which had been procured by patient industry. M'Arthur's house was frequently the scene of family meetings, in which a polished, though not fashionable, society gave charms to life, that those who never knew how much pleasure every shade of society admits of would consider a monotonous round of money-getting. Here Henry was admitted by that delicate kindness which feels for bashful modesty; and whenever he became embarrassed by any political discussion, which, in mixed companies, is

unavoidable, Eliza was sure to extricate him by some ingenious sophism or some good-humoured apology. This generous interference, so unexpected, caused him to examine more closely into the virtues of this pleasing creature, and to doubt the truth of his cherished dogmas respecting salvation. 'Impossible,' he says to himself, 'that one so good and truly amiable should be consigned to unmitigated suffering.'

"The counting-house was frequently undisturbed by the entrance of any one on business in this secluded part of the country: at such times Henry and young M'Arthur were in the habit of relaxing their attention from folios and ledgers, and indulging themselves in conversation. George M'Arthur had been regularly initiated into the Constitutional Society of Orangemen, as it is designated by themselves. Bred to business, his leisure afforded few opportunities for reading; and the little he did read was of that select sort which improved the absurd prejudices which had been infused into his young mind by his companions. Whoever thinks wrong, will think, also, inconsistently: George considered a Papist as deficient in courage as he thought him sanguinary and cruel. The history of Derry he had frequently read in Hume and Leland; the late rebellion and the massacre of 1641 he never could separate from Popish intolerance and inhumanity; yet he never could think but that Irishmen were the most hospitable and brave on the globe; but, when he descended from generals to particulars, he could give his Catholic countrymen no credit for bravery. Against them he instanced Derry, Boyne, and Aughran, forgetful of Limerick, the Shannon, and Wexford. He dwelt with animated satisfaction on the patient and heroic courage of Walker, but never heard of the conduct of the Catholic Bishop of Clonmel when that town was besieged by Cromwell. He ridiculed the superstition of Catholic idolatry, but was a firm believer in the river ghosts of his own country. With sentiments like these, he expected to see in Henry a kind of Popish monster; nor could he conceal his astonishment when he

found him a rational being. To atone for his erroneous suspicions, he made Henry his companion of a Sunday; and when they sometimes indulged themselves a little too late from home, he confessed that Henry was as bold, boisterous, and as good-humoured, as any Orangeman. A few trials convinced him that his companion could be a friend, and a few arguments showed him that a Papist was not quite as absurd as he considered him. Prejudice began to subside; and, like a falling body, the farther it descends, the quicker is the acceleration. In a short time George had very little prejudice at all.

"Eliza, like the fabled fawn, grew bold by degrees. She first visited the office only when her brother was there; but, as she became familiar with Henry, she never looked to see whether he was there or not. Her departure was always preceded by the ink falling on the ledger, the spoiling of the office knife, or the approach of her father; but, when the old man was gone to Armagh or Belfast, office business was frequently suspended. Her brother, though older and very steady, was obliged to join the sport. The young are guilty of indiscretions which fastidious age will condemn, but which venerable wisdom must laugh at. Eliza could dance and sing, and George and Henry were obliged to join her. Moore's Melodies were her favourites; for she was accustomed to say, 'They will teach patriotism and liberality to the women, and the men must learn from the ladies.' Henry in obedience to her mandate was obliged to sing, perhaps at one o'clock in the day, that song beginning with 'Come send round the wine, and leave points of belief,' &c.; the last stanza of which he was obliged to repeat:—

From the heretic girl of my soul shall I fly,  
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?  
No! perish the hearts and the laws that would try  
Truth, valour, or love, by a standard like this.

"Subjected thus daily to the presence and awake to the innocent gaiety of this unsophisticated beauty, he conquered his bigotry, and confessed to his own heart that Omnipotent good-

ness never created her for any happiness less than Heaven !

“ Ballymony was the scene of happy industry for two years, when some speculation made it necessary that George M'Arthur should proceed to New York, as supercargo, with an extensive shipment of linen cloth. Henry was to occupy his confidential situation until his return. George bade him take care of Eliza, who showed, on his departure, more real fondness than he thought one so volatile was capable of. The vessel sailed from Belfast, and in three days doubled the Land's End ; but on the fourth day, an unexpected storm springing up, they were driven far to the westward. At night the wind changed, but the storm continued unabated : at daylight the south islands of Arran were perceptible to the naked eye, and, as they were furiously driven towards Loop Head, the vessel struck. Order was preserved whilst exertion could be useful ; but, when the increase of water in the hold showed the near approach of shipwreck, each betook himself to the most expeditious way of saving his life. The boat was overloaded by the sailors—left the ship—and sunk for ever ! The few who remained on board, among whom was George, clung to the shrouds and rigging. The grasp of the fingers was stronger than the mind ; for the hold continued when they became delirious. From this situation they were rescued by the humanity of some fishermen, who saw the wreck from shore, but in such a state that they knew not of their deliverance. George was taken to the cabin of a poor man, who, like all his countrymen, adhered to the hospitable custom of his forefathers, by keeping a bed for a stranger ; for, however distressed, and however unclean from poverty, the Irish peasant may be, a stranger will be sure to find, in almost every cabin, a clean bed and bed-clothes. George continued for several days in a high fever ; and the poor woman, to whose care he was intrusted, considering wine an antidote for all diseases, proceeded to Mrs. Fitzgerald, in the hopes of procuring some. The widow, hearing that the stranger's ap-

pearance indicated something above the idea of a common sailor, and apprehending injudicious treatment, sent her daughter to see what the unfortunate youth might be in want of ; for a physician did not live within twenty miles of Nutgrove. Lucy continued her attendance for several days, during which the intermission of the fever gave George a sight of his guardian, who, when he was able to rise, insisted on his accompanying her to Nutgrove, where better accommodation might facilitate the recovery of his health.

“ Lucy was unremitting in her attention : and, as loveliness is never more agreeable than when administering to our comfort, George was deeply in love with his unknown nurse before he was able to inquire to whose kindness he was indebted for his rescue from death. A mutual surprise took place on the discovery that he was in the house of Henry's mother ; but, as the generous impulse of youth never descends to calculate consequences, George had sworn to his own heart to marry Miss Fitzgerald, without reflecting on the double opposition of friends and religion. Lucy was the reverse of his sister in manners ; accustomed only to the company of her mother, she had all the gravity of age in her address ; whilst a thousand Cupids, dancing in her lovely eyes, showed that her heart was not callous to tender impressions. The recovery of George was now rapid : he walked first in the garden, next in the orchard, and then in the avenue, but never would be satisfied unless Lucy accompanied him ; although he could not feel the soft pressure of her arm without a sudden thrill through his whole frame. On these occasions he had frequent opportunities of speaking, but he had not courage to confess the passion he felt, notwithstanding his thousand determinations to that effect.

“ In answer to a letter which he despatched to his father, assuring him of his safety, George received one in return, desiring every exertion to save as much of the property as possible, as a particular part of it was not insured. On inquiry of the coast surveyors, he was informed that scarcely any of the



wreck was saved; the place being so remote, the country people had carried off all that the tide had wafted on shore. Communicating these gloomy particulars to Mrs. Fitzgerald, she gave him some hopes that all was not lost. The next Sunday she requested him to accompany herself and daughter to the chapel, which he complied with, curious to see a form of worship which he had heard much spoken of. This *house of prayer* was a long thatched edifice, not unlike an Irish barn; and, as George watched the progress of the *Mass*, he could not help remarking how unworthy the building was of such a solemn ceremony, which the Catholic priest performs, whether in St. Peter's at Rome, or in a barn in Ireland. Before the conclusion of *Mass*, the priest, in his vestments, turned round to the people, and, in a language not above their comprehension, but indicative of the scholar, alluded to the recent shipwreck. George was unable to understand all he said, as the priest had spoken much of his address in the Irish language, that all might comprehend him.

"The influence of the Catholic clergy is well known in Ireland: they are always obeyed when they know how to exercise their authority. In a few days George was surprised to find nearly the entire of his father's property restored; even so far was the threat of the priest efficient, that some of the linen was returned actually made into shirts! Having arranged all his affairs, he put a letter from his sister into Mrs. Fitzgerald's hand, requesting permission for Miss Fitzgerald to spend a month at Ballymony that the family there might have an opportunity of expressing their obligation for her kindness to George. This was granted, as Lucy thereby would be able to see her brother.

"The hospitable kindness of the M'Arthurs astonished Lucy, as it did her brother before; for she also thought that the Calvinistic rigidity of the North had congealed every pleasure that springs up among the people. Her interesting appearance and gentle manners soon made her a general favourite in the neighbourhood; invita-

tions were daily given and accepted, none of which Lucy attended without finding George at her side. Eliza soon discovered the secret, and kept one of the lovers blushing at the other—blushes so significant, that each told the secret which neither had courage to own. The old man was now drawing towards his seventieth year, and, to the surprise of all, he fell in love with Lucy himself; but, as he differed in opinion with Southern, the poet, in place of marrying her himself, he requested of his son to do it: for, says the venerable man, 'youth loves beauty, and age loves sense; and here is a combination of both. I approve: do you please yourself.' George consented by expressing his gratitude; but, before he had risen from his humble posture, Eliza addressed her father. 'Sir, would not the qualities you approve in a woman be a great recommendation in a man?' 'Certainly, my dear.' 'Then, Sir, what do you think of Henry as a husband for me?' 'For you, you baggage? sure no sensible man would have you?' 'O yes, Sir; Henry swore, no later than last night, that he would marry me, and no other; and you know how often, when he was not present, you declared him a rock of wisdom.' 'Well, well,' says the old man, giving her a kiss, 'you must wait until I see what I can do for you and Henry.'

"In a few days Henry received from his mother a letter with the intelligence of his old aunt being dead, who left him her whole property, amounting to a considerable sum. There, being no further impediment, the young people, in due form, were made happy.

"George remains prosecuting his successful industry, and Henry returned to the South, where he purchased a farm; and, whenever either of them hears any reproaches cast on the sects to which they respectively belong, their disapprobation is expressed by a smile at the silly malice of the accuser; for, say they, Protestants and Catholics only want to be just, and to know one another, to banish for ever the odious distinction which separates

them. Woman, the magic being who reconciles us to the world and to ourselves, can invest with almost supernatural loveliness our homes and our lives, whether their disposition be seriously grave or sportively gay, provid-

ed they 'o'erstep not the modesty of Nature.' The wife of George contributed to her husband's happiness by the strictest conjugal love, and Henry's promoted his felicity by enjoying it with him."

## VARIETIES.

Original Anecdotes, Literary News, Chit Chat, Incidents, &c.

### POLAR LAND EXPEDITION.

Letters from York Factory speak very favourably of the condition of the exploring party. Venison and partridges especially abound, and the people are kept in good order by their officers. Two Esquimaux have joined the party, one of whom was with Captain Franklin on the last Arctic expedition, where he was a very useful attendant. Captain F. purposes to pursue the route of the Slave Lake.

### ANTEDILUVIAN CAVE.

Professor Buckland has published a letter relative to the cave lately discovered at Banwell. The Professor states the thickness of the mass of sand, mud, and lime-stones, through which the bones, horn, and teeth are dispersed, to be in one place nearly forty feet. He adds,—“Many baskets full of bones have already been extracted, belonging to the ox and its tribe: of the latter there are several varieties, including the elk. There are also a few portions of the skeleton of a wolf, and of a gigantic bear. The bones are mostly in a state of preservation, equal to that of common grave bones; but it is clear, from the fact of some of them belonging to the great extinct species of the bear, that they are of an antediluvian origin.

### RATS.

Mr. Wood, of Hawkeshead, has, with one or two terriers, killed 125 rats and one foulmart within the last few weeks: he has calculated that, supposing there are 1,300 mills in England and Wales, and that each mill contains 150 rats, each rat destroying two ounces of meal a day, the whole number will consume about 15 lbs. per day, or about 5,375 lbs. per year; and supposing that there are 1,300 towns and villages, each containing on an average 160 houses, and each two rats, consuming in the same proportion, making 52,000 lbs. less, yet as their number perhaps, is four times greater, the destruction produced by them will be about the same: that is to say, we may calculate upon an annual destruction of upwards of 100,000 lbs. weight of meal by domestic vermin only.—*Query.* How many poor families would this comfortably sustain?

### LANGUAGES.

*Different languages, to the number of three thousand and sixty-four, are in use in different quarters, states, and districts of the earth, as appears from a learned work of M. Aldeling, wherein are arranged and classed the vocabularies, more or less perfect, of 937 Asiatic, 587 European, 276 African, and 1,264 American languages and dialects! It all languages originated amongst the constructors of the Tower of Babel, as some contend, what a mighty confusion must have attended and succeeded the conclusion of that work.*

### INUNDATIONS.

The late storms and inundations have sacrificed many lives at Petersburg, and destroyed property to an immense amount: 7,000 dead bodies have been found, and upwards of 8,000 persons are still missing.

### EARTHQUAKES.

Letters from Shiras announce, that on the 27th *Chawull* 1229, which answers to the month of April 1824, there had been an earthquake, which lasted six days and nights without interruption, and which had swallowed up more than half of that unfortunate city, and overthrew the other. Nearly all the inhabitants fell victims to this catastrophe.

*Kazroon*, a city between Abor Koh, and Shiras, was swallowed up, with almost the whole of its inhabitants, in consequence of the same earthquake. All the mountains surrounding *Kazroon* are levelled by it, and no trace of them now remains.

### LONGEVITY.

At Throckley Fell, aged 102, Mrs. Ann Jamieson. She was one of the greatest spinners of the north; and what is remarkable, she has for the last twelve months spun upwards of 40 yards of cloth for the use of her son, although she has been blind for above three years; and it was with great difficulty she could be kept from her wheel on the morning of her death.

Mrs. Mary Banks, in the 107th year of her age. She was the wife a linen-weaver, and always employed herself in that branch of manufactures. She enjoyed her faculties to the last, and was seen at market for herself a few days prior to her decease. She was the mother of many chil-

dren,—one of whom, a son, had made her a promise, at his father's decease, not to marry during her lifetime, which promise he faithfully discharged. He is now in the 75th year of his age, and avows his intention to marry after his mother's interment.

#### APPLE TREE.

There is an apple-tree in the possession of Levy Star, esq. in the Parish of Cheddar, the fruit of which is, when cut, the one half sweet, the other acid.

#### DEVIL'S BRIDGE.

Several parts of Wales, especially in the neighbourhood of the Severn, have suffered much from the inundations at the early part of the month.

The upper arch of the celebrated Devil's Bridge, near Hafod, Cardiganshire, is broken down, and impassable by heavy vehicles: a safe and temporary platform has been placed for travellers. The lower arch, and indeed the foundation of this picturesque and extraordinary structure (which is supposed to have been built seven centuries ago by the monks of Strata Florida Abbey), is still secure. The second arch, which overspans the other, was erected in 1753 at the expense of the county; and, in the year 1814, the patriotic Mr. Jones of Hafod removed the lower parapets of crumbling stonework, and placed in their stead iron hand-rails and ornaments.

FOR PRODUCING A DRAUGHT OF AIR, out of the hold of a ship, or out of a mine shaft, or the top of a chimney, liable to smoke, it has been recommended by Capt. Warren, instead of a wind-sail, wind-trunk, or cowl, having a close and rounded back presented to the wind, to insert there a wide mouthed trumpet-shaped open tube, which shall, instead of excluding the wind from the top, conduct a condensed and brisk stream of air over the top of the pipe, shaft, or chimney, whose draught it is necessary to increase.

#### MINERAL TALLOW.

This rare substance, which was discovered in Finland in 1736, has lately been found in a bog on the borders of Loch-Fye, in Scotland. It has the colour and feel of tallow, and is tasteless. It melts at 118 degrees, and boils at 280 degrees; when melted, it is transparent and colourless; on cooling, becomes spongy and white, though not so much so as at first. It is insoluble in water, but soluble in alcohol, oil of turpentine, olive oil, and naphtha, while these liquids are hot; but it is precipitated again when they cool. Its specific gravity in its natural state, is 0.6076, but the tallow is full of air bubbles; and after fusion, which disengages the air, the specific gravity is 0.983 which is rather higher than tallow. It does not combine with alkalies,

nor form soap. Thus it differs from every class of bodies known—from the fixed oils in not forming soap, and from the volatile oils and bitumens in being tasteless and destitute of smell. Its volatility and combustibility are equal to those of any volatile oil or naphtha.

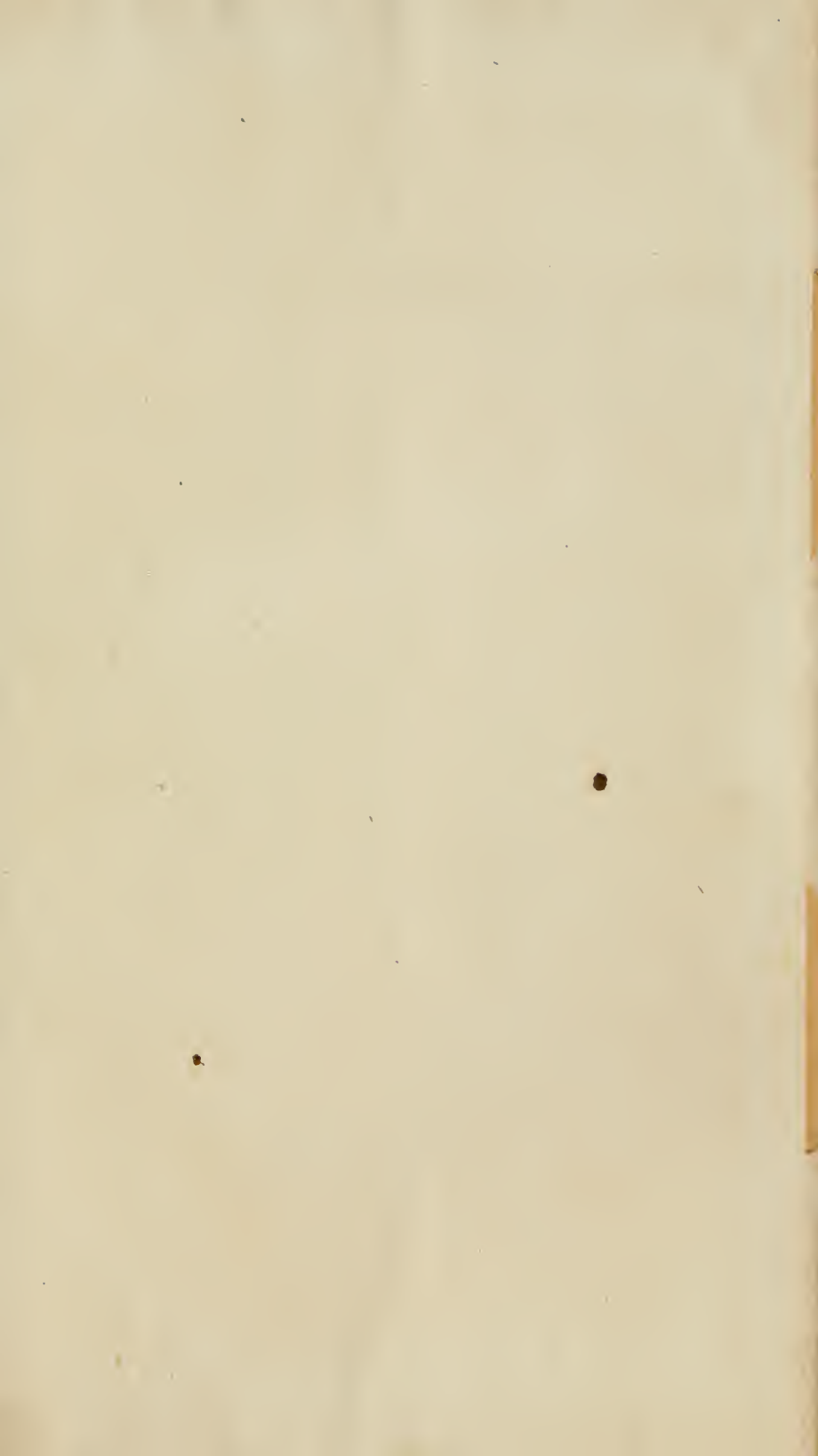
#### RADISH.

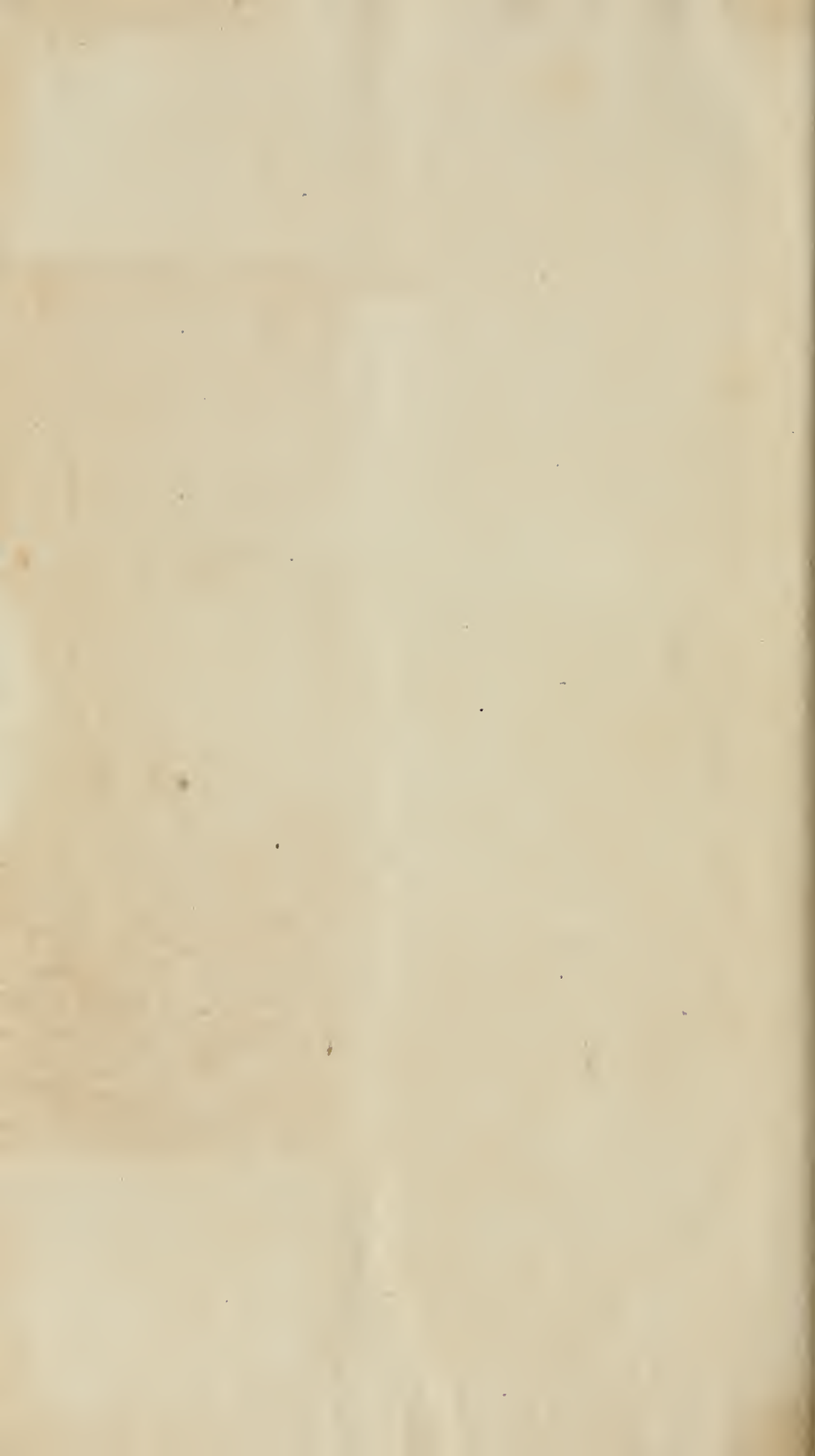
The boiled roots of this vegetable form an excellent dish when served up as asparagus.

#### SURGERY.

Dr. Barnes, of Carlisle, has published in the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal* for October 1824, a detailed account of the case of William Dempster, the unfortunate man whose death was occasioned by swallowing a table-knife, nine inches long, while performing some juggling tricks in that city. We find in this statement no material addition to what we have already published. Dr. Barnes describes several propositions made by the Carlisle surgeons for discharging the knife; but he himself thinks that an operation should have been performed. He says, "It is much to be regretted that Dempster could neither be prevailed upon to submit to an operation, nor to remain in Carlisle. As an operation succeeded nearly two centuries ago, when surgery was in a very imperfect state, it is highly probable that, under the present improved state of surgery, a similar operation would have been attended with success. The many valuable improvements that have been introduced into surgery, both in the operative part and in the subsequent mode of treatment, must give the moderns a decided advantage over the ancients in the success of their operations. Had he remained in Carlisle even though no operation had been performed, it is very probable his life would have been spared much longer than it actually was. He became weak and emaciated; but, as has been before stated, was able to walk about the town; and the stomach had, in some degree, become accustomed to the presence of the knife. The handle, and perhaps the blade also, would be dissolving, so that the bulk would be diminished; and if the knife had not been altogether removed in this way, it would have produced less irritation, and he might have lived a considerable time. There is even some probability that the knife might, in the course of time, have made its way through the stomach and parietes of the abdomen, by inflammation, abscess, and ulceration, as extraneous bodies have been frequently brought from various internal parts to the external surface by these processes, or by what some surgeons have termed progressive absorption."







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Athenaeum; or, Spirit of the English magazines  
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